

Shepherds Tales,

John Brand: 1795.

various

Containing

[S A T Y R E S,
E G L O G V E S,
and
O D E S.]

By R. B. Esquire.



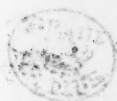
L O N D O N,
Printed for *Richard Whitakers.*

Shepherd's Tales

Continued

12 AT Y R 3

12 F O G V 3



12

Printed for the Author by W. B. E. & Co. New York



TO THE ACCOM-
PLISHED MIRROR OF TRVE
worth, S^r. T. H. the elder, knight, pro-
fessed fauorer and furtherer of all free-
borne studies: continuance of
all happinesse.



*When the natures of men are
cleere peruerterd, then it is high
time for the Satyrist to pen som-
thing which may diuert them
from their impietie, and direct
them in the course and progresse of Vertue; up-
pon which consideration, I, (as the meanest Me-
nalchas that is able to play vpon an oaten pipe)
began presently to describe the nature of Men,
made so farre good by obseruation, as my weake
and immature iudgement could attaine vnto;
meaning to make the Poets verse an Axiome:
Scribimus indocti, doctiq; poemata passim.
This thus discussed and weyed, I was long in
doubt to whom I should dedicate this vnfruit-
full vintage, rather gleanings, or who I should*

The Epistle

flie unto for sanctuarie, if the sinister Reader (as who euer wrote without his Detraictour) should carpe at my labours. wherefore standing longer in suspence then the matter required, I picked forth your selfe, most able to weaue an Apologie for your friends defects. Let not therefore the malevolent censures of such men whose chiefest eye-sores be other mens workes, and whose choicest content is to blemish them with imperfections, receiue the least countenance from you, whose iudgement by giuing these my labours approbation, shal be a greater argument of their merit, then their partiall censures shall argue their want. Hiparchion was graced as well as Musæus, though the best of his measures was but piping to the Muses. For the paines of well-affected Authors neuer faile of patrons (at least amongst ingenuous men) to protect the, of fauorites to second them, or guardians during their minoritie to foster them. And such is your integritie and true loue to learning, that the meanest shepheard if he flie for refuge vnder your shelter, shall be accepted aboue the measure of his deserts, or meanes of his hopes. For without question, if your acceptance did not far exceed the height and weight of my Discourse, Quid hic nisi vota supersunt? there would nothing remaine for me, but to fall to my prayers,
in

Dedicatorie.

in beseeching the kind & unkind Reader (like our penurious pamphlet Orator) to commiserate my Treatise, and in stead of a narration, to make a publike supplication: but being protected by the singular care and providing eye of your favours;
—*Maiores sum quam cui potuit fortuna nocere.*

I have penned this short Discourse, interwoven with history as well as poesie, for two things summarily, and especially for the first thereof. The first is the iniquitie of this present time wherein we live: so that Nature had either time now to send an Ambassage or never: since

* *Mulier formosa superne*

desinit in piscem—

* *Atq; homines
prodigia rerum
maxima.*

Such is the course of degenerate Nature, that in a conceipt of her selfe she thinks she can mend her selfe by being adorned with unnaturalized ornaments, which Nature neuer apparelled her with. The second reason is the motion of a priuate friend of mine, whose pleasure may command my whole meanes, yea my selfe to the utmost of my abilitie. These reasons haue I allcedged, lest my Preface should seeme naked of Reason, which were ridiculous to the reasonable Reader, and to you especially, whose maturitie in arguments of this Qualitie, hath gained you a deserved Opinion, enabled by Iudgement, of power to counteruaile the censures of others lesse iudicious.*

The Epistle Dedicatorie.

*indicious. Thus tendring you the fruites of my
Reading compiled, and in manner digested, not
out of selfe-conceit, but aime to publique good
intended, I rest. From my studie. May 24.*

Yours to dispose

Richard Brathwayt.



*The distinct subiect of every Satyre, contained
in either Section: with an exact survey or dis-
play of all such Poems, as are couched or
compiled within this Booke.*

1. **D**Egeneration, personated in *Nature*.
 2. Pleasure, in *Pandora*.
 3. Ambition, in the *Giants*.
 4. Vaine-glory, in *Cresus*.
 5. Crueltie, in *Astages*.
 6. Adulterie, in *Clytemnestra*.
 7. Incest, in *Tereus*.
 8. Blasphemie, in *Caligula*.
 9. Beggarie, in *Hippias*.
 10. Miserie, in *Taurus*.
 11. Hypocrisie, in *Clandius*.
 12. Excesse, in *Philoxenus*; with three funerall *Epicedes*, or Elegiack Sestiads.
-

The second Section.

1. Sloth, in *Elpenor*.
2. Corruption, in *Cornelia*.
3. Atheisme, in *Lucian*.
4. Singularitie, in *Steichorus*.
5. Dotage, in *Pigmalion*.
6. Partialitie, in *Pytheas*.
7. Ingratitude, in *Periander*.
8. Flatterie, in *Terpnus*.
9. Epicurisme, in *Epicurus*.
10. Briberie, in *Diagoras*.

11. Inuention, in *Triptolemus*.
12. Disdain, in *Melonomus*.
13. Idolatrie, in *Protagoras*.
14. Tyrannie, in *Eurystheus*.
15. Securitie, in *Alcibiades*.
16. Reuenge, in *Perillus*.
17. Mortalitie, in *Agathocles*.
18. In *Nasonem* Iuridicum.

Mythologia.

Two short moderne Satyres.

Pastorall tales, or Eglogues.

Omphale, or the inconstant shepheardeffe.

O D E S.

1. The Trauellour.
2. The Nightingale.
3. The Lapwing.
4. The Owle.
5. The Merlin.
6. The Swallow.
7. The fall of the leafe.

With two concludiue Poems, entituled *Brittans*
Blisse.

And an *Encomion* to the *Common Law*: or, *Arete-*
nomia.



The first Argument.



Nature the common mother (to use an Ethnicke induction) breedeth diuers effects, according to the constitution of each particular bodie, being composed and compacted of that *Matter* where to we shall returne, being *Earth*. Now though *Nature* (as with the Morall Philosopher I may say) neuer is deceiued, as she is considered in her owne *frame*, bringing forth alwayes men able to the performing of humane functions, faire in proportion and state of their bodies, apt for the atchiuing of anie matter either publike or priuate: yet notwithstanding, manie times by euent and accidents, diuers deformities & blemishes appeare, which by *Nature* were not decreed to be: and like are the maleuolent affections arising from the distempered qualitie of the minde. And whereas many in the corruption of their erring opinions and reasonlesse arguments, haue auerred how *Nature is the primarie mouer, conseruer and preseruer*, yet Seneca will tell you, that it is God that worketh these things which we ascribe to a fained Deitie; and that *Nature differeth no more from God* * Vide Epist. ad Lucil. *or God from Nature*, then *Anneus* from * Seneca:

B

as

Vide Episto. A-
lexand. de situ
& statu Indiar.

Zenophanes.

*The occasion of
this Treatise.*

as he speaketh in his naturall Questions, and in his bookes of Benefiting. But this was the opinion of such as had not the supreme light of deuine knowledge to them reuealed, but such as worshipped whatsoeuer they thought was a guider or director of them, or by custome (how ridiculous soeuer) was traduced to them. So we may reade in the ancient historians, of the Egyptians who adored whatsoeuer they thought comely, as the Sunne, the Moone, the starres and inferiour lights. Others worshipped trees, stockes, stones, and venomous serpents. Thus did the brutish affections of vnnaturall men shew their Gods by deciphering an heauenly power or influence, in Branches and such workes of Nature. But these though in no wise excusable, may admit some reasonable defence, forasmuch as their conceipt could reach no further. For as *Zenophanes* saith, *If beasts could paint, they would pourtray God to their owne shape and feature, because they could conceiue no further.* And this is the cause why the Heathen adored their plants, starres, and such creatures, inasmuch as they could not reach nor attaine to the knowledge of an higher Deitie. But to conferre them, that is, the Heathen and prophane people with the now-being Christians, it will seeme wonderfull, if I make manifest by relation had to their liues, how the depraued conditions of our Christians now adayes (whose knowledge giues them assurance of Eternitie) walke in as great blindnesse and palpable darknes as euer the Heathen did. And since the matter is most apparent,

high time it is for *Nature* to send her *Embassie* to this *Age* for her *Reformation*.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

Thou wicked lumpe in a deformed guise,
Tripping like Hymen on his wedding day,
Nature thy former Insolence defies,
Saying thou erreſt from her native way:

For all thy foolish wayes are baits to * sin,
Where vertue droupes, and vice comes dancing in.

*Prima est quasi titillatio delectationis in corde, secunda consensio, tertium factum est consuetudo.
Aug. Serm. 44.

Doth not thy habite shew thy wanton mind,
Forward to all things but to vertuous life:
Passing those bounds which Nature hath assign'd,
Twixt Art and Nature by commencing strife?
I tell thee, Nature sends me to repress
Thy foolish toyes, thy inbred wantonnesse.

But thou wilt say, Nature hath made me faire,
Should I rob Beantie of her proper due?
Should I not decke her with * embroidred haire,
And garnish her with Flora's vernant hue?
I must, I will, or else should I disgrace
With a rent maske the beantie of my face.

*Venusitas tribuitur à natura, corrumpitur ab arte.

But I will answer thee for all thy beantie:
If thou wilt be an Ape in gay * attire,
Thou doest not execute that forme of dutie,
Which Nature at thy hand seemes to require:
Which not redrest, for all thy goodly port,
Thou must be stript, and whipt, and chastis'd for't.

4 OF DEGENERATION.

* Sequitur super-
perbos vltor à
tergo Deus.

*Nature hath sent me to forewarne thy wo,
Lest thou secure of thy distresse, reioyce:
If thou wax * proud, then where so ere thou go
Thou shalt decline: this resteth in thy choice,
Whether to die branded by Infamie,
Or to preserue thy life in memorie.*

*This thus obserued, wilt thou yet be proud?
And grow ambitious, bearing in thy brow
The stampe of honour, as if thou hadst vow'd
No grace on thy inferiours to bestow?
Proud minikin let fall thy plumes, and crie
Nature, I honour will thy Embassie.*

* Pastinatio
deuinum opus.
Hesiod.

*It was a good time when Eue spun her threed,
And Adam * digg'd to earne his food thereby:
But in this time Eues do their panches feed,
With daintie dishes mouing luxurie.
That was the golden age, but this is lead,
Where vice doth flourish, vertue lieth * dead.*

* Damnoſa
quid non immi-
nuct dies? ætas
parentis peior
est auis, &c.

*This therefore is my message pend by Truth,
Erected in the honour of Dame Nature,
Inueying gainst Pride, whose aspiring growth
Disfigureth the beautie of the creature:
Thus haue I spoken that which Nature mou'd me,
Directed to thee, for Dame Nature lou'd thee.*

The



The Argument.

H*esiod* reporteth how *Pandora* was sent from *Iupiter* to deceiue mankind, at least to make triall of his frailtie, by the free proffers of her bounty, sending her full fraught with all Pleasures, to the end some thereof might ensnare and insensate the minds and affectiōs of the then liuing and inhabiting *Arcadians*, to whom her message was principally addressed, as appeareth in the first booke of his *Opera & dies*.

This *Pandora* is voluptuous, (though her name signifie munificence, or an vniuersall exhibitresse of all gifts) sent to enthrall and captiuate the appetites and affectiōs of men, to the intent they might yeeld themselues vassals and bondslaves to all sensuall desires, fomenters of impietie, or agents of immodestie. And *Pandora* seemeth to make this speech or oration vnto them, as an introduction formally handled, for their pleasure & delectation. Louing *Arcadians*, if this spacious world now so specious (whilome an indigested *chaos*) were first ordained for a place of libertie, do not you make it a cage of restraint. It was the will of Nature, who not onely founded but disposed of this vniuerse as you see, that *Men* the hope of her loines and ioy of her life, should liue deliciously, and not be enfeebled by strict & rigorous abstinence the

Mother of diseases, feeding and nourishing many grosse and malevolent humours, whereby the health vseth to be empai red, and the whole state of your bodies dissolued. Wherefore *Iupiter* as your common prouider, foreseeing those miseries which were incident before my coming to all mankind, hath now appointed *Me* as *Deputie* to bring this message vnto you, that from henceforth you should wallow in pleasures and delights according to your owne desires and affections. Let not fruitlesse *Abstinence* be a meanes to restraine you, or *Temperance* a chaine to withhold you, but like *Talassioes* companions bid continencie adieu, and make haste to lasciuious meetings: for to make recourse to the principall delight of a knowing man, *Contemplation*, is it not tedious to spend a mans time in studie or endlesse speculation? Yes certainly, nothing can be worse then to wasse mans life like *Epictetus* lampe; nothing better then to consume mans daies in *Polixenus* cell. And though *Epictetus* may say, -*Semper aliquid discens senesco*, alwayes learning I grow aged, yet *Polixenus* may auerre a matter though of lesse consequence, yet a practise of more self-forgetting chearfulnesse, -*Semper aliquid bibens, nihil extimesco*, alwayes drinking I am cheered. So that nothing can abash *Polixenus*, nothing can dismay him: for his daily practise exempts him from meditation of griefe, being as remote from danger as he stands secure for honour, making euery day his owne prouider, and standing as respectlesse of posteritie as he is carelesse in hoording Treasure.

He

He is happie, and free from dangers menacing abroad, or aspiring thoughts (Ambitions subtiler traines) vndermining at home. But *Epictetus* feare proceedeth from the height of his knowledge, fearing Death the abridgement of knowledge: yet fearelesse of Death it selfe, for it is nothing; but the issue of Death making his knowledge nothing. *Polixenus* none can disturbe; for his minde is fixed on that obiekt which is placed before him; since Nature hath allotted him meate, drinke and apparell, he respects no more. Yet as rich as *Bias*, for he can sing. — *Omnia mea mecum porto*. But simple *Epictetus*, who reposeth so great trust in his Contemplatiue part, whereto auails his studie? whereto tendeth this Speculation? since Art hath made him no wiser then to make no difference betwixt wine and water. Neither hath Art made him any thing the richer: for his *Lanterne* is of more value then all the rest of his substance. Then as you will haue regard to your estate or to the health of your delicate bodies, ponder the effect of my Oration, and reape those sensible delights made yours by fruition, in contempt of Stoicke and strict contemplation.

When *Pandora* had made this plausible Oration, mans minde (by an inbred appetite to what is pleasant) was soone addicted and inclined to the premises; exclaiming with *Herodian*, that it was a difficult thing to subdue a mans affections. Wherefore no sooner was *Pandora* gone, but presently they began to cast off the reines of discipline, exposing themselues to follie and all recreaunce.

* Subsidebat autem in imo vase, spes.

Now see into the Morall hereof, how Man is most addicted to that which in it owne nature is most depraved, alwayes saying with *Medea* in the Tragedie, — *video meliora proboque Deteriora sequor.*

Such is the crookednesse of mans nature, that he is prone to the worse part, and consequently like foolish *Epimetheus* readie to receiue *Argicida's* rewards; subiects of impietie and lasciuious desires, as * *Hesiod* reporteth of him. *Iupiter sent cunning Argicidas to Epimetheus*, with intent to ensnare his affections with the faire shew of such pleasant * rewards as he brought with him; namely tempting obiects like *Athalantes* apples, whereby she was deluded, her speed fore-slowed, becoming a prey to *Pomæis* that subtile courser as he himselte wished.

Such are the gifts of Nature, which oft bewitch the mind of the receiuer. So that *Elpenor* was neuer more deformed (whose feature became the prodigie of Nature) then *He* who suffereth his minde (the light of his body) to be by these gifts besotted, For first he takes a view of them; then he desires them, and after the desire he entertaines them. Which receit is no sooner made, then *Cyrces* with her Cup, or the Syrens with their voyce, inchant these poore companions of *Ulysses*; but he who *Ulysses*-like stands firme, and not to be remoued by any fond allurement, carrying with him that * *Meli* or herbe of grace by which all charmes are frustrated, shall be a spectator of his Companions misery, in himselte secured while they are split-

* Ad Epymethea Iupiter misit inclytum Argicidam, munera ferentem deorum celerem nuncium, &c.
* Floremiuuentutis non deciduum.

* Homerus in Odiss.

indebilitat
omni atque
... ..

splitted, which I, in this second Satyre briefly and compendiously collected (as well by reading as obseruation seconded) haue by a morall inference in some sort declared.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

Pandora the inchantresse.

Pandora, shall she so besot thy mind,
That nothing may remaine for good instruction?
Shall she thy mind in chaines and fetters bind,
Drawing thee onward to thy owne destruction?
Be not so foolish, lest thou be overtaken,
And in thy shipwracke line as one forsaken.

For though that Nature which first framed thee,
Seeme to winke at thy crimes a day or two,
Yea many yeares, yet she hath blamed thee
For thy offences, therefore act no more.
Though she delay assure thee she will call,
And thou must pay both use and principall.

She smileth at thy locks brayded with gold,
And in derision of thy selfe-made shape,
Who would beleene (saith * she) this is but mold,
Who trips the streets like to a golden Ape?
Nature concludes, that Art hath got the prize,
And she must yeeld unto her trumperies.

For I haue seene (saith Nature) what a grace
Art puts vpon me, with her painted colour:
How she * Vermillions ore my Maiden-face,

* Bella es noui-
mus & puella,
verū est: & di-
ues: Quis enim
potest negare?
Sed dum te ni-
mium fabulla
laudas, nec di-
ues, neque bo-
la, nec puella
es. Martial in
Epigram.

* Nonne vul-
gatum est bo-
nas formas ce-
russa deuenu-
stare? Pic. Mi-
van. in Epist.

Now

Now nought so faire, though nought before was fouler;
Indeed I am indebted to her loue,
That can giue mouelesse Nature meanes to moue.

Thou black-fac'd Trull, how dar'st thou be so bold,
As to create thy selfe another face?
How dar'st thou Natures feature to controule,
Seeking by Art thy former to disgrace?
By heauens I loath thee for thy Panthers skin,
Since what is faire without is foule within.

Indeed thou art ashamed of thy forme;
And why? because of beantie thou hast none;
Nay rather grace, by which thou may'st adorne
Thy inward part, which chiefly graceth one;
Complaine of Nature (gracelesse) and despaire,
Since she hath made thee foule, but others faire.

* Talis ornatus
non est Dei.

But yet thou wilt be faire, if * painting may
Affoord thee grace and beantie in thy brow:
Yet what awakes this fondling? for one day
Painting will cease: though painting flourish now;
Itch not then after fashions in request,
But those that comeliest are, esteeme them best.

Yet for all this, I pittie thee poore soule,
In that Dame Nature hath not giuen thee beantie:
Hang downe thy head like to a desert Owle,
Performe in no case to her shrine thy dutie:
Vnto her altar vow no sacrifice,
Nor to her denie erect thine eyes.

Thou

*Thou hast good cause for to lament thy birth;
For none will court thee smiling at thy feature,
But prize thee as the refuse vpon earth,
Since on my faith thou art an vglie creature,
Yet ill wine's good when it is in the caske,
And thy face faire oreshadow'd with a maske.*

*O be contented, with thy forme, thy feature,
Since it is good enough for wormes repast,
Yeelding thy due vnto the shrine of Nature,
The fairest faire must yeeld to death at last!
Thinke on thy mould, and thou wilt seriously
Receiue the charge of Natures Embassie.*



The Argument.

IF I should intreate of such affaires as rather con-
ferre vnto a warlike discourse, then reforming of
the multiplicity of errors raging & reigning in this
Age, strangely depraued, and in the vniuersall state
of her body distempred, I might seeme to make an
vnprofitable messenger in this weighty Embassie:
but to that end haue I chosen such matter as may
be a motiue for the furtherance of this mine assay.
When this — *indigesta moles*, this vnseasoned
peece of matter had first receiued some forme or
fashion, then presently as it increased in yeares,
so it began to adorne it selfe with a comely pre-
sence,

sence, attired modestly without affectatiō, seemely without curiositie, simply without the vanitie of Art, knowing what was shame without an artificial blush.

So that those dayes well deserued the name of —golden Age: for —*redeunt Saturnia regna*. But afterward by a degenerate, rather vnnaturall course (as what is not corrupted in time, if we consider her originall puritie) *A certaine kind of people*, as extraordinarie in proportion for their greatnesse, so of vnbounded mind for their ambition and boldnesse, began first to wage battell with the gods immortall: till the gods perceiuing their stout and aspiring natures, ouerthrew them in their own practises: for they did —*Imponere Pelion Ossa*. Tumble mount *Pelion* vpon *Ossa*, whereby they might reach euen vnto heauen: but the gods made those mountaines the Giants sepulchers; where they lie (vnder those vast hils) and euery seuenth yeare, as the Poets faine —*Sub tanti oneris immensa mole corpora subleuant, & eorum opera perperam aggressa execrant*, they lie vnder the weight of so great a burthen to giue them a sensible touch of their former ambition. Not without an excellent morall inclsuively shadowed, and fitly applied to such ambitious heads who are alwayes aspiring high, till with the Giants they be cast downe, leauing no other monument to posteritie, saue dishonour, the due guerdon of their impietie. And surely who shall but consider the diuerse singular ends and purposes wherto those pregnant fictions of the Poets were addressed, wittily and emphatically

The Giants.
Ceu, Iapetus,
Typhæus.

cally expressing *their* seuer and impartiall iudgements, iustly inflicted on offenders, shall see in them a wonderfull inuention, and a continuall discourse, proceeding forward without any alteration, tedious digression, or materiall difference in the relation. Againe, to obserue the reuerence which euen the Pagan Authors vsed toward their gods, beginning no worke of what consequence soeuer, without inuocation of their fained deities, would moue in vs a more serious admiration. So that as *Valerius Maximus* saith, — *Ab loue optimo maximo orsi sunt prisca oratores:* The ancient Orators vsed alwayes to begin their works in their forme of pleading, with an auspicious *Iupiter*, whereby their workes might haue good successe and proceeding. So may I say, by a present application had to these times, *that as our best-promising labours become fruitlesse, vnlesse the Almighty prosper and giue them successe: so by necessarie consequence*, whosoever falleth into contempt and despising of God immortall, shall haue his purposes defeated, and vtterly vanquished with the forenamed Giants. Wherefore my third *Satyre* shall inueigh against such as in contempt of God (giantlike) practise not onely to pull him from his throne by violence, but blaspheme him through a forlorne and godlesse insolence, and as though God had not the power to reuenge, will extenuate his power and lessen his maiestie.

THE THIRD SATYRE.

THou wicked Caitiffe proud of being nought,
 Wilt thou prouoke thy God to strike thee downe,
 Since he with care and labour hath thee sought,
 And diuerse fauours in his mercy showne?
 Do not draw downe the viols of his ire,
 Lest he reward thy sinne with quenchelesse fire.

Thou sillie worme compact of slimie mud,
 Which shalt returne to earth from whence thou came,
 Thou which conceived was of corrupt bloud,
 Thou wormlin, how dar'st thou reuile his name?
 Farwell thou gracelesse Impe, thou saplesse branch,
 Borne to contemne thy God, to cram thy panch.

Thou Epicure, that liu'st in lining ill,
 Lining by louing to stretch forth thy gut,
 Taking more pleasure thy deepe panch to fill,
 Then in thy maker confidence to put:
 Thou for thy feeding shalt receiue thy food,
 Amongst such vipers as shall sucke thy bloud.

It is the nature of the viperous brood,
 To be the author of their parents death;
 Like an * Hyrudo they do sucke their bloud,
 And take away that breath, which gaue them breath;

* Vipera viperae mortem adfert.
 Plin. in natur. Thou * viperlike disclaimes thy parents name,
 Hist. dum pario, As though to utter him thou thought it shame.

perio. ibidem.
 Præmorso Maris capite parit
 vipera. Shame on thy naming, if thou wilt denie
 Him, who first gaue thee breath and vitall spirit,

Him,

Him, who can giue thee true tranquillitie,
Him, who will shew thee meanes how to inherit;
Leaue off thy foolish fantasies, be wise,
Lift up thy eyes to him who gave thee eyes.

But if (vngratefull wretch) thou feele his grace,
Yet wilt not yeeld him thanks for all his loue,
Be sure he will auert his diuine face,
And all his wonted mercies cleane remoue;
So thou the swine that breakes the acorne-shell,
Regardest not the tree from whence they fell.

Beware'd by Ceus, who with Giants power,
Thought with his fellowes to * clime up to heauen,
But vanquish'd by his power doth all deuoure,
Under the ruggie mountaines are laid euen,
Therefore beware, aspire thou not so high,
Lest thou lie low, where those same Giants ly.

* Saying with
Tiridates in Ta-
citus:
Sua retinere,
priuatæ domus,
de alienis cer-
tare regia laus
est.

Thou art a shadow, God the substance is,
Yet insubstantiate, whose Deitie
Doth comprehend all things, for all are his,
Yet he is not * contain'd most certainly,
For he is infinite in qualitie,
Endlesse in loue, boundlesse in quantitie.

Auscen. Thom.
in quest. Aug.
in Pelag.

* Continet om-
nia tamen non
continetur ab
aliquo.

As for his presence, it is euery where,
On * sea, on land, and in the depth of depths,
His prouidence in each place doth appeare,
His mercie is for generations kept,
Wilt thou (fond foole) contemne his beauenly power,
Who gauerne thee, point, moment, minute, houre.

* Terræ Mari-
que Deus est,
nec terræ Ma-
riue homo est,
qui nouit ubi
Deus non est.

What

*What though so many will entice to euill,
And in plaine tearmes denie the Deitie?
Let them remaine as fuell for the dinell,
Confesse thou still his power effectually:
Looke in the Planets, and the starres, whose light,
Gines record of his power, signes of his might.*

* Threatning
earth within
undations, yet
bounded in with
her banks as
with a girdle.

*If thou looke upward, bodies there be manie,
Yet trouble they not one another's motion,
If thou looke downward, there the* Sea doth moue thee,
Beating the shores, while shores beate backe the Ocean:
Looke to the earth, and thou wilt wonder there,
To see a Ball so firmly hang in Aire.*

*But if these motiues limit not thy will,
Then I'll endorse this in thy forlorne brow,
How with thine owne hand, thou thy blond doest spill,
The fruites whereof thy punishment shall show.
Denie not him who neuer did deny,
For thy default upon the Crosse to die.*



The Argument.

IT is reported of *Cræsus*, that he sent for *Solon*, well perceiuing that he was esteemed the wisest in Greece: to the intent he might see him placed in his maiesty, pompe, and great solemnity. When *Solon* was come, he demanded of him, whom he thought

thought to be the happiest man in the world; not doubting but he would conclude him to be the happiest, considering the magnificence of himself, the admiration of his attendants, & the security of his state, grounded on such powerfull alliance. *Solon* (contrary to his expectation) replied, He could iudge none truly happie before his death, — *Neminem ante obitum felicem esse arbitror*. Yet *Cræsus* would not let him go so, but demanded further: whom he thought then liuing to be the happiest; whereto answered *Solon*, *Tellus*; & who next saith *Cræsus*? Next to *Tellus* do I esteeme (*leobis & Biton* (who died in the very performance of parentall obedience:) & so forward without the least mention made of *Cræsus* felicitie. Whereby it seemed that *Cræsus* was much offended, though he cōcealde his anger for that present time, lest the foolish concept of his selfe-esteemed happinesse should become palpable. But within short time afterward He found *Solons* saying most true: for being taken prisoner by *Cyrus* the Persian king, he was grievously punished, & restrained by traitie seuerè imprisonment, till such time as a day was appointed for *Cræsus* death: & being to be set vpon the fagot, & ready to suffer death, he cried forth: *O Solon, Solon, vera sunt que dixisti neminem ante obitum felicem*: *Cyrus* hearing these words, and enquiring the meaning of them, presently deliuered him, answering: *Et ea quoque mihi evenire possunt*. Considering the state of mans life to be vncertaine, and that none ought to plant his hopes vpon that stabilitie of fortune in terrene affaires, as to promise

C himselſe

himselfe security in his state, or continuance of successe for one victorie atchieued: seeing her wings are not clipped, that her flight should be restrained, nor to any Prince so particularly engaged, that he onely should be by her attended. In briebe, as the onely hope of the vanquished consists in the expectance of all extremitie: so is it the principall glory of the Conquerour, to moderate his fortune by a mild and tempreate bearing of himselfe to the conquered. Hence also haue wee sufficient argument of reproofe, towards such as take pleasure or delight in their abundance, as *Cræsus* did, so as their minds become drowned, hauing no respect to the eternitie promised. The reason is, they repose their beatitude and felicity in things transitorie and vncertaine, not looking vp to the Author of all blisse and happinesse, who is the director and protector of all men, disposing them to the line and leuell of his blessed will, by expecting them foreflowing, inuiting them resisting, recalling them wandering, and embracing them returning: without whose aide our strength is weakenesse, without whose light our sight is blindnesse, and without whose grace our endeouours are fruitlesse. For alas, what is mans direction but distraction, what is his knowledge but imperfection, and what is the best of his resolution but confusion, wanting his gracious preuention that giueth to each worke a happy period and conclusion? Especially in this curious and intricate Labyrinth of mans life, wherein many Cymmerian windings (to wit, priuate seducements)

ments) are framed and cunningly contriued by that subtil-winged *Dedalus*. So as miserably are we forced to erre and stray, vnlesse by *Ariadnes* threed, that is, the heauenly light of Gods illuminating Spirit, we be directed and conducted in this vast Theatre of intricacy, to the *flowrie Eden* of endlesse felicitie. For without that allworking power, we are ouerwhelmed with darknesse, not able to attaine to the comfort of our soules, to enioy the fruition of eternall consolation in the life to come.

To shew you the worthie intendments and resolutions of the *Ancient*, would but make a flourish without effect: as by way of illustration example in mortification, to shew you how *Ori-gen* made himselfe an Eunuch, *Democritus* put out his owne eyes, *Crates* cast his monie into the sea, *Thracius* cut downe all his vines. Seeing then that to exemplifie a mans writings in these daies, is but to beate the aire, vnlesse inuention or a bitter Satyre moue it, I will make haste to runne into my former reprehension, since with *Iuuenall* I may well conclude,

Spite of our teeth when vice appeares in sight,

We must the Satyres play, and tartly write:

Where a good Poets greatest difficultie, is to re-
straine himselfe from Satyricall poesie; for impiety
like a tetter vniuersally spreading, is such, as no
man but he will either be a gamester or a specta-
tor in gaming: either wanton or a fauou-
rite of wantonneffe: therefore now or ne-
uer:

—*Rumpantur Illia Codri,*

Invidia.

Now to our Satyre.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

THou happie Cræsus in thy heapes of gold,
Erect thy selfe a God upon thy throne,
Let it be framed of a purer mold,
Then of the Pumice, or the marble stone:
Let it be honor'd euen in Cræsus name,
Since golden Cræsus did erect the same.

Wilt thou indeed, be honour'd for a god,
And with the starres aray thy Princely head?
Be sure ere long to feele an iron rod:
To crush thee downe, and thy accursed seeds.

* Qui in Deum
delinquit, cum
relinquit.

For if thou do denie * thy God his right,
He will deprive thy power, abridge thy might.

Art thou a crawling worme, a feeble creature,
And yet dost thinke thy selfe a god on earth?
Canst thou so easily transforme thy nature:
Chang'd to immortall, from a mortall birth?
Poore simple gull, a cockhorse for this god,
No god but * man, whose sinnes deserue Gods rod.

* Homines cum
hominibus fan-
guinem & ge-
nus miscant.

Star-staring earthling, puff'd with insolence,
Conceited of thy selfe without desert,
Comparing with the Denine excellence,
For which thy follie, thou shalt feele the smart;

Do not * thinke God will suffer thee to raigne,
That sleights his workes, and takes his name in vaine.

* Quicquid à
vobis minor
extimeſcet,
Maior hoc vo-
bis dominus
minatur.

And as for Cræſus, if he live for aye,
Then will I thinke he is a god indeed:
But he ere long ſhall haue a dying day,
And be incloſed in an earthly weede.
Therefore ſond Cræſus, thinke but of thy gold,
As ruſticke people of the vileſt mold.

Yet thou mayſt * uſe it Cræſus, to thy good,
So thou reſpoſe no confidence therein,
So thou abuſe it not, it is allow'd,
Abuſe, not uſe, is Author of the ſinne.
Be not deceiv'd through any falſe pretence,
To hoord up coine, and hurt thy conſcience.

* The difference
betwixt the poore
wanting, and
rich not uſing, is
by theſe two ex-
preſſed, the one
carendo, the o-
ther non fru-
do.

This is a ſimple traine, a net for fooles,
Not able to deſceme the * wiſer men.
Fiſhes be ſooner catcht, in glistening pooles,
Then in a troubled creniſe, marſh or fen,
But wiſeſt fiſhes, neuer will appeare,
Where they perceine the ſmalleſt cauſe of feare.

* Sapiens ipſe
ſingit fortunam
ſibi.

Lucan. in bell.
Phan

Thus is the forme of wiſedome well explained,
Euen in a Chriſtall glaſſe moſt eminent,
Wherein our diſtinct natures are contained,
As in a Table aptly pertinent,
How that bewitch'd we are in ſeeming good,
And that prooues poyſon which we tooke for food.

*This is my Satyre, Cræsus which I send thee,
To th'end thou mayst admonish'd be of this;
I hope my Satyre will in time amend thee,
And draw thy mind from earth-opinion'd blisse.
Wherefore farewell, and if thou wilt be blessed,
Flee from this rust, by it thy mind's oppressed.*



The Argument.

T*Rogus Pompeius* relateth in his generall Historie, how *Astyages* dreamed that there sprong a vine forth of the wombe of his daughter *Mandanes*, whose broad-spreading branches ouershadowed all Asia, wherefore to take away the ground and foundation of his feare, hauing vnderstood by the *Magi*, that by the vine was intimated *Cyrus*, who should ouershadow all Asia with his victorious and conquering hand, he commanded *Harpagus* one of his priuie Counsell to take the babe and slay it, that whatsoeuer his dreame imported, might by this meanes be preuented: but *Harpagus* more cōpassionate then *Astyages* (though too remorcelesse) exposed it to the crueltye of sauage beasts, where (so carefull is nature of her owne) it found more pittie in the wild Forrest, then in his grandfathers Pallace, being for some dayes nourished by a she-wolfe or bitch,

bitch, (whence Nurses to this day referue the
 name of *Spacon*,) and after found by one *Faustus*
lus a shepheard, was deliuered to his wife to be
 brought vp and nursed: which she, delighted with
 the chearfull countenance of the child, did accord-
 ingly, till in tract of time *Cyrus* came to the vn-
 expected height of an Empire, and fullfilled those
 predictions and Prophecies which were formerly
 spoken of him. This *Argument* haue I culled, to the
 end my Satyre, vsing the liberty of so materiall an
Argument, may inueigh against such as seeke by
 all wayes to dilate and propagate the borders and
 bounders of their kingdome, (not respecting the
 meanes, so they may attaine the end) or strengthen
 the continuance of their vniust claime by sinister
 meanes: not vnlike to *Polynices* and *Eteocles* in the
 Tragedie; who though they were brethren, euen
 the haplesse children of wofull *Oedipus*, yet could
 they not content themselues with their peculiar
 shares seuerally limited, and mutually allotted, but
 must crie: — *Aut Caesar, aut nullus*: wherefore
 they enioyed the fruites of seldome prospering
 deuision, a short reigne, attended on with perpetuall
 infamie after death. Wherefore that is the best la-
 bour or trauell, where they do * — *Proponere la-*
borem vt cum virtute & iustitia coniungant. This is
the best strife, the best contention, which (in a glorious
emulation) is conuersant about vertue, not entertain-
 ing an vniust practise to gaine a kingdome, but
 euer to conclude with *Aurelius Sextus*: — *Ex pes-*
simo genere ne catulum: Man that is wicked in his
 proceedings, getting an Empire by blood (with-

Hesiod. in ope-
 ri: & die.

Polynices & E-
 teocles mono-
 machia de reg-
 no decertantes,
 mutuis vulneri-
 bus concide-
 runt, ibid.

* Vide Ethico-
 rum axiomata
 & eorum prac-
 cipua ratioci-
 nandi argumē-
 ta, quorum cer-
 tissimis princi-
 pijs fundamen-
 ta virtutum
 innixa sunt.

out regard of election or descent) may liue, and for a while flourish, but he shall die without an *Heyre*: therefore this Satyre is purposely directed to *such*, (with an equall reflex from superiour to inferiour) as respect not the meanes how to obtaine a kingdome, so they may haue a kingdome, agreeing with that in the Poet; *Regam, modum regnandi non queram*. I will gouerne, though I seeke not the meanes how to gouerne well: or thus: *I will gouerne, though I regard not the meanes whereby I come to gouerne*. Thus much for a wicked *Amulius*, who will gouerne though it be by the death or deposing of his brother *Numitor*, or an impious *Pigmalion*, who will murder *Sycheus* his brother to be enioyer of his treasure, or a faith-infringing *Polymnestor*, who betrays the trust of a Protector, in praying vpon the Orphane *Polydore*. Of these my Satyre shall intreate, and brand them with the marke of an iniurious possession.

* Polidorum
obtruncat &
auro vi poritur.
3. *Eucad.*

THE FIFT SATYRE.

* *Et fatu terra
nefando.*

T Hou bellish * brood, borne to thine owne offence,
Thou that wilt run into a streame of bloud,
Yet cries againe; It's in mine owne defence,
Hauing no care of vow-linckt brotherhood;
Be thou thine owne destroyer, thine owne foe,
And may thy conscience fret where ere thou goe.

What doest thou get, by getting of a crowne,
Deposing him, that is the lawfull heire?

But

But cares and feares, and sorrowes of thine owne,
 With * gastly visions, motives to despaire?
 Lament thy raigne, dominions got by wrong,
 May floure awhile, but last they cannot long.

* As it is written
 of August: that
 he had broken
 sleepes and used
 to send for some
 to passe the
 night away in
 telling tales or
 holding him
 with talke.
 Tit. Liu. dec. 3.

Though Numitor depos'd be by his brother,
 Fate bath her stroke, some Romulus will spring,
 Or if not Romulus, there will some other
 Depose his greatnesse, make himselfe a king.
 Thus as he got his kingdome, shedding * bloud,
 He of his blondie purchase reapes small good.

* As Mithridates
 was said to
 plant his king-
 dome on an in-
 direct foundati-
 on, Blood. Ap-
 pian. Alexan.

Where Iurisdiction is obtain'd by might,
 Without apparent right vnto the crowne,
 Shall soone extinguish all her former light,
 And change her forme like to the waining Moone.
 For such usurping kings as aime at all,
 Shall misse their aime, and with their Scepter fall.

And thou Pigmalion, who art neuer fil'd,
 But ever gapes for riches and for gold,
 Till thou with might thy Brothers bloud hast spil'd,
 Or till thy yawning mouth be stopt with mold;
 Either repent thy wrong, or thou shalt heare,
 A thousand * Furies buzzing in thine eare.

Decade fra-
 terna vberiori
 modo exarata,
 vid. Virgil. 1.
 Lib. AEnead.

* A Tergo Ne-
 mecis.

Foolish Astyages that meanes to raigne,
 And plant thy throne on earth eternally,
 I tell thee (doting King) though thou disdain,
 Cyrus should raigne, he will part stakes with thee:
 No, he'll haue all, thou art his subiect made,
 And with his vine all Asia's shadowed.

Though

* Canbyss.

*Though thou do marry, and assure to wife,
Thy faire Mandanes, to a countrey * squire,
That her meane marriage might secure thy life,
A king shall spring from such an homely sire.
It is in vaine to plot, when gods resist,
Who can defeate our proiects as they list.*

* 2 Brothers.

*What Polynices, wilt thou fight, with whom?
With thine owne brother deare Eteocles;
Will you contend, since you be both as one?
* Cleon will neuer fight with Pericles;
Then why will you, the children of one sire,
Against each other mutually conspire?*

*Fie on you both, what sauage crueltie,
Hath thus possesst you in your tender age,
Brother gainst brother most inhumanely,
To shew your selues as Men in beastly rage?
Farewell vngodly Twins, borne for debate,
When Ruine knocks, Repentance comes too late.*

*Farewell Aftyages, that reignes for aye,
And thou Pigmalion, who dost gape for wealth,
Amulius too, who learning to obay,
Perceines how Realmes decline that's got by stealth.
Farewell, and if my tart lines chance to spite ye,
My Satyre sayes, A dead dog cannot bite me.*

The



The Argument.

Clytemnestra Agamemnons wife, forsaking her Cowne husband Agamemnon, ran to the vnchast bed of Agistus, where she prostituted her selfe, regardlesse of her birth, and neglectfull of her honour. This Agamemnon perceiued, but through the exceeding loue he bore her, seemingly couered this her apparent dishonour, labouring to reclaime her rather by clemencie then rigour: but she persisting in her hatefull lust and vnlawfull affection, perswaded Agistus by vrgent solliciting to continue in his former adulterie, without regard to Agamemnons loue, or the infamie of her owne life. And hauing not as yet spun the web of her mischiefe, she seconds her lasciuious attempt with a secret practise, conspiring with her fauourite Agistus her husbands death, which was afterwards effected, but not vnreueged. This instance shall be the first subiect vnto my Satyre; wherein I meane to display the impudencie of such, as out of a godlesse securitie, vsually auouch and iustifie their wicked and sensuall pleasures with Phedra in the Poet, writing to her sonne in law Hyppolytus after this manner:

* *Vt tenuit domus vna duos, domus vna tenebit,*

Oscula aperta dabas, oscula aperta dabis.

For such incestuous Phedraes, let them diuert their eyes

* One house hath
held, one house
shall hold vs
twaine, once did
we kisse, and we
will kisse a-
gaine.

eyes to the ensuing Saryre, and then answer me, whether they do not blush at their decyphered follie, which more apparent then light will shew it selfe to euery eye: for the retiredst angle or corner cannot giue vice a couer, whose memorie may be darkned, but not extinguished: nor can the wide wombe of the earth find her a graue wherein to interre her, being like *Pasiphaes* issue, * euer a shame to the Parent. And as *Eecubaes* sonne, portending * destruction to the Troian Citie, was thought fit to be casten forth, lest the euent thereof should be answerable to the Prophecie: so shall this accursed issue, this execrable Progenie shew it selfe, and be fitter for casting forth then preserving, since *Clytemnestra* shall feele the edge of cruelty, and the scourge of deuine furie.

* *The Mino-
taure.*

* *Per somnum
ardentem fac-
tem se pepe-
risse sentiens.*

THE SIXT SATYRE.

WHat *Clytemnestra*, com'd so soone abroad,
Forth of *Ægitus* bed thy husbands foe!
What is the cause thou mak'st so short abode,
Is it because thy husband wills thee so?
No it's because * he's weary of thy sinne,
Which he once sought, but now is cloyed in.

* *Queritur AE-
gistus quare sit
factus adulter
in promptu
causa est, desi-
diosus erat.
Ouid.*

What's that thou weares about thy downie necke?
O it's a painted heart, a Iewell fit,
For wanton *Minions* who their beauties decke,
With garish toyes, new *Suiters* to begit:
Thou hast a painted heart for chasteitie,
But a true heart for thy adulterie.

Speake

Speake on Adulteresse, let me heare thy tongue,
 Canst varnish ore thy sin with * eloquence?
 Silence; such finnes should make the sinner dumbe,
 And force his speech to teare-swolne penitence;
 Do not then shadow thy lascinious deeds,
 For which the heart of Agamemnon bleeds.

* Inspiciens elo-
 quentia, vii
 gladius in fu-
 rentis manu, nō
 obesse maxime
 non potest.
 Mirand. in laud.
 Heru.

Leaue of (foule strumpet : keepe thy husbands bed,
 Thou hast no interest in Ægistus sheetes :
 Infamous acts, though closely done are spred,
 And will be blaz'd and rumour'd in the streetes.
 Flee from this scandal, lest it soile thy name,
 Which blemisht once, is nere made good againe.

Is not thy husband worthy of thy loue ?
 Too worthy husband of a worthlesse whoore,
 Then rather chuse to die then to remoue:
 Thy chaste-vowd steps from Agamemnons boore?
 He's thine, thou his, O * may it then appeare,
 Where ere he is, that thou art onely there.

* Vsing the
 words of that
 chaste Romane
 Matron: where
 thou art Caius, I
 am Caius.

But for Hyppolitus to be incited
 By his step-mother, O incestuous!
 And to his * fathers bed to be invited:
 What fact was euer heard more odious ?
 But see (chast youth) though she perswade him to it,
 Nature forbids, and he's asham'd to do it.

* The seu.

* You * painted Monkies that will nere restraine,
 Your hote desires from lusts-pursuing chase,
 Shall be consumed in a quenchlesse flame,
 Not rest of grieve, though you were rest of grace,

* The Applica-
 tion of the Mo-
 rall.

* Qui- fucum in
 proba virgine
 non damnet?
 Quis in vestali
 non derestetur?
 Pic Mirand. in
 Epist.

Bereft

*Bereft of grace, and buried in shame,
Regardleffe of your honour, birth, or name.*

*I can difcerne you by your wanton toyes,
Your strutting like Dame Iuno in her throne,
Casting concealed fauours vnto boyes:
Thefe common things are into habits growne,
And when you haue no fauours to beftow,
Lookes are the lures which draw affections bow.*

* Si puellam
viderimus mo-
ribus lepidam
atq; dicaculam,
laudabimus,
exofculabimur:
hæc in matro-
na damnabi-
mus & perfe-
quemur. ibid.

*Trust me I blufh, to fee your impudence,
Sure you no women * are, whose brazen face,
Shewes modeftie ha's there no refidence,
Incarnate diuels that are paff all grace;
Yet sometimes wheate growes with the fruitleffe tares,
You haue fallne oft, now fall vnto your prayers.*



The Argument.

VHosoeuer will but consider the fortune,
or rather misfortune of *Terens* for his
wickednesse, shall behold as in a glasse or trans-
parent mirror, the fruite of adulterous beds. For
his licencious and inordinate lust contained with-
in no bounds, but continuing in all prohibited
desires, and now pursuing with an incestuous
heate *Phylomele* his wiues sister, hath transformed
himselfe into a reasonlesse creature; for now *Te-*

reus in *Vpubam* changeth his former nature and condition, becoming in shape as odious, as his life was impious, as the Poet testifieth:

Veritur in volucrem, cui stant pro vertice criste.

Thus may adulterous want-graces looke into *Tereus* fall, and then apply his ruine to their present state. I gather these Arguments out of fictions and Poeticall inuentions, yet are not these fables without their deuine Morals; for such men as are touched with this crime or the like, ought to be ashamed of their follie, since the very heathen Poets, whose best of sacred knowledge was the light of Nature, could exclaime against them, and pourtray the forme of their liues in a fained inuention. For to exemplifie speciall punishments inflicted on particular sinnes, * *Those birds which* * *The Harpyes.* still frequented *Phineus* armie, and annoyed him with such a filthy sent, that euen vpon ship-board they would come flocking to his Nauie, and bring a loathsome stench, whereby they vsed to infect his meate, neuer departing from him, either morne or night, but would — *Es copulis exire, & vniuersam classem teterrimo fatore inficere.* Wherefore was this, but forasmuch as by the perswasion of his second wife *Idea*, he put forth the eyes of his children had by his * first wife of which * *Cleopatra.* in the latter part of this Satyre I meane especially to insist, declaring by way of aggrauation the wickednesse of such *Iniusta Nonerca*, who will tyrannise ouer their stepchildren, respectlesse of *Phineus* punishment or *Ideas* vexation. And though some obiect, that these Arguments be but fruit-
lesse

* Quem fecere
parem crimina,
fata parem.
Ibid.

* Par tibi culpa
fuit, par tibi
pena subit. *alib.*
Nec culpa est
leuior, nec tibi
pana minor.

lesse inuentions hatched forth of Poets braines;
yet must they of force confesse ingenuously, that
their Morals conferre no lesse benefit, then if de-
riued from a truer subiect: for whosoever will not
beware of *Ideas* fact, shall vndergo *Ideas* * punish-
ment; let them therefore auoyd the fact prece-
dent, or let them expect the punishment suble-
quent.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

How now fond Tereus, whither rid'st so fast,
To Progne or to Itis? O, it's true,
Thou goest vnto thy sister, made vnchast,
By thy enforced rape, for she nere knew
What lusts-embraces meant, till thou hadst taught her,
Which gaue her cause of sorrowing euer after.

Come backe againe, go to thy chaste wines bed,
Wrong not the honour of a spotlesse wife,
What fruite yeelds lust when thou hast surfeted,
But wretched death, drawne from a wicked life?
Returne fond lustfull man, do not dishonour
Poore Phylomele, for heauens eyes looke on her.

* Porfican &
narres quam sit
tibi rustica
coniux.

It may be thou alledg'st, * rusticity
Appeareth in the fashions of thy Deare;
Is this a cloake to liue licentiously?
No, if her breeding more vnciuill were,
These should not be occasions of thy shame,
For in discretion thou shouldst couer them.

Thou

*Thou art that Rusticke, she the modest flower,
Not seeking for to grow with other plants
Then with thy selfe, though thou for euery boore,
Snites thy affection, yet affection want:
She^{*} loues, thou lusts, thine is a borrowed name,
For shame-fast loue needs neuer blush for shame.*

*Amor perennis
coniugis castæ
manet. Seneca
Oſtan.*

*How now Prince Phineus, where's thy childrens eyes,
Are they put out, who mou'd thee to offend?
Was it Idæa, whom the gods defies?
Whom neither heauen nor earth can well commend.
It was Idæa, she the Step-dame cries,
Haste Phineus haste, pull out thy childrens eyes.*

*He'le do it for thee, there's no question why,
To faire Idæa, chaste Queene to his bed,
He should the murdering of his soule deny,
Much lesse to cause his childrens blood be shed;
See Step-dames see, how hatefull is your guilt,
When to raise yours, anothers blood is spilt!*

*Murder thy children, put out Orphans eyes,
God cannot salue their extreame heauinesse:
He cannot heare them when they make their cries,
Nor can he comfort them in their distresse.
Yes, he can heare and see, and though he come
With a slow pace, he will at last strike home.*

*Then griene, but let not grieve drine to despaire;
Trust, but let Trust breed no securitie,
For crying sinnes when they presuming are,
Oft wound so deepe they find no remedie.*

D

Farewell

*Farewell Idæa, may my Satyre heare,
For each blond-drop th'ast shed, thou shedst a teare.*



The Argument.

THE Argument of this Satyre shall be against all wicked *Julians*, all godlesse Apostates. And though in the third Satyre I haue touched this Argument briefly: yet now more amply meane I to deblazon the forlorne condition of these vnnaturall monsters. For to produce the Authorities & Opinions of the very heathen Phylosophers, they haue generally concluded, not onely a God, but a Trinitie, *Three in-beings or persons coessentiall*. As first the Platonists, who haue concluded a *Minder*, *Minding*, and a *Minded*, but the chiefe hereof the *Minder*. From the Platonists let vs descend to the Pythagorians, amongst whom *Numenius* most worthie for his learning (inasmuch as *Porphyrie* a man of ripe iudgement and pregnant conceit, albeit a profest enimie of Christ, wrote many severall Commentaries vpon him) speaketh thus: Touching the Indiuiduate essence of God, it is compact of it selfe in one, subsisting of none, in and of himselfe alone, not to be contained or circumscribed within any limits or bounds, being euer during in time, before time, and without time; incomprehensible in his works, indiuisible,

*The Pythag.
Numenius.*

in his substance inſubſtantiate. The Academicks The Academ. in like ſort conclude the ſame, yeelding to an omnipotent power, working according to the diuine will of the worker; wherein they giue excellent inſtances and ſimilitudes in the * Sunne, and the *The Sunne, beames, and heate alluding to the bleſſed Trinitie. Stoicks. heate proceeding from the Sunne, drawing from thence a ſingular argument to proue *the diuine Trinitie*. Zeno the father of the Stoicks, acknowledged the *Word* to be God, and alſo the *ſpiri* of *Iupiter*. Thus Academicks of later times, Stoicks, Pythagorians, and Platonists, confeſſe this heauenly power: and ſhall we who are borne in the dayes of light and truth deny the ſame? *Hermes* can conclude, how—*Radij diuini ſunt eius operationes miræ, Radij mundani ſunt natura & rerum ſimilitudines variæ, Radij humani ſunt artes & ſcientiæ.* And ſhall we confeſſe the later, but not the firſt, from whence the later be deriued? *Plato* in his 13. *Epistle to King Dennis* writeth thus. When I 12. Epistle to King Dennis. vid. Sene. in Epistle ad Lucil. write in earneſt, you ſhall know hereby, that I begin with one God; but when I write otherwiſe, then I begin with many gods. *Aristotle* likewiſe that ſerious inquiſitor in the ſecrets of Nature, could ſay: — *Enſentium miſerere mei.* Thus are our God was not made at any time, in as much as he is euerlaſtingly unbegotten. Galen. Atheiſts conuincd by Pagans; for neither *Orphus* whoſe inuention gaue that opinion of plurality of gods firſt footing, nor *Diagoras* the Athenian, who denied that there was any God, were exempted from ſeuereſt cenſure; the one hauing his opinions publickly refelled, the other for his contempt of the gods, expulſed. For ſuch nouell opinions as Antiquity had not traduced vnto

them, but seemed repugnant to what they beleue-
 ued touching their gods, were esteemed peril-
 lous, and the founders of them worthie due pun-
 ishment. And how much more ought we reue-
 rently to obserue and carefully retaine what Sa-
 cred authoritie, grounded on better warrant then
 Pagan Antiquitie, hath commended to vs, where
 euery clause, euery syllable, sentence and title are
 full of sententious sweetnesse, and diuine fulnesse?
 As for the palpable blindnesse of such as see not,
 or wilfull ignorance of such as see but will not,
 the time will come when *He*, whom they denie
 shall reueale himselfe in furie, and those grosse o-
 pinions which with such asseuerance they main-
 tained, shall be testimonies against them to con-
 uince them. And though, as *Suetonius* witnesseth,
 there be some, who like *Caligula* will threaten the
 aire, that she shall not raine vpon his publicke
 games or stately spectacles, shewing himselfe so
 peremptorie, as though he would cope with the
 immortall Gods, yet would he — *ad minima toni-*
trua, & fulgura conuincere, caput obuoluere, ad vero
maiora proripere se è strato, sub lectumq; condere so-
lebat: at the noise of thunder or lightning winke
 hard, couer his head, and stop his eares, to take a-
 way the occasion of his feare: yea more then this,
 he would leape out of his bed and hide himselfe
 vnder it. Thus did he contemne *him* whose works
 made him tremble, derogating from his power,
 yet astonished with the voice of his thunder: and
 though in his time and his predecessor *Tiberius*
 there flourished a* worthie Philosopher, who all-
 beit

Vid. Sueton.
 Tranq. in vic.
 Calig.

* *Philo the Iew.*

beit a Jew by nation, yet frequent amongst the Romanes, had great iudgement in matters diuine, and spake profoundly of the things which belonged vnto the expectation of Nations: Notwithstanding all this, they continued without the least acknowledgement of a Deitie, and in contempt of the diuine power, threatening the heauens if they scouled or frowned vpon the Romane gamesters, as I haue before mentioned. Whereby it seemes they reposed such confidence in the height of their present estate, as they imagined so firme a foundation could be shaken by no Superiour power, for indeed worldly pompe makes men for the most part forgetful of their duty towards their Creator, thinking (as men in a fooles Paradise) that this present Sunshine of their seeming felicitie shall neuer set. Yet no sooner shall hoarie age draw neare, then — *friget aestua honoris*, and their former chearefulnesse enfeebled with all infirmities, shall with lame limmes and a queasie voice crie out, — *Non eadem est etas*: then shall the curelesse itch of honor by the brine of age be allayed, youthfull sports abandoned, and a quiet life rather desired then magnificence of estate. Concluding with *Seneca* the Phylosopher, inueying against the tyrannie of *Nero* to this effect:

*Well did I liue, when I from enuie rid,
Was pent vp 'mongst the Rocks of th' Corsian sea,
Where if I still had liu'd as once I did,
Well had it gone both with my state and me.*

*Pecitur hac
caelum via.*

*In the Tragedies
of Agrip.*

For whosoever shall but seriously consider the state and course of mans life, which is intangled

with so sundrie, and manifold perills, shall call it with the Poet, — *mundum vitro simulantem*, where life is an exile, the passage a perill, and the end doubtfull. Thus farre of those who either with successe of fortune puffed, or height of honour transported, or through a carnall libertie benumbed, trust so much in the arme of flesh, as they wholly denie the power and maiestie of the onely God (or soueraigne good) preferring a momentanie delight before a celestiaall reward. Now to my Satyre.

THE EIGHT SATYRE.

NOW stout Caligula that dar'st the gods,
Saying, they must not frowne upon thy pleasure,
Thou and immortall powers are still at odds,
Whose * gold's thy god, whose deitie's thy treasure.
Thou'lt feele the smart hereof, when thy estate,
Founded on frailtie shall be ruinate.

* Modo avaritie singulos increpans, & quod pueret eos locupletiores esse, quã se. in vit. Calig.

Thou wilt not feare him while thou lines on earth,
Though life and power, and all be in his hand,
Thou'lt fight with him (poore worme) that gines thee
breath,
And with the breath of flesh checke Ioues command.
Unhappie Prince, though thou the happiest seeme,
This reigne of thine is but a golden dreame.

And when this dreame is past, and thou awake,
From thy soule-charming slumber thou must on,

*Taking thy iourney to the * Stygian lake,
Or flame exhaling quenchesse Phlegeton,
Where poysoned Adders shall infect thy tongue,
Which did so impiously her maker wrong.*

* Sperent te
tartara regem.

*Flie from the horror of thy damned soule,
For sure ere long thou shalt be punished.
See how thy soule deformed is and foule,
Soiled with sinne, with errors blemished.
O * wash them then, some hope doth yet remaine,
But now unwash't they'le nere be white againe!*

* Christus lau-
crū est animā,
canalis gratiæ
Lauacrum, in
quo anima im-
mergitur & la-
uatur, Canalis,
à qua omnis
gratia animæ
deriuatur.

*Art not a sham'd for to denie his power,
Who giueth life vnto each liuing thing?
To heauen, to earth, to sea, and to each flower,
He giueth meanes, for by him all things spring.
Who will not then, and knowing this, account
The earth's the Lords, and he's Lord Paramount?*

*Doeſt thou not ſee the fabricke of this earth,
And all the plants which flourish in their kind,
How by his power each creature bringeth forth,
As if indeed they knew their makers mind:
Where'th' very earth-worme that's endu'd with ſence,
Is not excluded from his * prouidence?*

* The very hedg-
hog is not exclu-
ded from his prou-
idence. Aug.

*Then leaue this damn'd opinion, Iulian,
Be not too confident of earthly rule:
Remember ſtill thou art a mortall man,
And in his power who can the ſeas controule.
It's he can make this earths foundation ſhudder,
Whoſe Empires reach from one Sea to another.*

Yet thou Caligula canst threat the gods,
 If they descend but in a winters showre,
 And saist in scorne, Thou'lt beate them with thy rods,
 If they hold on, upon thy games to lowre.
 Yet cowardize constraines thee for to flie,
 At euery flash, and like a Babe to crie.

Thou'lt menace death vnto Eternitie,
 If they obey not thy imperious pleasure:
 Thus gods themselves must feele thy tyrannie,
 Enioynd to dance attendance at thy leysure:
 Yet for all this, if thou but Thunder beares,
 Thou pulls thy cap downe ore thy frighted eares.

So euery false Apostate will be stout,
 Before he feele the Viols of Gods wrath:
 But when he tasteth thereof he gins to doubt,
 And calls to mind how he * forsooke his faith.
 His fall from which, confessing with his tong,
 His tongue is speaking, but his heart is dombe.

* But see, being
 in the way of
 doing well,
 shame holds him
 from the faith
 from which he
 fell.

Dumbe shalt thou be, for heauen will haue it so,
 Since thou appliest thy tongue to wickednesse,
 Abusing that, gainst him who did bestow
 All that thou hast, this's thy vnthankesfulnes.
 Yet but relent, and doubt not to obtaine,
 That heauenly grace, which else thou canst not gaine.

Gracelesse beware, and feare the power of heauen,
 Who can destroy thee in a minutes space,
 He who can make, the * steepest mountaines euen,
 Whose footstoole's earth, & heauen his dwelling place.
 Feare

*Excelsa humi-
 liando & humi-
 lia exaltando.

*Feare, gracelesse feare, and thou shalt live for ever,
For feare giveth life to death, health to the liuer.*

*Live thou shalt neuer, if thou do not care
To shew respect to th'supreme Maiestie,
He whom we feare, who tenders our wel-fare,
And guides vs in this vale of miserie.
Pagan thou art, vnlesse thou do amend,
Whose endlesse sinnes expect a * wofull end.*

*Iulian and Fe-
lix had both mi-
serable ends:
while Iulian
that impious
Apostate conti-
nued in his blas-
phemie; Ecce
quam sumptuo-
sis vagis filio
Mariæ mini-
strauit uid. Ve-
nerab. Bed. 3. lib.

*Therefore as thou regardst thy sweete soules health,
Or honour of thy Maker, now reclaime
Thy breach of faith stain'd with the worlds filth,
If thou a sonne of Syon meanes to raigne.
Fare well or ill; if well thou meanes to fire,
Vnto the Temple of thy God repaire.*



The Argument.

Hyppeas that worthy Grecian, who stroue for the games in the Olympiads, wore no other apparell saue what with his owne hands (being a generall Artift) he had framed, hauing not so much as the ring of his finger, or bracelet about his arme, but were made by him, yea & the shooes of his feete, which with his owne skill he made likewise. This *Hyppeas* hauing gained the chiefeft prizes by meanes of his actiuitie; and now retur-
ning

ning in the triumph of a Conquerour with a Coronet of floures empaled, to receiue the proposed reward: the publicke Notarie of these games came (according to the wonted custome vsually obserued) to demaund the best raiment or choicest particular ornament the Conquerour had about him. Now this fellow, whom continuance of time had made impudent, seeing the bountie of the conquering *Hippeas*, according to the manner, receiued the best raiment the Victor wore: and scarce contented therewith, (like an insatiable suiter) begged farther his stockings, and *Hippeas* denied him nothing. So long he continued in begging, and he in giuing, till *Hippeas* went naked forth of the Olympiads, hauing nothing wherewith he might shew his friends any semblance of conquest or victorie, saue his naked bodie, which he presented vnto them, vsing these words vnto the Notarie:—*What I haue giuen thee, I would haue bestowed on my professedst enemy, for such motives of vaine glory should rather moue me to loath them then loue them, leaue them, then liue with them, remembering, how*

The sage Eutrapelus expresly bad,

His foes should haue the choicest robes he had,

Wherein he found by prooffe this speciall good,

To make himselfe more humble, them more proud.

The name of this begger was *Mynthos*, who hauing thus polled & spoiled this worthy Conqueror of all his apparell through his importunacie in demanding, presently thus answered one by whom he was sharply taxed: *Nemo est quin aliqua in*

arte praeclarus est, ego autem in premia & vestimenta comparando, palmam & gloriam adeptus sum, meque diuitem ex aliorum paupertate feci. This shall be the Argument of this ninth Satyre, touching impudent crauers: *These — Irigentes*, of whom the Poet speaketh, who make themselues rich by their seruile basenesse, and as Vultures feede best vpon the stinkingst carrion, so they vpon others riot, prodigalitie, and dissolution, sucking like the *Sanguisuga*, who feede themselues with bloud till they burst. Reason haue I to inuey against them, since Israel the elect and select people of God were not to receiue them — *Let there be no begger in Israel.* Time was not then for Parasites to currie fauour, when none was to haue reliefe but by his labor; so expressly was euery one enioyned to apply his vocation, that ** he who would not labour should not eate.* And may these insatiable *Myntes* taste the like fare, being deriued from as base beginnings as they are oftentimes aduanced without merit to great meanes and possessions, yea composed of as ignoble and degenerate minds, as they are sprong of ingenerous bloud.

Gen. 3. 19.
2. Thes. 3. 10.
Prou. 5. 15.
1. Thes. 4. 11.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

HYppeas, your cloake I craue, that is my due,
Your stockings too, and such like toyes as these,
Free to bestow a Bountie were in you,
And yet a debt, for you do know my fee's.
But Debt to mention I do think't vnfit,
When Bountie is so neare to answer it.

And

*And yet I want, and yet what can I want,
 When He of whom I crave's so prone to give?
 When store by Ioue is sent, there is no scant,
 All famine leaue, and all in plentie line.
 See what thou wants then Minthos, and but crave it,
 Hyppeus is stor'd, and thou art sure to haue it.*

*Belt, Beuer, Buskin, view from top to toe,
 See what thou wants his Wardrobe will supply,
 And laugh at him when thou hast vs'd him so,
 And bid him triumph in his victory.
 Let him go nak'd, and boast what he hath done,
 Whilest thou enioyes the Booties he hath won.*

*The true descrip-
 tion of a Para-
 site.*

*Yet tearme him Prince of bountie, and requite
 In seeming Protestations, and in vovres,
 Yet care not for him when he's out of sight;
 For those thrine best who can make fairest shows:
 In speaking much, but little as they meane,
 And being such, but not the same they seeme.*

** Satis domi-
 talium saluta-
 torum habeo.
 Plut. in vit. Ti-
 ber.*

I would I could, thus maist thou bring him on,
 I could extend my wealth unto my will,
 I would erect to show what you haue done,
 Some Time-outliving Monument, to fill
 The world with amazement, when they heare
 What you haue bene, and what your actions were.*

*And then impart thy want, how fortunes are
 Vnequally denied, yet to such
 As He whose Bountie gives to each his share,
 Though much he hath, yet ha's he not too much:*

And

*And then with cap in hand beseech his worth,
Be good to thee, that's borne of obscure birth.*

*Indeed thou seemes to be an obscure Asse,
A spacious Beggar, begging euery where,
Who wilt not suffer a patcht boote to passe,
But thou wilt beg it for thy leg that's bare.
Indeed too bare thou art, too impudent,
That with thy owne state canst not be content.*

Vid. Persi. in
Satyr.

*Pesantlike Bastard, hate thy Beggarie,
Live on thy owne, not on anothers state;
Thou that descendest from base penurie,
Wilt by thy Begging live at higher rate?
Numbred thou art amongst such men as begs,
The smoke of Chimnies, snuffes, and Vintners dregs.*

Vid. Iuuenal.
Satyr.

*Thou art defam'd, for all deride thy kneeling,
Thy capping, cringing, and thy temporizing,
As if thou hadst of modestie no feeling,
But from anothers razing drew thy rising.
Well, for thy begging we will beg for thee,
The Pattent of disgrace and infamie.*

*So with thy wallet as a beggar should,
Be not asham'd to seeme that which thou art,
Some patch on patch, to keepe thee from the cold,
And shew thy want in each seame-rented part:
But do not rere thy fortunes on mens fall,
For such base Beggars are the worst of all.*

Qualis es, talis
appare.

Vultum verba
decent. Horat.

A Satyres na-
tive Rhetoricke.

* Eupolis, Ari-
stobulus, Ariste-
as, &c.

I write not to thee in a sublime stile,
Such is unfit thy errors to convince;
Satyres though rough, are plaine and must revile
Vice with a Cynicke bluntnesse, as long since
* Those grane indicions Satyrists did use,
Who did not taxe the time, but times abuse.

Debemur mor-
ti nos nostraq;

And yet I wish my pen were made of Steele,
And euery leafe, a leafe of lasting brasse,
Which might beare record to this Commonweale,
When this Age's past, to Ages that shall passe.
But * these as others must, shall lose their name,
And we their Authors too must die with them.

Yet well I know, I shall Characterd be,
In lining letters, prouing what I write,
To be authenticke to posteritie,
To whom this Ages vices I recite.
Which, much I doubt, as they're successiue still,
By course of yeares, so they'll succeed in ill.

For vice nere dyes intestate, but doth leaue,
Something behind, to shew what it hath bene;
Yea canting knaues that hang on others sleaue,
Can charge their heires still to pursue the streame,
Where Iohn a style bequeathes to Iohn a noke,
His Beggars rags, his dish, his scrip, his poke.

With which Ile beg; no, with my soule I scorne it,
Ile rather carrie tankards on my backe;
Yet th' trade is thriving, true, but I'ue forsworne it,
Nor would I beg, though competent I lacke.

Before

*Before I should make congies to a swayne,
I would for sweare to take my legs againe.*

*I am but poore, and yet I scorne to beg,
To be a Bastard to my Progenie,
Yea I will rather with * Sycites feg,
Receiue my death, then get me infamie.
I'le be a galley-slave in Turkish ship,
Rather then scrape my crums out of a scrip.*

* Poyson.
Sycites fig,
a Proverbe.

*Bias was poore, and yet his wealth increased,
All that he had he carried still about him;
Bias is dead, his goods by death are seised,
Mydas is poore, his goods were all without him.
Bias and Mydas both agree in this,
Earths blisse when we're in earth quite vanish's this.*

Vid. dist. Cre-
tensium.

*^a Candaules he was rich, yet he was poore,
Rich in his coffers rammed downe with gold,
Yet poore in this, his wife did proue a whoore,
Showne naked unto Gyges to behold.
Collatine poore, yet rich, his wife is chaste,
Both these agree in this, by death embraist.*

a Candaules in primo libro Iustini, Qui ostendens eam Gige (depositaveste) tantæ infaniæ panas luit, à Gige enim confoditur mi- ra virtute an- nuli cooperto. Vnde Poetas coniugis vt nu- dam speciem monstrasset a- mico: Dilectam speci- em perdit, ami- cus habet.

*^b Irus was poore, but Cræsus passing rich,
Irus his scrip differs from Cræsus boord,
Yet now compare them and I know not which,*

Quasi silentium damnum pulchritudinis esset. ibid. Vid. Cic. de off. 3. Lib. Plato. de leg. L. 1. b Irus, qui in domo Vlissis post reditum suum, ab Vlisse, pugna nimirum eius, per- emptus est; Irus qui Serinio suo. & Obba in platæis Græciæ mendicare solebat, super- bia quadam (aut spe suauioris lucri) affectus, in Penelopem, inter Penelopis socios, (vt nuncius potius quam procus) accedere ausus est; — Dignum supplicium pertulit, quia tanta animi audacia (more procacis mendici) in lares consularis dignitatis viri procedere ausit. Vid. Hom. Ili. interp. Calab.

*Is better furnish'd or the worser stor'd:
For see their fates, they both in one agree,
Since by pale Death they both arrested be.*

* Demosthenes
an Orator of A-
thens.

*Priscillaes purse, * Demosthenes his hand,
Do differ much, the one is alwayes shut,
The other open, for rewards doth stand;
Yet if we measure either by his foot,
That close-shut purse, and that receiuing hand,
Haue equall shares made by the * Sextons wand.*

* Virga sepul-
chralis.
Varr.

*Yet Beggar, thou that begs, and hopes to gaine
Store of rewards, for to relieue thy need.
Or surfet rather, tell me what's thy aime,
When those * thou feeds, shall on thy carkasse feed?
For then where's the Beggar now become,
Whose shame's too great, to hide with shroud or tombe?*

* Expos'd to
shame, and in-
fanie betrayd.

*Take these rude Satyres as compos'd by him
Who lones his state farre better then thy trade,
For * Beggars lose more then they seeme to win,
Since their esteeme for euer's blemished:
Line at a lower rate, and beg the lesse.
I'll line to write, if thou thy fault redresse.*

Amicus non Mendicus.

The



The Argument.

T*Aurus* * a rich Iustice, seemed to carrie great port and state in his countrie where he liued, though more feared then loued: *for the proud miser seldome liues to be inheritor of a friend*: but afterward his misery was most apparently known by his desolate house, as vnacquainted with hospitality as an vsurers heire with frugalitie, hauing onely a case for a man, a *blew-coate* I meane without a man, a shadow without a substance. In this Satyre next ensuing is described the miserable nature of such, as notwithstanding their outward port, glorying of more then euer their vnworthie minds could reach to, be the very pictures and *Ideas* of misery, as I may well call them: where desire of hauing so much ouerswayes them, as care of reputation lightly moues them. This Argument is short, for the Satyre will shew her owne meaning without any further illustration.

* Raptus abie media quod ad athera Taurus arena, non fuit hoc artis sed pietatis opus. *Martial in Epi. in Amphyshe. Celsa.*

It is a great shame for a man to haue a poore heart and a rich purse.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

T*Aurus* * a Iustice rich, but poore in mind,
(*Riches make rich-men poore through miserie,*)
Had long time liu'd as one in hold confin'd,
With gates close-shut from hospitalitie:

E

Meanes

* Cornua Vi-
brando, nescit
sua cornua
Taurus;
Whereto it was
shrewdly answe-
red:
Cornua dum
cernit, retrahit
sua cornua
Taurus.

*Meānes without men he had him to attend,
Lest what he spar'd his Retinue should spend.*

*One time a Traveller chanc'd to repaire
To Taurus house, to quench his vehement thirst,
But he poore man could find no comfort there:
Drinke could he get none, if his heart should burst;
Men he saw none, nor ought to cheare his want,
Sane a * Blew-coate without a cognisant.*

* Signa dat
Hospiti, sed
habentur in
Hospitis vm-
bram.

* As quicke com-
ceits will passions
best allay.

*The Traveller conceited in distresse,
Straight thus discour's'd, his * passion to allay:
This Iustice is a Serving-man I guesse,
Who leaves his coate at home when he's away:
Therefore I was deceiv'd and did amisse,
To seeke a Iustice where a blew-coate is.*

*But as the Traveller went on his way,
He met the Iustice in a ragged suite,
Who in a Bench-like fashion bad him stay,
Saying — He ought a Iustice to salute:
The man at first perplex'd, and now awake,
Tooke heart of grace, and did this answer make.*

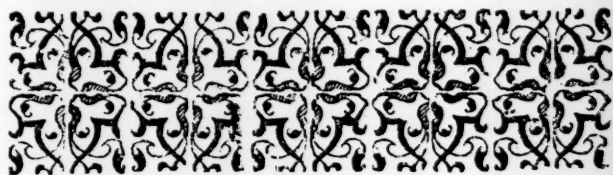
*Sir, if I have forgotten my regard
Vnto your place, forgive my ignorance,
My eye could not discern you, till I heard
Your selfe report your owne preeminence,
Whose name is Terror, and whose awfull breath,
Is messenger of furie, and of death.*

And

*And great I heare's endowments you possesse,
But worthie greater then you do enioy,
Winnesse your open house, which doth expresse
The care you haue your fortunes to employ
In bounties seruice: your good beere doth show it,
Being kept so well, as none can come vnto it.*

*Taurus he stamp'd, cald his attendants knaves,
And so he might, for none could be offended,
Where art thou Tom (quoth he) lack, George, out
Faining their voyces, All shall be amended. (slanes,
Then answers he himselfe, Let none depart,
But entertaine all with a chearefull heart.*

*The Traueller though he conceined all,
Seem'd to admire the bountie of the place,
Till th' badge-lesse coate was hung within the hall,
Forc'd him to laugh the Iustice in the face.
Why doest thou laugh (quoth he?) I laugh to note,
For want of men, what seruic's in a coate.*



The Argument.

C*laudius* a Romane, for his approued honesty
respected for the most part, gained no lesse
E 2 good

good opinion with the Conscript fathers in the Senate-house, then popular loue in the Citie: for his grauitie was such, as none could detect him of the least imputation, hauing alwayes in the whole course of his pleading such pithie, sententious, and select discourse, that it yeelded no lesse admiration to the hearers, then a generall estimation to himselfe, at that time reputed one of the hopefullest young Orators: but most especially for his deuotion and religion to the gods, then, amongst the Romans adored and worshipped. This *Claudius* after this generall report and good liking which all had of him, vpon a solemne night appointed for the sacrificizing to * *Mars* in behalfe of a battell which was to be made against a Prince of Numidia, (in which holy rites there were appointed *Augurs* for the coniecturing of these things) seeing the opportunitie of the *Augures* absence, renewed the familiaritie which he of long time had with one of the *Augures* wiues. Now the *Augur* hauing left behind him his *Oscines* or Prophesing birds (a neglect of such importance as it discouered his owne shame,) came to his house where he detected *Claudius*, who had long * time counterfeited puritie.

* Et festa solennia Martis.
vid. Varr. &
Ouid. de fast.

* The fish *Sepia* is betrayed by a blacke colour which she casteth out to couer her, so these counterfers by the cloud of a pretended holinesse, which shall be as a cloud of wittnesse against them.

THE ELEVENTH SATYRE.

Claudius is pure, abinring prophane things,
Nor will he companie with wickednesse:
He bates the source whence lend affections springs,
He'll not consent with deeds of naughtinesse:

*Yet he will deale, so none do see his sinne,
Tea though heauens eyes he cares not looke on him.*

*He will not speake vnto a Maide in th'streete,
Lest his repute should fall vnto decay:
Yet if they two in priuate chance to meete,
He in a pure embrace will bid her stay.
Saying: I will instruct thee prettie Nan,
How thou shalt be a formall Puritan.*

*Then drawes he forth to moue the Maids affection,
The forc'd description of their puritie,
How he and she be children of election,
And must be sa'd what ere the wicked be.
For vices are tearm'd vertues, where we make
Lust but an Alt for Procreation sake.*

*What then are Maids, thus he induceth her,
But Virgins still that do impart their loue,
To such an * One as is their furtherer
In holy zeale, and can the spirit moue?
Nought lesse but more, for there's a heauie vx,
Or curse denounc'd on them that barren be.*

* Ve prauie vixt

*Cloze then in silence, eyes of men are shut,
None can detect vs, but the eyes of heauen,
And when we act, those lights are sealed up,
For vnto vs more libertie is giuen
Then vnto others, since the very name,
Of lust is chang'd when th'righteous vse the same.*

*Hypocrisis duplex est malum, dissimulatio & peccatum.

*Thou * hypocrite, whose counterfeited zeale,
Makes thee seeme godly to the world's eye,
Yet dost the golden fruites of Vesta steale,
When thou perceives no man thy sins doth spie.
Leane this dissembled zeale, for thou art knowne
The wickedst sinner, when thy inside's showne.*



The Argument.

THE Historie of *Phyloxenus* is most amply related in the diuerse writings of sundrie authenticke Authors, being infamous for his greedie desire vnto meate and drinke, and therefore as is testified of him, * *Gruis collum sibi dari optabat, ut cibum potumq; maiori cum delectatione caperet.* This *Phyloxenus* and that rauenous *Heliogabalus* shall be the subiects of this ensuing Satyre, touching or rather concluding the condition of all Epicures in these two. If thou that readest me be touched, as tainted with this particular sinne, blush, but do not shew thy passion towards the poore Satyre, for Bee-like she hath no sooner stung thee, then she loseth her power of being further reuenged of thee. Wage not warre against a dead Monument, since *Plinie* warnes thee: *Cum mortuis nil nisi laruas luctari.* Take therefore this Satyre in good part, and rather fret against thy selfe, in that thou hast matter in thee fit for a Satyrist's subiect, then vent thy splene

* *Aristotle* mocking the Epicures, said, that vpon a time they went all to a Temple together, beseeching the gods that they would giue them necks as long as Cranes and Hernes, that the pleasure and taste of meate might be more longin relishing: complaining against Nature for making their necks too short.

splene towards him, who makes thy defects the effects of his subiect.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

PHyloxeus looks lanke with abstinence:
 Poore man I pittie him, I thinke he's sicke;
 No, this his seeming is a false pretence,
 The greedie Cormorant will each thing lick:
 Whose drum-stretch'd case can scarce his guts containe
 Since he hath got the gullet of a Crane.

Thou thinkest there is no pleasure but in feeding,
 Making thy selfe, * slave to thy appetite;
 Yet whilest thou crams thy selfe, thy soule is bleeding,
 And Turtle-like mournes, that thou shouldst delight,
 In such excesse as causeth infamie,
 Starues soule, spoiles health, and ends with beggarie.

Remember (thou besott'd) for I must talke,
 And that with serious passion, thou that * tast'st
 The choycest wines, and doest to Tauernes walke,
 Where thou consumes the night in late repasts.
 Confusion now, drawes neare thee where thou kneeles,
 Drinking deepe healthes, but no contrition feelles.

It may be, He that teacheth may be taught,
 And * Socrates of Softenes may learne,
 Euen He, that for thy good these precepts brought,
 To publicke light, may in himselfe discern
 Something blameworthy, true, and heauen he could,
 Reforme his errors rightty as He would.

* Like those unsati-
 fiable gluttons
 Uicellius and
 Appius, to which
 Cormorants nei-
 ther land, water,
 nor aye might
 be sufficient.

And Cambleres
 the gluttonous
 king of Lydia
 deuoured in a
 dreame his wife,
 while she lay
 sleeping together
 in the same bed;
 and finding her
 hand betweene
 his teeth when
 he awaked, he
 slue himselfe,
 fearing disho-
 nour.

* Well described
 by that Motto.
 Non citius edit
 quam excedit;
 pascit & poscit.
 * Elpenors vice.
 vid. Geor. Virg.
 Silenus in An-
 tro.

* Socraticum
 speculum non
 chalibæum &
 materiale.
 vid. Brasius, in
 præfatione.

*But harder is't by much for to performe,
Then to prescribe, where many seeme to urge,
The present times abuse, but n ere reforme
Those crimes in them which they in others scourge:
But where the Author makes use of his paines,
As well as Reader, there's a double gaines.*

*And these are th'gaines which I do sue to haue,
Seeking no lesse thy benefit herein,
Then my peculiar good: where all I craue,
Is but thy prayer to purge me of my sinne.
I do not write, as I my paines would sell,
To euery Broker, vse them and farewell.*

Nam inepto risu res nulla ineptior est.
Finis Satyrarum.

Catull.

An end of the *Satyres* composed by the foresaid
Author in the discharge of Natures Embassie: pur-
posely penned to reclaime man, whose vicious life
promising an unhappie end, must now be taxed
more sharply, since vice comes to grea-
test growth through impunitie.



A CONCLVSIVE

ADMONITION TO THE

READER.

IF any man shall reade, and making vse
Of these my Satyres, grow distemperate,
By making of a good intent abuse,
In that I seeme his life to personate;
Let him content himselfe, be it good or ill,
Gall'd horses winch, and I must gall him still.

A Satyrift ought to be most secure,
Who takes exception at his cancred style,
And he that most repines, let him be sure,
That he's the man whom Satyres most reuile.
Therefore who would be free from Satyres pen,
Ought to be Mirrors in the sight of men.

These two months trauell like the Almond rod,
May bring forth more when oportunitie
Giueh fit time, wherein vice loath'd by God,
May be displaide, and curb'd more bitterly.
Till which edition, take these in good part,
Or take them ill, how-ere, they glad my heart.

HERE



HERE FOLLOW
 WETH SOME EPYCEDES
 or funerall Elegies, concerning sundry
 exquisite Mirrours of true loue.

The Argument.

HWolouely louers so deuided be,
 As one to other hardly can repaire,
 In *Sestos* she, and in *Abydos* he,
 He swims, she waits & weeps, both drowned are:
 Waues cut off *Heroes* words, the Sea-nymphs mone,
 One heart in two desires, no graue but one.

I. ELEGIE.

HEro was willing to *Leanders* suite,
 But yet *Leanders* opportunitie
 Could not be so, as answers his repute:
 Lust sometime weares the robe of modestie:
 Silent he woes, as bashfull youths must do,
 By sighs, by teares, and kissing comfits too.

But what are these where fancie seated is,
 But lures to loose desires, sin-sugred baits,
 That draw men onward to fooles paradise,
 Whose best of promises are but deceits?

And

*And such Leanders were, meere golden dreames,
That leaue the waking senses in extreames.*

*But lone flame-like, though it restrained be,
Will still ascend, and so it far'd with him:
For now he cries, Hero I come to thee,
And though I cannot run, yet I will swim,
Where, while I swim, send thy sweet breath but hither,
And Zephire-like it will soone waft me thither.*

*Hero remaineth on the floting shore,
Waiting the blest arriuall of her friend,
But she (poore she) must neuer see him more,
Seeing him end before his iourney end:
In whose hard fate a double death appeares,
Drownd in the sea, and in his Heroes teares.*

*Still she laments, and teares her forlorne haire,
Exclaiming 'gainst the fates, whose crueltie
Had chang'd her hope-reft fortune to despaire,
Abridging lone, true louers libertie;
But since its so (quoth she) the waues shall haue,
More then by right or iustice they can craue.*

*With that she leapt into the curled flood,
And as she leapt, she spake vnto the wave,
Remorcelesse thou (quoth she) that stain'd his blood,
Shall now receiue two louers in one grane.
For fit it is, who lining had one heart,
Should haue one grane, and not inter'd apart.*

*Yet in my death I do invoke the Powers,
Which do frequent this wofull River side,
That they adore and decke our Tombe with flowers,
Where ere our lone-exposed corps abide.
And if they aske where they shall find our graves,
Let them looke downe into these surging waues.*

*And I intreate my friends they do not weepe,
In that we are departed to our rest,
Sweete rest, may Hero say, when in her sleepe
She clips Leander whom she loved best:
She lou'd him best indeed, for she did craue
To be enhearsed with him in one wane.*

*This was no sooner spoke, but raging streames,
Cut off poore Heroes speech, and with their force,
Clos'd her in silence, while each Nymph complains,
And chides the River for his small remorse.
Thus ended they, their ends were their content,
Since for to die in Love, their minds were bent.*

*Let not fond love so fondly thee embrace,
Lest like the Iuie or the Misselto,
It winde about thee to thy owne disgrace,
And make thee slave to brutish passions too.
Be constant in thy love, as chaste not spotted,
Love well and long, but not in love besotted.*

The



The Argument.

Louers consent finds fit place of recourse,
 For Loues content chang'd into discontent,
 King *Ninus* tombe their sconce or sorrows source,
 To which a dreadfull *Lyonesse* is sent:
 Which *Thisbe* spies and flies: her bloudie tyre,
 Bereaues her Loue of life, and both expire.

II. ELEGIE.

Vell then we will repaire vnto that place,
 Where we shall haue fruition of our ioy,
 By *Ninus* tombe, farre from our parents face,
 Where mutuell Loue needs little to be coy:
 Where met, we may enioy that long-sought pleasure,
 Which Loue affords, when Loue unlocks her treasure.

Thisbe was mute, in being mute she yeelded,
 Who knowes not *Maides*, by silence giue consent?
 So on her silence her assent was builded,
 Since in his loue she plac'd her sole content;
 Onward he goes most forward to obtaine,
 That which she wish'd, but Parents did restraine.

And coming nigh vnto king *Ninus* Tombe,
 Erected neare a *Christ* all riueling,
 There as she mus'd a *Lion* fierce did come
 Forth of the grone, whence he his prey did bring.

Who

100 LOVE TO THE LAST.

*Who all embrude with slaughter and with blood,
Came for to quench his thirst at that same flood.*

*Thisbe perceining this enraged beast,
Fled for her refuge to a hollow tree,
Yet she for hast, what she suspected least,
Let fall her Tire, and to her selfe did flee;
Where in the shade while she affrighted stood,
The Lion tinct her virgine-tire with blood.*

*And hauing now well drench'd his bloudie iawes,
Making retorne unto his shadie den,
Young Pyramus for to obserue lones lawes,
(Lones lawes must needs be kept) did thither tend,
And coming neare, her could he not espie,
But her unhappie Tire di'd blondily.*

*Which he no sooner with his eyes beheld,
Then he exclaim'd against his destinie,
Since Thisbe was by his request compeld,
To be a pray to Lions cruelty:
And taking up the bloud besmeared Tire,
Amintas-like his end he doth conspire.*

- *Yet fore his end in dismall sort he cried,
Fie on the fates, that did poore Thisbe kill,
Fie on those ruthlesse gods that haue decreed,
Wilde sauage beasts her crimson bloud to spill;
But why do I stand arguing with fate,
Lamenting ore her breathlesse corps too late?*

*For if thou lou'd her, shew thy loue in this
Lost, to regaine her presence by thy death;
Death, which hath left thee this poore Tye to kisse,
On which I'le breath and kisse, and kisse and breath:
Farewell my loue, if Piramus did loue thee,
He'le shew his loue, his loue shall be aboue thee.*

*Strike home (fond man) and do not feare grim death,
But meete him in the mid-way to thy grave;
For Thisbes loue I gladly lose my breath,
And that is all that Thisbe now can haue:
And with this speech, deepe griefe cut off his word,
He slue himselfe with his owne dismall sword.*

*Thisbe long trembling in her hollow Caeue,
Came forth at last to meete her dearest loue.
How apt is loue the chastest to deprave,
Making a rauenous Vultur of a Dove;
Wherefore in haste she hies her to the spring,
Where she might heare a dolefull Syluane sing.*

*And to receiue the sorrow more at large,
Nigher she drew vnto that mournfull tune,
Where like a merchant in a splitted barge,
She stood amaz'd, and standing listned one.
Sorting his griefe vnto her deare friends griefe;
Whom she sought out, to yeeld her some reliefe.*

*Good Siluane say (thus spake she) hauing found him,
Didst see a youth coast neare this darke some way?
For much I feare, some sauage beast hath wound him,
If thou canst guide me to him, pray thee say:*

Here

64 LOVE TO THE LAST.

*Here is the Tombe where he appointed me,
To stay for him, yet him I cannot see.*

*Virgin (quoth he) that youth you seeke is gone;
Whither (kind Siluane?) I will after him,
He shall not leaue me in this wood alone,
For trust me Siluane I haue frighted bin,
And by a dreadfull Lion so beset,
As I am hardly my owne woman yet.*

*See Ladie, see; with that he vanished,
To waile the losse of Nais he had kept,
Who by a Centaure lately ranished,
Was quite conueyd away while th' Siluane slept.
She turnes her eye, yet scarce will trust her eye,
No, nor the place where she doth see him lye.*

*Dead! why it cannot be, thus she began,
Who could harme thee that nere did any harme,
No not in thought to any liuing man?
With that she felt his pulse if it were warme,
But breathlesse he, key-cold as any stone,
She lookes and weepes, and bathes him looking on.*

*Yet long it was ere she could shed a teare,
For greatest grienues are not by teares exprest,
Deepe-rooted sorrowes greatest burden beare,
Kept most in heart, but shorne in eye the least.
For lesser grienues haue eyes to bring them forth,
But greatest still are strangled in their birth.*

Griefe therefore doth rebound, and with rebound
 She shakes her Piramus and strokes his cheek:
 Loue was all eares, for he did heare her sound,
 And mou'd his head from ground, but could not speake;
 Yet did he hold her hand, as if her hand
 Staid Deaths arrest, and could him countermand.

And as a man who ship-wrack'd on the Sea,
 Not able to endure vnto the Port,
 Takes hold on wracke, which He as constantly
 Keepes in his hand, as he did labour for't:
 From which, no danger whatsoere beside him,
 Nor death it selfe can any way denide him.

Euen so did Piramus keepe in his armes,
 The choicest body of his chafteft loue,
 Whereby he thinkes himselfe so free from harmes,
 As die he cannot till he thence remoue:
 Yet though it's death to him, since Thisbe would,
 He is contented to let go his hold.

This scene, (sayes Thisbe) since thy loue is such,
 That to denide thy selfe from thine owne loue,
 To thee's a second death or harder much,
 And mou'd by me thy hold thou doest remoue;
 Ere long will Thisbe shew her selfe to thee,
 An equall Mirror of lones constancie.

Yet do I pray those friends who are conioyned
 To vs in Bloud, to take of vs compassion,
 That as our Lones, our corpes may be combined,
 With funerall rites after our countrie fashion:

F

And

*And when to ashes they our corps shall burne,
Let both our drearie ashes haue one urne.*

*Let both our graues (poore graues) be ioyn'd in one,
As both our hearts were linked in one twist:
And let our corps be couer'd with one stone,
So may our bones so neerely ioyn'd be blist;
For gods this priueledge to louers gine,
When others die by death, in death they line.*

*By this young Thisbes speech was finished,
Who was as wearie to enioy her life,
As a loose Matron of her husbands bed,
Or a young spend-thrift of his long-lin'd wife:
Euen so was Thisbe, whom death did afford,
Though not same hand to kill, yet selfe-same sword.*

*But yet some Plant is still affectionate,
Unto a Louers death, whose constancie
Nener doth alter from her wonted state,
But perseueres in stedfast certaintie:
For th' Mulberrie, seeing them Mourners lacke,
Milke-white before put on a sable blacke.*

*Morus thus altred in her former hne,
Changing her colour for the death of Loe,
Hath to this day her mourning-weed to shew;
Well might they moue vs then, when they did moue
The senselesse trees, who did so truly griene,
As for their sake they would their colour leaue.*



The Argument.

THe losse of *Didoes* honour and her loue,
 Are both bemon'd: *Anna* but all in vaine,
 Seekes to recomfort her: she seemes to proue
 No faith in strangers; she dissolues her traine:
 Incense is burn'd; a fire she doth deuise,
 Wherein she makes her selfe the sacrifice.

III. ELEGIE.

DIdo lamenting, that *Aeneas* should
 So soone conuert his loue to bitter hate,
 The thought whereof surpast a thousand fold,
 The losse of Scepter, honour, or estate:
 Curseth the hap she had to entertaine,
 Or giue such harbour to a thanklesse Swaine.

Yet do not so (quoth she,) he's generous,
 Sprong from the Troian stocke and Progenie:
 Curse him not Dido, it were ominous
 To his proceedings and his dignitie;
 He did requite thy loue, thou knowst deuoutly,
 And did performe his Turnaments as stoutly.

Sweete was the Pleasure, though the fruite be sower,
 Deare his embraces, kind his fauours too,
 Witnesse that Bower (aye me) that rose Bower,
 In which heauen knowes, and few but heauen do know,

68 LOVE STAINED WITH LUST.

*I gag'd my heart to him, he his to me,
Which makes me ty'd in faith how ere he be.*

*And he protested, Simple woman, thou
To credit what a stranger had protested:
For what is he that lyes, and will not do
As much or more, till he hath fully feasted
His eager Appetite, which being allaid,
He streight forgets the promise he hath made?*

*And so did he, respectlesse of his vow,
Or (breach of faith) which what soere he thinke,
Will be reueng'd by Heauen, and sharply too,
Gods do not euer sleepe when they do winke.
For though they spare, They will at last strike home,
And send Reuenge to th' infant in my wombe.*

*Poore Orphane Infant, whose iniurious birth,
As closely done, shall closely be suppressed,
And haue a double Mother, Mee and Earth,
And for thy Fathers sake a double chest:
Whose Tombe shall be my wombe, whose drerie browd,
Shall be my selfe, that gaue it life and food.*

*This as she spake, her Sister she came in,
Advising her vnto a milder course,
Then to afflict her selfe with thought of him
Whose heart was rest of pittie and remorse;
Wherefore (said she) since sorrow is in vaine,
Forget his absence, that will salue your paine.*

*Will salue my paine (quoth she!) and then she gron'd,
Chres*

LOVE STAIN'D WITH LVST. 69

Cures to apply is easier then to cure:
No, no, my sorrowes may be well bemon'd,
But nere redrest: for th' eye of hea'n's too pure,
To view my sinne, my soile, my guilt, my staine,
Whose die's so deepe 'twill nere be white againe.

Yet to preuent the scandall would ensue,
If fame should know what hath in priuate bene,
I'll lop this Branch, lest Time should say, it grew
(Adulterate Issue) from the Carthage Quene:
Which ere I do, lest I incurre heauens hate,
With Incense burn'd, their wrath I'll expiate.

Wherewith I'll purge (if such may purged be)
The fault I did, which grieues me that I did,
Staining my honour with his periurie,
Which gods do see, though it from man be hid:
For this (deare sister) build me here a fire,
To sacrifice my shame, appease heauens ire.

Anna, for so her Sister hight, doth reere
This fatall pile, preparing all things meete
For such a sacrifice, as Iuniper,
Spicknarde, and Mirrhe, to make the Incense sweete,
Unknowne to what her Sister did intend,
Whose faire pretence came to a timelesse end.

Sister (quoth Dido) now you may be gone,
Sweete is Denotion that is most retir'd,
Go you aside, and leaue me here alone,
Which Anna did as Dido had requir'd:
Who now alone with heauen-erected eyes,

70 LOVE STAIN'D WITH LYST.

Her wofull selfe she makes the sacrifice.

*Anna retir'd, did heare her Sister strike,
With which at first affrighted, she made haste,
To see theuent, the sight whereof did strike
Such a distraction in her, as it past
The bounds of Nature, where experience tries,
More sorrow's in the heart then in the eyes.*

*At last her eyes long shut unsealed were,
To eye that mournfull Object, now halfe turn'd
To mouldred ashes, for it did appeare,
As halfe were scorch'd, the other halfe were burn'd:
Which seene, she cries, and turnes away her sight,
Black woe betide them that such guests innite.*

*Anna thus left alone, yet mindfull too,
Of Didoes honour, reares a Princely shrine,
The like whereof that Age could neuer show,
Nor any Age, till * Artemisias time:
On which was this engrauen: Loue was my losse,
Rich was my Crowne, yet could not cure my crosse.*

*Wife to Mausolus king of Caria. vid. Plutar. in Apotheg.

*Thus Dido d'd, who was not much unlike
Unto the Countreman who nourished
The * dead-starr'd Viper, that vngreatfull snake,
Who rest him life, that it had cherished:
So Dido she, whose fall my Muse recites,
Lies slaine by him, whom she in loue innites.*

* Latet Anguis in herba.

Nec Hospes ab Hospite tutus.

AN ELEGIE VPON THESE ELEGIES.

L *Et fond Leander warne thee, to remaine
Upon the Riuer banke in safetie:
Let Piramus rash fast thy hand restraine,
Too deare costs Loue, mix'd with such crueltie:
Lastly, let Dido warne thee by her end,
To trie that Guest thou makes thy bosome friend.*

Venit amor grauius quo serius vrimur intus,
Vrimur, & cæcum pectora vulnus habent.

THE SECOND
SECTION OF
DIVINE AND MORALL
SATYRES:

With

AN ADIVNCT VPON THE
PRECEDENT; WHEREBY THE
Argument with the first cause of publishing
these Satyres, be evidently related.

Disce & doce.



LONDON,

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1 6 2 1.





TO THE WOR-
THIE CHERISHER AND
NOVRISHER OF ALL GENE-
rous studies, S.W. C. Knight,

R. B.

His affectionate Country-man wisheth the
increase of all honour, health, and
happinesse.



IR,

*When I had compos'd these rag-
ged lines,
Much like the Beare who brings
her young ones forth,
In no one part well featur'd, she
repines,*

*That such a lumpe of flesh should haue a birth:
Which to reforme, she's said to undertake
A second taske, and licks them into shape.*

*So I producing these unriper seedes,
Scarce growne to their perfection, knew not how,
(Since different humour, different censure breeds)
How they should come to ripenesse, but by you:*

Whose

*Whose faire acceptance may such count'nance show,
As you may others moue to grace them too.*

*Nor do I doubt but these shall purchase grace,
'Mongst such as honour vertue, for how low
So'ere the style be, Subiect is not base,
But full of Diuine matter; and I know,
The Sunne giues life, as well to simple weeds,
As unto flowers or other fruitfull seeds.*

Yours in all faithfull
Obersuance,

*Richard Brathwayte,
Musophylus.*

Vpon the Dedicatorie.

THough he (and happie he) bereft by fate,
To whom I meant this worke to dedicate,
This shall find shelter in his liuing name,
He's chang'd indeed, but I am still the same.

The



The Argument.

*Of Elpenor an Epicure, living sensually in
a Caue, respectlesse of the soules
eternitie.*



Elpenor, who long time liuing (as the *Dormouse*) in the caue of sensualitie and securitie, rested carelesse of a future blessing, as one rauished with the present delight of carnall libertie, became at last restrained by the vertuous edict of a gracious Emperour; by whom he was exiled and banished, not onely from the Princes Court, but from the utmost coasts of *Arcadia* wherein he liued. Now it chanced, that during such time as he remained in *Cadmos*, a Satyrist of no lesse respect then approued grauitie, well obseruing the impietie of *Elpenor*, as also the deserued censure which his Epicureall life had incurred; endeououred to describe his condigne fall, with no lesse pregnancie of wit, and maturitie of iudgement, then a setled severity in reprehension of his godlesse opinions: which Description he fixed (as may be imagined) vpon the Portall gate, where he might of necessitie see his owne impietie as in a glasse transparent, perspicuously demonstrated. What discontent he

con.

conceiued in the displaying of his owne shame,
may be coniectured by the subiect of this Inue-
ction, taxing him of his infamous life, the onely
occasion of his obscure end: whose fortunes were
aforetime most eminent, now most dejected.

Et quanta est infelicitas, fuisse felicem, &c? Boæthius.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

ELpenor groueling in his duskie caue,
Secure of God or Gods high providence,
Nought but luxurious dishes seemes to craue,
To satisfie the appetite of sence.
He spurnes at heauen, contemnes all supreme power,
Priding in that will perish in an houre.

God is of no respect with Epicures,
Sencelesse of of heauen or minds tranquillitie,
Sencelesse of Heil, which euermore endures,
Glad to receiue earths ioyes satietie:
Where rapt with Obiects of deceiuing Pleasure,
They line to sin, but to repent at leasure.

Is not that Statue (say Elpenor) thine,
With eyes-inflam'd and palsie-shaking hand,
Vpon whose fore-head's writ, Abuse of time?
I know it is, for I do see it stand
Neare Baccus shriue, where either drinkes to other,
Healts to Eryca, their lasciuious Mother.

Where Syren voyces so apply the eare,
With an affected melodie, that earth

Might

*Might a phantasticke Paradise appeare,
Through consort of an vniuersall mirth,
Which these inchanting harmonists did vse,
To th' wofull friends of wandring Ithacus.*

*But who is He that seemes to challenge thee,
Yet staggers in his challenge? O I know him,
It's Hans the Dutch man, new arriv'd from Sea,
Stand fast Elpenor, if thou'lt overthrow him.
But why enioyne I that thou canst not do,
Halfe of a stand were well betwixt you two.*

*And much I doubt, lest Cripple-like you grow,
So long it is, as it is out of mind,
Since you were seene by any man to go,
Which makes me heare your legs are hard to find:
For vse brings on Perfection, and I feare
Your drop sic-legs are out of vse to beare.*

*See thou unweldy wretch, that fat all selfe,
To which thou art declining, being growne
A heauie vsclesse burthen to thy selfe,
In whom no glimpse of vertue may be showne:
A Barmie leaking vessell (which in troth)
For want of reason is fill'd vp with froth.*

*Aged Turpilio grones at mispent time,
Wishing he had his youth to passe againe:
For then He would not vse't as thou doest thine,
But mone the houres which He hath spent in vaine.
But Time runs on, and will not make returne,
When Death succeeds, whom no man can adiourne.*

And

*And seest thou this, and wilt thou not provide
For Deaths arrest, whose sad approach will be
So full of horror, as thou scarce shalt bide,
So grim he is, that He should looke on thee?
And yet He will, for he no difference makes,
Twixt rich and poore, but whom He likes he takes.*

*Thy Prince thou seest, whose vertues are so pure
He cannot breath on vice, hath thee exil'd,
Forth of his royall confines, to secure
His Realme the more, lest it should be defil'd
By thy deprav'd example, which once stain'd,
(So ranke is vice) would hardly be reclaim'd.*

*Trunke of Confusion, which deriues thy being
From no supernall essence, for with it,
Thy works, words, motions haue but small agreeing,
But from securitie, where thou doest sit;
Feeding thy vast-insatiate appetite,
With euery day new dishes of delight.*

*O rouse thy selfe from that obscurest vale,
And sing a thankfull Hymne vnto thy Maker,
Creepenot vpon thy bellie like the Snaile,
But like the Larke mount vp to thy Creator;
Adorning thee with reason, sense and forme,
All lost in thee, through want of Grace forlorne.*

*Honour doth ill become the slothfull man,
Who Lanie-like becomes a slave to pleasure,
For He, when urgent causes moue Him, than
Neglects Occasion, and reserves that leasure,*

Which

*Which might haue bene employd in cares of state,
For his delights, bought at too high a rate.*

*This thy experience tells thee, whose estate
Once high, now low, made subject to disgrace,
Shewes thou art chang'd from what thou was of late,
Yet to my iudgement in a better case:
So thou consider th' state from whence thou came,
And leaue that vice which did procure the same.*

*But doubt I must, (ô that my doubts were vaine)
Such great expence is made of precious time,
As 'twill be much to do to wash the staine
Of that enormous loathsome life of thine.
Yet * Teares haue power, and they are soueraigne too,
And may do more then any else can do.*

*Then comfort take, yet comfort mixe with teares,
Thou * Cadmos leanes, and it's thy native soile;
Suppose it be, each coast or clime appeares
The good-mans wished Country, which blest style,
Exceeds all worldly comfort, which thou had;
For this is passing good, that passing bad.*

*I do not speake, as those whose guilded breath,
Traines on the vicious with deceitfull hope;
For I haue set before thee life and death,
And this I aim'd to make my chiefest scope:
That if reward of life could no way gaine thee;
The feare of death & vengeance might reclaime thee.*

Life as a Crowne or Diadem is due,

G

To

* Sicut nullus
est locus in quo
malum nõ per-
petratur, ita
nullus sit locus
in quo de malo
penitentia non
agatur.

* Cadmos a hill
by Laodicea out
of which issueth
the River Lycus,
it taketh this
name from Cad-
mus sonne to A-
genor king of
Phenicia.

*To such whose wayes are not in Error led,
 Death as a guerdon doth to such accrue,
 Whose carnall hearts with pleasures captined,
 Thinke not on Death, till Death his flag display,
 And now secure shall take their life away.*

*Turne then vnto the coast of Arcadie,
 From whence thou wast exil'd, and there suruey
 The vertues of that Prince did banish thee,
 And weigh the cause why there thou might not stay:
 Which done, seeke to regaine thy Princes lone,
 But chiefly His, that is thy Prince aboue.*



The Argument.

Cornelia wife to Pompey, surnamed the Great, after her husbands ouerthrow in *Pharsalia*, slaine within short time after by the procurement of *Septimius* in the kingdome of *Egypt*; became much distressed with the discomfort of her losse, and the sorrowfull issue of his death. Which is as passionately expressed by *Lucan* in *Pompeies* expostulation with *Cornelia* his beloued Ladie, — *Quid perdis tempora luctu?* *Cornelia* thus depriued of all assistants saue Teares (sorrowes hereditarie treasures) for the better reliefe of her estate (the poore remainder of her fortunes) sued out a petition vnto the Emperour *Caesar*, whose
 royall

royall clemency(as she thought)could not choose but take pittie on the wife , whose husband was become a bootie to his Conquest. But how reasonable soeuer her demands were, it skilled not, for by the corrupt and indirect dealing of *Cælius* and *Tuberculus* she was resisted. The Satyrift therefore in deploring of *Cornelia's* miserie , and inueying against the two Courtiers corruption, morally dilateth on the desolate estate of a forlorne widdow, and the sinister practises of corrupt Aduocates.

THE SECOND SATYRE.

Pompey the Great no sooner was interr'd,
But poore Cornelia his distressed wife,
To her deceased Lords estate preferr'd,
Was drawne by Consul Asper into strife:
And so oppress'd by hote pursuite of foes,
That she deuoid of friends was fraught with woes.

She, wofull she, lest she should lose her state,
*Makes meanes to * Cælius to preferre her suite,*
Which he's content to do, but at such rate,
As 'twill cost deare to bring the cause about:
Yet she remedileffe, to worke her peace,
Stood not much on't, but did the Courtier please.

* A prodigall
 Courtier, but in
 great fauour
 with Cæsar.

Cælius posselt of his iniurious fee,
Which he consum'd in riotous expence,
Forgot the widdows cause dishonestlie,
Without remorse or touch of conscience:

*For vnder hand (as Courtiers vse to do)
He takes a primate bribe of Asper too.*

*Cornelia now in hope of good successe,
Comes vnto Cælius as her purchas'd friend,
And humbly craues to know what's her redresse,
Or in what sort her suite is like to end :
Where He as strangely answers her demand,
And say's, her suite came neuer to his hand.*

No suite! (thus did this Matron streight reply)

** Iustice may be
aptly compared
to the Caledone
stone, which re-
taineth her ver-
tue no longer
then it is rubbed
with gold.*

*O Rome where is thy * Iustice now enthron'd,
Thou that didst vse to heare a widow crie,
And right her cause as thou her wrongs bemoan'd!
But spare Cornelia, what reliefe can come
From corrupt Courts, where gold makes Consuls dumbe?*

*If my much-honor'd Lord, whose Country loue
Rest him of breath, should see this present time,
How gifts can limit Iustice, would't not moue
His Royall spirit, seeing me and mine,
Whose onely comfort's this, we may repose,
And ioy in this, we haue no more to lose?*

Whilest wrong'd Cornelia sat thus pensiuely,

** One of especial
esteem with
Pompey before
his overthrow.*

** Tuberculus a Courtier past that way,
Who in compassion of her miserie,
Knowne to her selfe not to her grienes, did stay;
For generous minds are neuer more exprest,
Then in applying comfort to th' distressed.*

Ladie (quoth he) if I could ease your grieve,

The

The love I owe unto your familie,
 Me thinks might promise to your selfe reliefe,
 Impart them then, what ere your sorrowes be:
 Cures haue bene wrought where little was expected,
 For where the mind is willing, ought's effected.

She hearing him so vertuously inclin'd,
 Prone unto pittie, sighing did declare,
 How that her sonne young Pompey was confin'd,
 Which was the greatest subject of her care:
 Whom if He would make meanes for to release,
 The current of her sorrowes soone would cease.

Another suite I haue, which Asper moues,
 To force me from my right of riddowhood,
 Wherein his worser cause the better proues,
 For * mightie men can hardly be withstood:
 In these I must intreate your Lordships care,
 In lieu wher eof I'll gratifie with prayer.

Tuberculus did answer her demands,
 But he expected * ointment, and delaying,
 To giue her further comfort, there He stands,
 He for his fee, she for her cause stood praying.
 Cornelia well perceiuing what He would,
 Good gods (quoth she) is Iustice wholly sould?

How do you meane (quoth he) it is our meanes,
 Could we be thus enameld euery day,
 Or in such port maintaine our fauning friends,
 If we receiu'd not profit by delay?
 No Ladie, no, who in these dayes do liue,

Sext. Pompe.

* Inimicitia
 potentum vio-
 lentia. Senec.
 * Like Verconius
 in the time of
 Alexander Se-
 uerus, who pre-
 tending familia-
 ritie with the
 Emperour, tooke
 mens money for
 preferring their
 sues, abused
 them, & did them
 no good at all: at
 last conuenced
 before the Em-
 perour, he was
 iudged to be
 hanged up in a
 chimney, and so
 perish with
 smoke, for that
 he sold smoke to
 the people.
 Lamprid. in
 Scu. Verco.

And would haue Iustice, must not sticke to giue.

*Thus was Cornelia crost, her meanes preuented,
No comfort now remaining saue despaire;
Wherefore (perforce) she rests hope-rest, contented
To lose the sight of her confined heire,
Who liues restrain'd: Asper her state hath got,
And poore Cornelia with her cause forgot.*



The Argument of Lucian.

Lucian a professed enemy to Christ, detracting much from the deuine & sole-healthfull Mysteries of our Redemptiō, wherby he became odious to the all-seeing veritie; chanced to trauell for delight, (as one of generall obseruation) into foraine places: where (as heauens iust doome would haue it) he was worried by dogs, as a iust reward for his impious and egregious contempt towards God; reuiling that all-seeing Maiestie of Christ with the sacred office of his Ministers, and like a snarling or biting Curre, barking at the admirable and ineffable workes which were wrought by Gods omnipotencie: for which cause God accordingly punished him. A remarkable spectacle to all ensuing ages, concluding emphatically with the Satyrist.

Ingeniosus

*Ingeniosus erat, superum sed acerrimus hostis,
At canis est superum tempore prada canum.*

Wittie, but foe to God, who long in vaine,
Barking at God, by barking currs was flaine.

The Satyre followeth, Morally applyed.

THE THIRD SATYRE.

Ingenious Lucian, ripe in poesie,
Apt to compose, and pregnant to inuent,
Well read in secrets of Phylosophie,
And in all Morall knowledge excellent;
For all these rarer parts unto him giuen,
Ceas'd not to * barke against the power of heauen.

In vit. Luci.

* Isti latrant
non mordent,
non nocent;
August.

This snarling Curre, for he detracted God,
As profest enemy to pietie,
Chanced to trauell, where Gods irefull rod
Made him a witnesse to posteritie; (power,
For this same * wretch who bark'd against heauens * Thus as he bar-
Did barking currs (such was heauens doome) deuoure. k'd against the
God of heauen,
To barking currs
he for a prey was
giuen.

Soile to his soule, and so to Christs profession,
For He no Christ profest, but thought't a scorne
That God made man, from God should haue cōmission,
Without mans helpe to be of Virgin borne:
Yet see his fall, who did himselfe deceiue,
Unpitied dies, and dying ha's no graue.

What's Sions peace (sayes He) there's no such place; The Atheists o-
pinion.
Earth hath her Sion, if we ayme our care
At any other Mansion, it's a chase

*So fruitlesse, as if we should beate the ayre,
Or plant our hope in things which cannot be,
And such's our trust in fained Deitie,*

*Thou vglie visard, that with faire pretence
Of Morall discipline shadowes thy sin,
Reclaime thy selfe by timely penitence,
And loath that horrid Cane thou wallowest in:
Thy sin's deepe-dide, yet not of that deepe staine,
But * Teares & Prayers may make them white againe.*

* Lachrymæ
verbis, suspiria
votis immisce-
antur.

* Anchora cui
spes est innixa,
Angularis lapis
in quem funda-
ta.

* Τρόπος τῆς
ἐλπίδος.

*Hast thou no * Anchor to relie upon?
No Refuge nor no Recluse for thy hope?
Behold thy Iesus he's thy corner stone,
Make him thy ayme, thy succour, shelter, scope,
And he'll receiue thee in the * Throne of blesse,
The boundlesse Ocean of all happinesse.*

* Ut medicus,
perire tractat
vulnera, Quo-
pera retractat
perpetiam edi-
ta.

* Errando dis-
co.

*Returne thou wicked Lucian, make thy verse
Thy * Retraction, be not overbold,
Lest when good-men shall view thy forlorne hearse,
In thy reproch they cause this to be told
To after-ages: Here he lies interr'd,
Who * erring knew, and in his knowledge err'd.*

* Qualis ergo
est ista, quæ
tam multa de
ceteris nouit,
& le qualiter
facta sit pro-
fus ignorat
August.

*Sweete and delightfull * Poems canst thou make,
Of Hymen rites, or Venus dalliance,
And pleasant seemes the labour thou dost take,
While to thy Pipe deluded Louers dance:
But in such sacred measures thou art slow,
As teach men how to liue, and what to know.*

Mirra the wanton mother of a wanton,
 Gamesome the Mother and the Daughter too,
 Gives a fit subject for thy Muse to chant on,
 Relating what a Lover ought to do;
 In which lascivious straine, fond Love is brought
 To hate what's good, but to affect what's naught.

Thou canst report how Romanes ioyned were,
 First with the Sabines, and what strange delights
 Tooke their invention from those feasts were there,
 Duty solemniz'd on their nuptiall nights;
 Of Sphinx, Charybdis, Scilla, Ctesiphon,
 With Proetus letters against * Bellerophon.

Vid. Tit. Liv. in
 Dec. 1. & 3.
 Ouid. in fast.

* Who slue the
 two monsters
 Chymera and
 Solymos in Ly-
 cia.

These thou canst feature as Apelles, He
 The Prince of painters could not better show
 Their formes, then thou their natures, which may be
 Portrayers of thy wit and learning too:
 But what are these but shadowes, if thou move
 Thy eye to those blest objects are above?

Lend but thy eare to aerie warbling Birds,
 Which day by day sing pleasant madrigals;
 And thou shalt heare what praise the Larke affords,
 Whilest with sweete Hymnes she on her maker cals,
 Where each repays their due in their degree,
 And much abasht do rest asham'd of thee.

Larke.
 * A laudes &
 cendo dicitur
 Alauda.

The flower which hath no sense, nor hath no feeling,
 Nor apprehends the difference of things,
 Performes her office in delight of smelling,
 Likewise the tree most fruitfull blossoms brings:

The

*The Serpent, Adler, and each crawling worme,
Have mutuell duties given them with their forme.*

*The Pissaire
and Locust (of
all other crea-
tures) have no
king nor leader.
vid. Aelian, &
Plin. in natur.
Hist.

*The Basiliske the * king of Serpents is,
The Lion of all beasts, the Cedar tree
Is chiefe of Trees, Leviathan of fish,
And man ore these hath sole supremacie:
Thus every Creature in her severall kind,
Hath severall Lords and limits her assign'd.*

*Thou Lucian art endu'd with what these want,
And canst distinguish betwixt good and ill,
Yet thou denies what other Creatures grant,
And which is worse, thou so continuest still:
Thou laughs at Adams fall, and thinks't a shame,
Man should anouch an Apple caus'd the same.*

*No worth that fruite that had so bitter taste,
Bringing Perdition to the soule of man,
That free-borne Creature, which so farre surpass
Mans fraile condition when it first began;
That was an Apple that too dearely cost,
Which made so many soules for ever lost.*

*If I should Catechise thee Lucian,
And tell the vertue of each severall thing;
How reason first was distribute to man,
And how the earth globe-like in aire doth hing,
The secret growth of Plants which daily grow,
Yet * how or when no humane sense can know.*

* Spicas ere-
uisse cernimus,
eas autem
quando creue-
runt non cer-
nimus.

The Fabrick of the heauen, whose eminence
Shewes admiration to vs that behold
Her glorious Bodies sacred influence,
Whose distinct Motion, who is't can unfold?
None but the Author and the founder can,
For it exceeds the reach of any man.*

*If I should question thee, whence these deriue
Their proper Motion, it would thee behoone
To yeeld, that some to these do Motion giue,
Since what se're moues doth by another moue:
Which thou confirmes and adds, nought vnder Sunne
Is done in these, but is by Nature done.*

So thou referrs that wonderfull Creation,
After the Deluge to a mortall wight,
Discoursing vainly how Deucalion,
Refurnish'd earth which was vpeopled quite;
But thou deceiued art, it's nothing so,
For it was God that gaue increase to Noe.*

*We are his clay, we must confesse his power,
He is our Potter, whose deuine command
Can dash vs earthen vessels in one^b houre,
Subiect vnto the iudgement of his hand;
For he no sooner shall withdraw his breath,
Then Man leaues to be Man, and welcomes death.*

*Heauens power to which no Mortall can extend,
(Not to be argued or disputed on.)
Because it's not in Man to comprehend,
The radiant Splendor of the glorious Sunne:*

** Thus starrie
Gallerie emboss
with gold,
fretted with orbz
of Christall, sil-
uer'd ouer, with
pearle paid, with
rooſes with an
Agget couer.*

** Holding with
Albumazar that
his leading the
children of Is-
rael ouer the
Red ſea, was no
more but obser-
uing the influ-
ence of Starres,
and waining
season of the
Moone that
withdraweth the
tides; and that
miraculous issu-
ing of water out
of the rocke, by
the stroke of a
rod was no more,
but noting those
spring-heads,
whereto the
wild asses refer-
ted to quench
their thirst.
^b Whom the
morning ſees ſo
proudly go,
ere evening come
way lie ſull low.
Senec.*

Much

*Much lesse profounder secrets, which were fram'd,
For admiration, not to be prophand.*

** We have heard
of dauserfe, exem-
plarily punished
even in that
wherein they co-
tempuously pro-
faned; as Iulian,
Herodias, Bal-
thasar, and Thy-
melicus the en-
terlude-plaier;
who dancing
vpon the scaffold
in a Cope (a
robe of the
Church) fell
downe dead.
Thymelico fal-
tatori, &c.
Vid. Vol. M. xi.
lib. i. cap. 2.*

** Prophand, if nam'd without due reuerence,
To that Supreme all-working Maiestie,
Whose Palme containes this Earths circumference,
Whose praise takes accent from heauens Hierarchie.
Let not, O let not him who gave man tongue,
To yeeld him praise, for silence make it dumbe.*

*Thou canst compose a song of Shepheards liues,
Spent in a pleasant veine of Recreation,
How they sit chatting with their wanton wiues,
Tricking and toying in a Shepheards fashion:
This thou canst do, and it's done prettily,
For it shews wit, yet spent unsuitingly.*

*O if thou would confine thy selfe in reason,
And leaue fond Poems of a doting Louer,
Observing Natures tone, tune, time, and season,
How well would these seeme to that powerfull mouer;
Whose eyes are pure, and of that piercing sight,
As they loue light, but hate such works are light.*

*But O too vaine's the current of thy vaine,
Soild with the Motiues of vntamed lust,
Which lyes vpon thy Name that endlesse Game,
As shall suruiue, when thou return'd to dust,
Shalt much lament those Poems thou hast writ,
Through th' light conceit of thy licentious wit.*

Nor is it gaine mon's thee to prostitute,

That

That precious talent which thou doest possesse;
 No, it's delight thou hast to gaine repnte,
 'Mongst men made * beasts through their voluptuousnes * Sicut Belluz
 O hate that affectation, lest this shelve,
 Of vaine applause do ruinate thy selfe!
 sunt humanæ,
 ita homines
 sunt belluini.

For such esteeme, what honour wilt afford,
 What comfort in the graue, where thou lies dead;
 When thy lasciuious * works shall beare record,
 Of what was by thee writ or published?
 Nay 'twill preiudice thee, it cannot chuse,
 Vaine's that opinion ill-men haue of vs.

* By these studies, which
 I affected, am I
 condemned, by
 those I praised,
 am I disgraced.
 Aug.

Thus thou sustaines the height of miserie,
 To see a * Cleobes and Biton grac'd,
 With honour, fame, desertfull dignitie,
 Thy glory prun'd, thy laurell-wreath defac'd:
 The triumphs of thy wit so quite forgot,
 As if (so sickle's fame) thou flourish'd not.

* Two brothers,
 sonnes to Argia
 a Prophetesse in
 the temple of
 Iuno.

Nor can we say those flourish, whose renowne
 Consists in praise of vice, for though they seeme
 Vnto the worlds eye so fully knowne,
 Yet they shall be as if they had not bene;
 When vice, which to aduance was their desire,
 Shall melt away as waxe before the fire.

Rest not, but labour Lucian to preferre
 The sage contents of sacred Mysteries,
 Before such Rithms as teach men how to erre,
 Whose best instructions are but vanities;
 Which if thou do, wits Treasure shall increase,

And

And crowne thee Laureat in the Land of peace.

*Yet reade not so, as not to vnderstand
The graue remainders of Times ancient Booke;
For what a follie is't to haue in hand
Bookes nere red ouer! This, that * Sage forsooke,
When in his course of reading He did vse,
The choycest flowers in euery worke to chuse.*

* In Demo-
sthenes magna
pars Demo-
sthenis abest,
cum legitur &
non auditur.

*Thus Lucian haue I warn'd thee to forbear,
That snarling humour, of detracting such
Whose vertues shine as Starres in highest Sphere,
Whose worthie Lines can well abide the tutch;*

* Ea sola neque
datur dono ne-
que accipitur.
Salust.

*Defame not * vertue, rather emulate,
Good mens example, that's a vertuous hate.*



The Argument of Stesichorus.

S*tesichorus* is fained to haue lost his eyes for dis-
praising *Helen* of Greece, and afterwards to
haue recouered the same by praising her. The Mo-
rall alludeth to such, who ouerborne with the vn-
bounded height of their owne conceit, distaste
the opinion of a multitude, to make their owne ir-
regular iudgement passe for current. These (as we
say) vse euer to swim against the streame, affecting
that least, which seemes approued by the most:
scorning to guide their ship by anothers Card,
measure

measure their life by anothers line, or walke in a common path. Some other application may this Morall make, as *One* vpon this fable would haue *Stesichorus* to shadow a Malecontent, by whom things generally esteemed vse to be most disuallued, delighting in nothing more then opposition. Others by way of similitude compare him to *One*, who by much gazing on the Sunne becomes dim-sighted; so *He*, by too intentiue fixing his eye vpon beautie, became blinded: the deuine application whereof I leaue to euery mans peculiar conceite, not louing to presse *these* further, then their owne natieue sence will beare. The subiect, whereof this Satyre intreateth, more particularly applyed, may chance to glance at some whose singularitie gaines them Opinion aboue reason; but silence is their best salue, labouring rather to redeeme the time, then reueale their owne shame. Let them be of more humble nature, and I will spare to prosecute any further. *Nihil tam uolucres est quàm maledictum*, the poyson whereof is as strong as the passage swift; the vnworthinesse of which condition as I haue euer loathed, so a milde and temperate reproofe for vertues sake haue I euer loued: not ignorant, how some vices (as other sores) are better cured by lenitiues then corasives, lest the Patient crie out — *Graviora sunt, baud feram*. Iudge of the Satyre.

THE FOVRTH SATYRE.

* A lyrick Poet,
famous for his
sweete and plea-
sing veine.

STefichorus * like Zeuxes cannot paint,
Nor like Lysippus can delineate;
For then He would giue that accomplishment
To Hellens beautie, as might propagate
Her fame to following times, when Ages passe,
Which by Record might shew what Hellen was.

Blind Byard now, see how thy iudgement err'd,
By gazing long on beautie thou art blind,
Recanting all too late what thou auerr'd,
So diffrent is th'opinion of that mind,
Where onely selfe-conceit drawes men to shew
Their priuate iudgement, giuen they care not how.

Was she not faire that made all Troy to burne,
That made Prince Paris wander to and fro,
That made Queene Hecuba so sore to mourne,
Both for her selfe and for her Issue too?
Yes she was faire, how ere thy eye esteeme her,
Nor can conceit of one make beauty meaner.

What made stout Menelaus passe the Sea?
What Telamon to rig his well-mann'd ship,
What Ajax, what Achylles? It was she,
Whose sweete ambrosiacke breath and cherri-lip,
Relish'd of Nectar, and infus'd a spirit,
In Cowards breasts, to gaine true fame by merst.

Old subtill Sinon can prepare assault,

Against

*Against the strongest battlements of Troy,
Whilest armed Grecians in that ribbed vault,
Prest for encounter, purpos'd to destroy,
Issue from Pallas horse, so aptly *made,
As Troy had cause to curse the cunning Iade.*

** It was made
by Phereclus,
who was after
slaine by Merion
in the siege of
Troy.*

*Art thou perswaded yet to praise her beautie,
Sith Nature hath surpasst Her selfe in skill,
As one engag'd in some respect of dutie,
Unto her sex, to make them honor'd still?
O be perswaded, to her shrine repaire,
For howsoere thou saies, thou thinks Her faire!*

*Faire in proportion, motiue in her pace,
An eye as chearefull as the morning-Sunne,
Her haire, her smile, her well-beseeming grace,
By which so many Troians were undone:
In brieft, examine Her from top to toe,
And then admire each part accomplish'd so.*

*Such admiration as like Linceus eyes,
Transparent Brightnesse seemes to penetrate:
For if Apollo seeing Daphnes thighes,
Wand by the Easterne winde, forgot his state,
Himselfe and all, Proportion well may mone,
Since gods themselues were tost by gusts of loue,*

*Did not faire Phyllis dote vpon a Swaine,
She passing faire, and he a witherd lad,
Whence we may reason, none can loue restraine,
Nor set it limits which it neuer had:
For when we haue done all that we can do,*

It will haue th'course and readie passage too.

*Yet Loue's so pure it can endure no staine,
Stain'd Loue is lust, which is not in her brest:
Spotlesse content she seekes, which if she gaine,
She freely liues, and fairely takes her rest:
But barr'd of this, without repose she lies,
And dying lines, and lining loathed dies.*

* Nævus erat
veneri species,
Helenæq; ci-
catrix gloria,
quæ Paridem
fecit amore pa-
rem.

*It is not Venus * mole nor Hellens scarre,
Adds fuell to affection, for though these
Gauē beautilie summons to commence Loues warre,
Yet outward graces do but onely please,
As Obiects do the eye; where Loues best part
Consists not in the eye, but in the Heart.*

*But now to thee, who did dispraise that faire,
Whose beautilie ruin'd Cities, now disclaime
Thy purblind iudgement, and withall compare
Hellen with Hero, or some choicer Dame:
And then it may be * Cupid will restore
Thine eyes to thee, which He put out before.*

* Luminae qui
semper prodi-
tur ipse suo.



The Argument of Pigmalion.

P*igmalion, whom no surpassing beautilie in all
Cyprus could captiuare, at last hauing made a
curious Image or Picture of an amiable woman,*

was

was so raviſhed with the accompliſhed proportion of his owne worke, that enamoured therewith, *He* intreated *Venus* to put life in his Image, which with ſuch Artfull delineature he had compoſed. *Venus* taking commiſeration vpon his prayers and teares, infused life in his Picture, whereof *He* begat a beautifull daughter called *Papho*, from whom (or from *Mount Paphos*) *Venus* is ſaid to haue taken her name, ſtyled ſometimes by the Poets *Eryca*, ſometimes *Paphia*: whoſe feaſts with all ceremoniall rites vſually performed in the honour of an immortall goddeſſe, were originally ſolemnized and celebrated onely by the Shepheards of thoſe Mountaines, but afterwards more generally obſerued. The Morall includeth the vaine and fooliſh *Loues* of ſuch as are beſotted on euery idle picture or painted Image, whoſe ſelfe-conceited vanitie makes beauty their Idoll, becoming Creatures of their owne making, as if they diſeſteemed the creation of their Maker. The Satyre though compendious, comprifeth much matter. Reade it, and make vſe of the ſequle.

Note this you painted faces, whoſe native Countrey (once white Albion) is become reddiſh, with bluſhing at your vanities.

THE FIFT SATYRE.

Pigmalion rare, in rare Proportions making,
 Yet not in quickning that which He had framed,
 So exquisite in artfull curious ſhaping,
 In nought (if *Zeuxes* iudgd) could He be blamed:
 Yet ſkillfull though He were in formes contriuing,
 Yet not ſo ſkilfull in thoſe formes reuining.

Remin'd! I wrote amisse, they neuer lined:
Improper then to say, they were reuiued.

*Like those Pul-
uinaria erected
by the heathen
for their Pagan
images.

He builds him * Temples for his Image-gods,
And much besotted with their faire aspect,
In admiration of his worke, He nods,
And shakes his Head, and renders them respect;
I cannot tell (quoth He) what passion moues me,
But sure I am (quoth He) faire Saint I loue thee,
Thou art my handie-worke, I wish my wife,
If to thy faire Proportion thou hadst life.

Canst thou Pigmalion dote so on shrines,
On luelesse Pictures, that was neuer rapt
With any beantie Cyprus Ile confines?
These (foolish man) be for thy Loue vnapt;
They cannot answer Loue for Loue againe,
Then fond Pigmalion do thy Loue restraîne;
Such senslesse creatures as haue onely being,
Haue with embraces but an harsh agreeing.

They haue no moysture in their key-cold lips,
No pleasure in their smile, their colour stands;
Whilest youthfull Ladies on the pavement trips,
They stand as Pictures * should; with saplesse hands;
And well thou knowes, if Passiue be not mouing,
The Actiue part can yeeld small fruits of louing:
Why art thou so besotted still with woiuing,
Since there's no comfort when it comes to doing?

* Quid agunt in
corpore casto
cerussa & mi-
nium, centumq;
veneni coloru;
Victor. ad Sal-
monem.

Can any idle Idoll without breath,
Giue thee a gracefull answer to thy suite?

Nay

Nay rather like dead corps surpriz'd by death,
 It answers silence when thou speakes unto'r.
 Desist then (fond Pigmalion) and restraine
 To loue that Creature cannot loue againe;
 What will it pleasure thee a shrine to wed,
 That can afford no pleasure in thy bed?

Thou art not so * bewitcht with any beautie,
 How faire soere within thy Natiue Ile,
 No Nymph can moue thy Lone, or force thy dutie,
 As doth this Picture, whose art-forcing smile
 Can giue thee small content, and wherefore then
 Should painted Statues so entangle men?
 It's loue thou sayest, Pigmalion, that doth moue thee,
 But thou loues such as cannot say they loue thee.

* —Sine coniuge Cælebs
 Viuebar, thalamicque diu con-
 sorte carebar.
 Metam. 10. lib.

Turne thee vnto leud Palyphaes lust,
 Wife to a braue and valiant * Champion,
 Who on a Bull (see how affection must
 Passe Reasons limit) fondly dotes vpon;
 * Ioue on a Heifer, Danae of a shower,
 Such is the vertue of lous-working power:
 No time place, obiect, subiect, circumstance,
 Can still Lones pipe, when Cupid leades the dance.

* Minos king of
 Crete.

* Non frustra
 dictus Bos ouis
 Imber Olor,
 Whence our En-
 glish Poet as pro-
 perly annexed
 this Disticke,
 imitating the
 former in matter
 and manner:
 In vaine Ioue
 was not stil'd
 right sure I am,
 From th'shape he
 tooke of Bull,
 sheepe, shower,
 and swan.
 vid. Ouid. in
 Metamorph.

Then who will aske the reason of thy Lone, (son,
 Which shewes most strength when she can shew least rea-
 And cannot Proteus-like with each blast moue,
 Nor free her selfe from soule-deluding treason!
 She like the Moone is not each month in waine,
 For th'obiect of her lone is of that straine,
 Nor land, nor sea, nor tempests though they thwart her

Can from her Sphere by Opposition part her.

*Do but torment Her with the sight of woe,
Uexe her with anguish and with discontent,
She will not make her friend in heart, her foe;
No, if she were with depth of sorrowes spent;
Yet like * Anthæus, when she's most cast downe,
She gathers strength, and is not ouerthrowne:
She cannot breake her vow, her legall oath,
But meanes (if life permit) to keepe them both.*

* Which is elegantly expressed by our moderne Poet.

Whose fall (Anthæus-like) provoked him more, And made him stronger then he was before.

*Then (honour'd Picture) let me thee embrace;
With that He hugd it in his lustfull armes,
And now and then He smeer'd the Pictures face,
Praying the gods to keepe it from all harmes:
And prayed (a senselesse prayer) Ioue to defend,
His Picture from diseases to the end;
So to enioy her dalliance with more pleasure,
Whose presence He esteem'd the precious't Treasure,*

*Each euen he vs'd to dresse it for his bed,
For in a gowne of Tissue was it clothed,
And put a night-tyre on it's iuorie head,
And when night came He made it be vnclotbed;
Where, lest He should his lustfull fauours hide,
He vs'd to lay the Picture by his side,
Where He drew to it as He (aw) it lie,
But when it would not be, He wish'd to die.*

*Ungratefull Creature (would Pigmalion say)
That neuer doest afford one smile on me,
That dallies thus with thee, each night, each day;*

Faire

*Faire Saint, what needes this curiositie?
While with a * kisse He oft his speech would breake,
By threats or faire intreats to make it speake:
And when He had his fruitlesse prattling done,
He would in rage call it an Idoll dumbe.*

* Oscula dar,
reddiq; putat,
loquiturque re-
netque. Meta.
10. lib.

*But angrie with himselfe, He streight would blame
His too rash furie, craning pardon too,
That he should stile it with so harsh a Name,
And wish'd him powre to die, or it to do,
Swearing by heauen, if shee did chance to mone,
It was the nimble action of his Loue.
Coy-toying Girle (quoth He) what meaneth this,
Is it your modestie, you will not kisse?*

*Nought though it answer'd, he would prosecute
His wooing taske, as if it stood denying,
And thus would urge it; Deare accept my suite,
Be not so fearefull, feare thou not espying.
I haue excuses store, then listen me;
For I will vow I was enam'ling thee:
Then sport thee wench, securely frolick it,
That I on thee a Niobe may get.*

*Thus whilest He vainely pratted to his Shrine,
Aurora with her radiant beames appeared,
And blushing red, as if she tax'd the time,
For such licentious motions, slilie peered
In at a chinke, whereby she did discover
An idoll courted by an idle Loner:
And scarce Aurora now had time to show her,
But fond Pigmalion made this speech unto her:*

* Ve geminata
duos nox incly-
ta iungat amo-
res.

*What haue I done (thou iealous light) said He,
That I should thus depriv'd be of louing?
What couldst thou do, to adde more miserie,
Then in thy speedie rising, hastie mouing?
Thou might haue spar'd one day, and hid thy light,
Enioyning Earth to haue a* double night,
Where ghastly furies in obliuion sit,
For darke misdeeds for darknesse be most fit.*

*But He cut off his speech with many grone,
Hastning to rise, yet went to bed againe,
And as He goes, He sees the darknesse gone,
And Phæbus courfers galloping amaine:
Which scene, at last He rose with much adoe,
And being vp, began afresh to woe;
Yet hauing so much sense as to perceiue,
How he had err'd, He ceaseth now to craue.*

*For He intends to worke another way,
By Inuocation on some heauenly power,
The onely meanes his passion to allay;
Which to performe, retiring to his bower,
He made these Orisons: Venus faire Queene,
Then whom in heauen or earth nere like was seene,
Be thou propitious to my prayers, my teares,
Which at thy Throne and Peaestall appeares.*

*I whom nor Swaine nor Nymph could ere inchant,
Am now besotted with a senslesse creature,
Whom though I do possesse, yet do I want,
Wanting life breathing in her comely feature,
Which by infusing life if thou supplie,*

He live to honour thee, if not, I die;
For what is life where discontent doth raigne,
But such a farme as we would faine disclaime?*

* By offering sacrifice to Venus in the Ile of Cyprus.

*Venus much mov'd with his obsequious prayers,
And liquid teares, his suite did satisfie,
Infusing breath into her senselesse veines,
Now full of iuyce, life, and agilitie;
Which being done, the Picture mov'd, not missing
To lure Pigmalion to her lips with kissing,
Reaping great ioy and comfort in their toying,
Depriv'd before of blisse, blest now enioying.*

*Blest in enioying and possessing that,
Which doth include true Lones felicitie,
Where two are made ioynt owners of one state,
And though distinct, made one by unitie;
Happie then I, (Pigmalion did reply,)
That haue possession of this Deitie,
No humane creature but a Parragon,
Whose linelesse forme once Nymphs admired on.*

*This said, she streight retires vnto the place,
Where she her moulding bad, by whom she now
(I meane Pigmalion) obtain'd such grace,
As He her maker and her husband too,
Tooke such content in his now-breathing wife, [
As they scarce differ'd once in all their life,
But this was then: Let this suffice for praise,
Few wiues be of her temper now adaies.*

The faire and fruitfull daughter He begat,

De sobole Pigmalionis,
Of

* Illa Paphum
genuit, de quo
tenet insula no-
men. *Ibidem.*

*Of this same lively Image had to name,
Papho the faire, a wench of Princely state,
From whence * Ile Paphos appellation came,
Consecrate unto Venus, beauties Queene,
By whose aspect that Ile is ever greene;
Wherein there is a pleasant Mirtle-groene,
Where a shrine stands to shew Pigmaliions lone.*



The Argument of Pytheas.

P*ytheas* an Athenian Orator much delighted with good cloaths, and proud of his owne tongue: when law began to grow out of request (for the Athenians endeoured to bring in *Platoes* commonweale) whereby the Court of the *Areopagite* became much weakened, and the frequencie of Clyents discontinued; *Acolytus* a bitter Satyrift, chancing to meete with *Pytheas* this spruce Lawyer in rent clothes, at a bare Ordinarie, liuing vpon *Pythagoras* diet, viz. rootes; obserued this vnexpected mutation, and with *Democritus* readie to laugh at others miserie, compiled this short Satyre, to add new fuell to *Pytheas* discontent.

THE SIXT SATYRE.

P*ytheas* a Lawyer of no small respect,
Garded, regarded, dips his tongue in gold,
And

*And culls his phrase, the better to effect
What He and his penurious Client would;
Upon his backe for all his anticke shewes,
More clothes He weares then how to pay He knowes.*

*And what's the reason; he hath Law at will,
Making a good face of an euill matter,
And euery day his thirstie purse can fill;
With gold thou liest; with nought but wind and water:
He tell thee why, Platoes new Commonweale,
Makes Pytheas leane off pleading, and go* steale.*

* Siste latrare
foris, & promo-
ue cæpta la-
tronis.

*What Pytheas, steale? is't possible, that He
That had a Pomander still at his nose,
That was perfum'd with balls so fragrantly,
Should now another trade of lining choose?
He must and will, nor dare He show his face
Halfe casement-wide, that open'd many a case.*

*The other day but walking on the streete,
I saw his velvet gerkin layd to pawne,
His graue Gregorian, for his head more meete,
Then Brokers shop, and his best pleading gowne;
Nay which was more, marke Pytheas conscience,
There lay to pawne his Clients euidence.*

Sic toga, sic
crines, pignora
iuris erant.

*But it's no maruell, Pride must haue a fall, (streame,
Who was on Cockhorse borne through Fortunes
Is now cashier'd from th' Arcopagites Hall,
And on each bulke becomes a common theame:
O blest vacation, may thou neuer cease,
But still haue power to silence such as these!*

Well

*Well, farewell Law, if Lawyers can be poore,
 For I esteem'd them onely blest in this,
 That Danaes lap with gold-distilling shower,
 Had made them lineall heires to earthly blisse:
 But since these conscript fathers we adore,
 Feele want of wealth, we'le worship them no more.*



The Argument of Periander.

Periander that wise Prince of Corinth, elected one of the *Sages* of Greece, fell in his old age to pouertie; whereby, though his Axiomes were no lesse esteemed, his deuine Aphorismes no lesse regarded, (as held for the very * Oracles of some superiour power) yet the respect which former time had of him grew lessened, through the decrease of his friends and fortunes: which was no sooner perceiued, then the *distressed Sage* lamenting the worlds blindnesse, that vseth to be taken sooner with a vaine shadow then any solid substance, wrote this Satyricall Elegie in a pensue moode, inueying against the vncertaine and inconstant affections of *men*, who measure happinesse not by the inward but outward possessing. Whereby *He* inferreth, that howsoeuer the wise-man may seeme miserable, *He* is not so, but is more rich in possessing nothing, then the couetous

tous

* Vid. Laer. de
 vit. Phyliso.

tous foole in enioying all things: for his estimation is without him, whereas the other hath his within *Him*, which is to be more preferred, (I meane *the minds treasure*, before the rubbish of this world,) then light before darknesse, the radiant beames of the Sunne before thicke and duskie clouds, or pure and temperate aire before foggie and contagious vapors.

THE SEVENTH SATYRE.

V Ngrateful Greece, that scornes a man made poore
Respecting not the treasure of his mind,
Whose want of wealth must shut him out of doore;
The world's no friend to him that cannot find
A masse of gold within their mouldred cell,
No matter how they get it, ill or well.

Virtus post
nummos.

This I experienc'd of, may well perceine,
Euen * Periander I, of late a Sage
Of stately Greece, whom now she'le not receine,
Because oppress'd with want, surpriz'd with age;
Euen I, that of the * Ephori was one,
One of the chief'st, but now retires alone.

* Whose fathers
was Cypselus,
descending from
the Heraclyd fa-
milie.

* Ephorus was
among the Lace-
demonians as
Tribunus among
the Romans.

Yet not alone, though none resort to me,
For wisdom will haue sociats to frequent her:
And though proud Greece frō hence should banish thee,
Friends thou hast store, will knocke and knocking enter:
And firme * friends too, whose vertues are so pure,
Vice may assay, but cannot them allure.

* Amicis & fa-
licibus & infæ-
licibus eundem
re prebe.
Laert. in senex.
Periand.

With

*With what respect was I once grac'd by you,
 You gorgeous outsides, Fortunes painted wall,
 When rich; but poore, you bid my rags adue,
 Which did at first my troubled mind appall;*

** Be not afraid
 (saith Petrarch)
 though the house
 (the bodie be
 shaken) so the*

*soule, (the guest
 of the body) fare
 well. Petrarch.
 de Remed. vtri-
 usque fortunæ.*

*But noting well the * worlds inconstant course,
 I thought her scorne could make me little worse.*

*Remorcelesse Greece, wert thou of marble made,
 Thou might shed teares to see thy Sage dismaide,
 By whose direction thou hast oft bene stayd,
 When both thy hope decreast, and fame decaid;*

*Both which restor'd by Him, got that report,
 To Him and his, as thou admir'd him for't.*

*Yet canst thou not discerne, twixt wisedomes straine,
 And those discording tones of vanitie,
 For all thy ayme is benefite and gaine,
 And these are they thou makes thy Deitie;
 To second which, this caution thou doest giue,
 Who know not to dissemble, cannot liue.*

*I know thy follies, and will brute them too,
 For thou hast mou'd my splene, and I must speake,
 Since thou applies no salue to cure my woe,
 I must complaine perforce, or heart-strings break;
 Iustice is turn'd to wormewood in your land,
 And corrupt dealing gets the vpper hand.*

*Demadis saying
 was, that Dra-
 coes lawes were
 written with
 bloud and not
 with inke.*

*You itch (and out of measure) with desire
 Of hearing nouelties, and strange deuices,
 And scorch'd with heate of lusts-enraged fire,
 Set marks of Loue, make sale of Venus prizes:*

Broad-

*Broad-spreading vice, how deare so'ere it cost,
To purchase it, you'le vye with who bids most.*

*You Hydra-headed monsters full of poyson,
Infecting euery place with stinking breath,
What ere proceeds from you is very noysome,
And like the Basiliske procuring death:
I care not for your hatred, if your loue
Like Tritons ball, with such inconstance mone.*

Plin. in nat. hist.
Alcyon. in Em-
blem.

*These fleering flies which flicker to and fro,
And beate the vaine ayre with their rustling wings,
Be their owne foes, and they professe them so,
When they their wings with flames of furie tinge;
For they whose hate pursues a guiltlesse one,
With * Syphilus do role his restlesse stone.*

* Ixions wheele,
Tantalus apples,
and Syphilus
stone: peculiar
punishments in-
flicted on these
persons for their
lust, auarice, &
crueltie, as the
Poets faine.

*You cannot griene me with your enmitie,
Nor much offend me with your hatefull breath,
For ill-mens loue and hate, are equally
Priz'd by the good, whose chiefeest aime is death,
And how to die: for much it doth not skill,
What ill-men speake of vs, or good or ill.*

*What golden promises did I receine,
Yet see their issue; base contempt and scorne
Ore my deiected state triumphed haue:
So as proud Greece vnmindfull to performe
What merit craves, and what she's bound to do,
Neglects my want, and glories in it too.*

Bias my Brother-sage I now remember,

Shipwrack'd

*Shipwrack'd in Priene Ile, whose wofull case
Seemes to resemble fate-croft Perianther,
Like Ianus statue, shewing face to face;
Let's then, since equall fortune frownes on either;
(Kind Bias) sound our wofull plaints together.*

*Let Priene Ile relate thy hard mischance,
Let * Greece bewaile my fall, my ruin'd state,
Thou while on Sea thy exil'd ship doth lance,
Thou lightly weighest th' inconstancie of fate:
Rouze Perianther then, that't may be said,
Thy * patience hath thy fortune conquered.*

* Or Corinth in
Greece.

* Infelicem di-
cebat, qui ferre
nequiret infeli-
citatem. in vii.
Bi.

*Get thee to Schooles, where pure Philosophie
In publicke places is sincerely taught,
And thou shalt heare, there's no calamitie,
Can dant a spirit resolu'd to droupe with nought
That want or woe can menace, for though woe,
Make * good-men wretched seeme, they are not so.*

* Omnia aduer-
sa exercitatio-
nes accidenti-
bus bonis esse
putat. vid. Boet.
in lib. de malis.
Potest dici mi-
ser, non potest
esse. ibid.

*Well may misfortunes fall on our estate,
Yet they're no blemish to our inward worth,
For these are but the gifts of purblind fate,
That domineers sole soueraignesse on earth;
But we are placed in an higher seate,
Then to lie prostrate at Dame Fortunes feet.*

*Her palse hand wherewith she holds her ball,
Moues with each blast of mutabilitie,
And in whose lap she lifts, she lets it fall,
Thus mocks she man with her inconstancie;
Then who is he (if wise) esteemes her treasure,*

No sooner given, then tane when we displease her.

She faunes, she frownes, she lasts not out a Moone,
But waines each month, and waining doth decrease:
Those whom she did aduance, she now throwes downe,
And those which lik'd Her once, do now displease:
Thou reeling wheele, that moones so oft a day,
That weanes thy * wof, and takes thy web away.

* Sic licium
texis, sic telæ
stamina soluit.

Titus that Prince so much admir'd by men,
Stiled Mans Darling for his curtuious mind,
Did thinke all powers by fate to haue their raigne,
As if she had no limits Her assign'd,
But (though deuinely-learn'd) did erre in this,
For fates be rul'd by supreme * Desities.

Sueton. Tranq.
in vit. Tit.

Then why should I (fond man) so much depend,
Vpon a Creature, which hath her existing
In a Superiour power, and doth extend
No further then heauens please? for her subsisting,
Essence, power, Empire, soueraigne command,
Hath her direction from Iehouahs hand.

* Quicquid boni
egeris in Deos
refer.
Laert. in. vit.
Phil.

Rest thee then Periander, and despise
Vulgar opinion swaide by multitude,
Thou was esteemed once for to be wise,
Shew it in publicke; let lines enterlude
* Acted by thee upon this worlds stage,
Contemne that Greece which scornes distressed age.

* Vniuersus
mundus exer-
cet Histrionem.



*The Historicall Argument of Terpnus
Musician vnto Nero; with a Satyre
annexed to it as followeth.*



Terpnus a Romane Lyrick, or as some will haue him, a cōmon Cytharede, with whom *Nero*, y^e president to Tyrants vsed to consort, and with whose admirable skill he was exceedingly delighted: in processe of time fell into *Neroes* disgrace, for playing to him at *Agrippina* his mothers funerals: where he sung the dismall and incestuous bed of *Orestes*, the crueltie of *Sphinx*, reuiling at their tyrannie; which so greatly displeased *Nero*, that he banished him his Court and royall Pallace, inioyning him withall neuer to frequent the *Muses Temple*.

The Morall importeth *Such*, as laying aside *Time-observing*, do not sew pillowes to their Princes elbowes, but with bold and resoluēd spirit, will with *Calisthenes* tell *Alexander* of his drunkenesse, with *Canius* tell *Tyberius* of his crueltie, with *Brutus* tell *Cesar* of his vsurping, with *Cato Censorius* will reprehend the Commonweale for
her

her ryoting. And true it is, that a Commonwealth is better governed (if of necessitie it must be governed by either) by *Cynickes* then *Epicures*, more offences for most part arising by alluring and inducing men to sensuall pleasures, then by *Spartas* *Damasymbrotos*, his restraining of youth. The *Laconians* neuer lived so securely, as when they lived barely; nor euer did Romes Commonwealth dilate her bounders more then by the practise of legall austeritie, nor decrease more then by introduction of lawlesse libertie. And yet I find it more rare to heare any admonitions but *Placentia* in the Courts presence, then to see a graue and demure seeming, couer an hypocrites ranke dissembling.

We haue more * *Seiani* (which I wish had *Seians* fall) then *Vitricani* to prouide for a Commonweals safetie. There were many could greete *Cesar* with an *Aue*, but there were few would put him in mind of his *Memento mori*. Many could perswade *Phaeton* that he could guide the *Sunnes* chariot in better order then his gray-hair'd father, but by assenting to their perswasions, he was like to make a flame of the world. Nothing more dangerous to the state of a well-gouerned Commonweale, then *Parasites*, the tame beasts of the Citie (as *Diogenes* calls them). If the perswading sycophancie of Times-obseruancie had not besorted *Candaules* with his wiues beautie, he had preuented that miserable euent which by his owne *Gyges* was practised and performed. *Dicit Varius, negat Scaurus, utri creditis?* *Varius* affirms it, *Scaurus* denies it, whether beleue you? The one sincerely voyd

* *Ayming no lesse at priuie glories and deluders, then at aspiring pleasures, and states intruders.*

* Quinquenniu
Nero.

of dissembling flatterie: the other glosingly voyde of truth and veritie. By the one we are subiect to the ruine of our state: by the other aduanced to a firmer constancy then such as may be any way subiect to mutabilitie. *Nero* in the beginning of his time banished al the *Spintria*, *Inuentors of beastly pleasures* out of his kingdome; I would he had banished time-observing flatterers, and that he had retained such as *Terpnus*, that would reprehend him in his enormities. *Iulius Cesar* was too much addicted to his Parasites. but his successour *Augustus* was—*ad accipiendas amicitias rarissimus, ad retinendas vero constantissimus*. It was long ere he would entertaine a friend, but being retained, he was most constant in his fauour towards him. The old approbation of friendship comes into my mind, to eate a bushell of salt ere we be acquainted. We may trie our friends as *Pilades* did his *Orestes*, *Damon* his *Pythias*, *Aeneas* his *Achates*, but it will be long I feare me, ere any of vs possesse such impregnable Assistants, such Presidents of true friendship. The skilfull Painter when he depictsures an vnthankfull man, because he cannot well delineate him in his colours, without some proper Motto better to explaine him, representeth him in the Picture of a Viper, that killeth her feeder. There be many such Vipers, which appeare in externall shew as true hearted as Turtles, I feare them more then the open force of mineemie: for these sugred kisses bring destruction to the receiuer. *Boethius* defining a good man, saith: *He may be thus defined: he is a good man—cui nullum bonum*

bonum malumue sit, nisi bonus malusue animus: to whom nothing is esteemed either good or euill, but a good or an euill mind; and what effectually maketh this euill mind, but either an inbred euill disposition, which ariseth from the crookednesse of his nature, or frō the euill perswasions of depraued time obseruers: for the best natures be (for the most part) sooneſt peruerſed & ſeduced. Then how neceſſarie is it to roote out ſo noyſome and peſtilent a weede as *flatterie*, which corrupteth the affections of the wortheiſt and moſt pregnant wits, as daily example hath well inſtructed vs? How hatefull was it to that wortheie *Thebane* Prince, *Ageſilauſ*, that memorable mirror of iuſtice (& no leſſe hatefull to our renowned Prince, whoſe exquisite endowments make him as eminent abroad, as vs bleſſed at home) to ſee a *flatterer* in his Palace? nay ſo much contemning popular applauſe, that he would not ſuffer his Statue to be erected, leſt thereby the vaine and profane *adorations* of his ſubiects ſhould grieue the gods, diſdaining that *veneration* of any mundane power, ſhould be conſuſedly mixed with *adoration* and worſhip of the gods immortal: well remembring *Hefiods* caueat — *μὴ δὲ ἀνθρώποις θεῶν μιγνύναι*, we muſt not mixe prophane worſhips with deuine. That Court-gate in Rome *The Paraſitee gate.* called *Quadrigenina*, I would haue it demolished in Troinouant, leſt her eſtate ſecond Roms ſlavery. *Cicero* thinks that no vice can be more pernicious then *affentation*, the verie helper and furtherer of all vices. She can giue life and being to the aſpiring thoughts of man, when *He* ſoares too ambi-

tiously to the perarch of preferment, honour, or the like. That wicked *Catiline* who conspired against Rome, and aspired to the Diadem, seeking to reduce the Empire from a government Aristocratike, to a *Catiline's* Monarchie; was egged & instigated thereto by complices fit for that purpose, and well sorting with such an agent, such a cruell practitioner. — *Incredibilia, immoderata & nimis alta semper cupiendo*, in desiring things incredible, immoderate, and too high above ordinary reach. The like befell vpon *Carba*, and those who sought to dissolue the Romane Monarchie, & to make it an Oligarchie or some other government, which was vncertaine, because their intendments neuer came to their accomplished ends. These things thus considered in their natures, I haue here described *Terpnu's* sinceritie in reprehending *Nero's* crueltie, concluding with *Flaccus* Dyctich.

— *Hic murus abacensis esto,*

Nil conscire sibi nulla, pallefcere culpa.

What hard mischance so ere to thee befall,

Let thy pure conscience be the brazen wall.

The Satyre ensueth, which most especially aymeth at Time-observers, some whereof in particular I haue instanced, as *Seianus*, *Perennius*, *Sycites*; the dismall euents whereof with their Tragick ends, I haue amply described.

THE EIGHTH SATYRE.

TErpnus * *Musician to a tyrant Prince,*
Nero by name, did in the funeralls
Which were solemniz'd on his mothers hearse,
Sing on his Lute these wofull tragicalls:
Where euey straine he strooke upon his string,
Did vex the conscience of the tyrant king.

* Terpnus ci-
 tharædum vi-
 gentem tunc
 præter alios
 accersit. in vit.
 Nero.

*Incestuous * Oedipus who slue his father,*
Married his mother, and did violate
The law of nature, which aduis'd him rather
Single to line, then take to such a state,
Becomes a subiect fit, for this sad hearse,
Where inke giues place to blood to write her verſe.

* Inter cætera
 cantauit Cana-
 tem parturien-
 tem, Orestem
 matricidam,
 Oedipodem
 exæcatum,
 Herculem insa-
 num, &c. Suet.
 in vit. Ner.

Cruell Orestes bath'd his ruthlesse sword,
Estrang'd from strangers, in his mothers blood,
So little pittie did the child afford
To Her, that was the parent of the brood;
Yet some excuse for this Orestes had,
Mad men exemption haue, and He was mad.

Sphinx subtle Giant, who did riddles put
Unto each passenger He met withall,
Whisch, who could not resolue He peece-meale cut,
Throwing them frõ steepe rocks whence they should fall,
Whereby their members broke and crush'd in peeces,
Remain'd as food in Sea to sillie fishes.

Yet this he did upon mature aduice,

For who so ere He were assoil'd this question,
 Was not oppress'd by him in any wise,
 But might with safest conduct trauell on;
 Where thou foule Matricide doest infants vex,
 Without respect of person, state, or sex.

—Cuius gaudet
 Roma cruore.
 Sen.

There is no sex which may exempted be,
 From thy insatiate hand embrew'd in blood,
 But waxing proud in others miserie,
 Doest tyrannize vpon poore womanhood:
 Blood-thirsty Tyrant there's prepar'd a doome,
 To startle thee that rip'd thy mothers wombe.

Raving Orestes heard a furious crie,
 Which did attend his phrensie to his graue,
 And did disturbe his restless sleepe thereby,
 So as saue troubled dreames He nought could haue:
 With many broken sleepes, to shew his guilt,
 Of his deare mothers bloud, which He had spilt.

Fugit ab agro
 ad ciuitatem, à
 publico ad do-
 mum, à domo
 in cubiculum.
 August. in enar.
 Sup. 45. Psal.

Which poore Orestes had no sooner heard,
 Then to his pillow in a dismall sort,
 Streight He retir'd, and being much afeard,
 Lest hell and horror should conuent him for't,
 With hands lift vp to heauen and hideous crie,
 He oft would curse himselfe, and wish to die.

Orestes impre-
 cation.

Turne me (ye gods) quoth he, to some wild beast,
 Some sauage Lion, or some Tyger fierce,
 Since I delight so much in bloud to feast,
 For who can with remorse my deeds rehearse?
 Which if time should with her obliuion smother,

Bloud

Bloud cries reuenge, reuenge me cries my mother.

*Worse then the beasts thou art, they cherish them,
And bring their parents food when they grow old:
Who then can daigne to looke on thee for shame,
That hast defac'd that forme that gaue thee mold?
The tender * Storke that sees her parents lack,
Will bring them food, and beare them on her back.*

*Basilus hom.
8. 9.*

*But thou a mirrour of impietie,
Deprives thy parent of her vitall breath,
And makes her subject to thy cruelty,
Thus she that gaue thee life, thou givest her death:
A sweeter reward; O then ashamed be,
Thou staine of Greece, that Greece should harbor thee.*

*Thus would Orestes frame his sad discourse,
With words as vile as were his actions foule,
To moue his phrenticke passions to remorse,
Which long (too long) had triumpht ore his soule;
Nor could he find vnto his woes reliefe,
Till * death did end his life, and cure his griefe.*

** He was so
wexed with fu-
ries (the reuenge
gers of his mo-
thers bloud) that
he wandered
mad up and
downe till he
came to Taurice,
where he found
an end of his
troubles.
υγιαυις πατηρ,
υγιαυις μητηρ.*

*If all his teares and ruthfull miseries,
Could neuer expiate his mothers death,
To what extent shall thy calamities
Grow to in time, that stops thy mothers breath,
Euen Agrippinaes breath, whose cursed birth,
Maks her to curse the wombe that brought thee forth?*

*This Nero notes, and noting shewes his ire,
By outward passions, yet concealeth it,*

Resolved

Resolv'd ere long to pay the minstrels hire,
 When time and opportunitie should fit;
 For tyrants have this propertie' boue other,
 They meane reuenge, yet their reuenge cā smother

And so did Nero, whose perplexed mind,
 Guilty of what was ill, seem'd to admire
 His Art in Musicke, rather then to find
 Any distast, lest He should shew the fire,
 Which lay rak'd up in ashes, and display
 What time might sleight, but could not take away.

Yet he began to scoule and shake the head,
 With eyes as fierie-red as Ætnaes hill,
 Willing him streight to other acts proceed,
 And silence them that parents blood did spill:
 Sing to thy Lute (quoth he) straines of delight,
 To cheare th' attendants of this wofull* sight.

* Agrippinae
 mortuam.

Terpnus did passe vnto another theame,
 Yet still relates He in the end of all,
 The facts of Oedipus, Orestes shame,
 How and by what effects succeed'd their fall;
 Whereby (as well it was by all perceined)
 Nero the tyrant inwardly was griued.

Terpnus continu'd in his Lyricke ode,
 So long as Nero in his throne remained,
 But now impatient longer of abode,
 Wearied with audience (for so he feined)
 Terpnus left off from prosecuting further,
 The sad relation of this cruell* murther.

* For which no
 law amongst the
 Pagans was
 enacted: imagi-
 ning, none could
 be so brutish as
 commit such un-
 naturall cruelty.

But

*But see the Tyrant, who before delighted
More with the musicke of good Terpnus lyre,
Then any thing which ere his soule affected,
Neuer more straines of Terpnus did require;
For being grieu'd, each day his grienes increased,
Till Terpnus exile made his grienes appeased.*

*Yet not * appeased, for each day each night,
He heard the hideous cries of Furies shrieking:
Oft would He turne himselfe before day-light,
But got no rest, his bodie out of liking,
Yet tyranniz'd in spilling bloud apace,
Act upon act as one bereft of grace.*

* For hauing
slaine his mother,
he saw in his
sleepe a ship, the
radder whereof
was wrested frō
him guiding it,
whence he was
haled by Ocean,
to most hideous
darknesse. *ibid.*

*Sometimes He saw his mother haling him,
With wombe new-rip'd; there * Sporus whō He sought, * In vit. Ner.
To make of man a woman drag him in;
Here sundrie Matrons whom he forc'd to nought,
And slus defil'd, which fix'd on Him their eye,
Which seene, He fled, but flying could not flie.*

Like the wisdom
appeared to Ti-
berius crying om-
—Redde Ger-
manicum.

*O conscience, what a witness thou brings,
'Gainst Him that iniures thee, where no content
Can giue houres-respite to the state of kings,
Thou of thy selfe art sole-sufficient,
To hale or heale, to hale from life to death,
Or heale the wound of which he languisheth?*

*Behold here Terpnus courage, to correct
Thé great abuses of his Princes mind,
Whose pompe, port, power, He lightly doth respect,
To taxe those crimes to which He is inclin'd:*

He's

*He's no Court-Adder that will winde him in,
To Princes grace by praising of his sinne.*

*O I could wish we had such Terpni many,
Who would not sooth nor flatter, but amouch,
Blacke to be blacke: but there's I feare not any,
Too few at least, I doubt me rightly such;
And yet me thinks such Phoenix's might build here,
Within this Ile, as well as other where.*

Vid. Cornel.
Tacit. & Sueton.
Tranq. in vit.
Tib.

*Seianus, let him bloome in other coasts,
And purchase honour with his flatterie,
Let his aspiring thoughts make priuate boasts,
To raise his Fortunes to a monarchie,
He cannot prosper here, for why, we know,
State-ruine from Court-parasites may grow.*

*So Seian thought (what haue not Traitors thought)
To currie fauour with the Senators,
The better to atchieue what He had wrought,
By secret plots with his conspirators;
Faire-tong'd, false-heart, whose deepe-cōtriving braine
Gane way to ruine, where He thought to raigne.*

*But He's well gone, Rome is dispatch'd of one
That would haue made combustion in the state,
Whose death made Hers reioyce, but His to mone,
Who on his fall built their unhappie fate;
For Treason like a linked chaine doth show,
Which broke in one, doth breake in others too.*

Next whom Perennius, whose affected grace,

Italian.

Italian-like, seem'd as compos'd by art,
 May for his smoothing humour take the place,
 Who sole-possessor of a Princes heart,
 The youthfull Commodus, did so allure him,
 As his aduice seemes onely to secure him.

Faire Prince (quoth he) if any worldly wight,
 May solace those faire corpes fram'd curiously,
 Expresse Her onely when she comes in sight,
 And I your pleasure soone will satisfie;
 Your Uncle he's too strict, he's too seuer,
 To coupe you up in silence alwaies here.

A Parasit-par-
 dor.

— Exeat aula
 Qui vult esse
 pius. Lucan. 8. 13.

What priuiledge haue Princes more then we,
 If they deprived be of open aire?
 What comfort reape they in their Empirie,
 If Nestor-like, they still sit in their chaire?
 No no, deare Prince, you know a Prince is borne
 To be his subiects terror, not their scorne.

No Theater rear'd in your royall Court,
 Turney, lust, Barrier, should solemniz'd be,
 To which a Romane Prince should not resort,
 Amazing Ladies with his maiestie;
 O then it is a shame for your estate,
 To seeme in ought for to degenerate!

How gorgeously did Rome demeane her then,
 When young Vitellius did * banquet it,
 Seruing at table miriads of men,
 With lustie Ladies which did renell it?
 Yet you more high in state, more ripe in wit,

* Banquetting e-
 uer three times,
 and now and
 then foure times
 aday. in vit. Vi-
 tell.

Must

Must Hermit-like in cell retired sit.

Nec fuge me
(fugiebat enim)
iam, pascua
Lernæ, &c.
Lib. 1. Metæ.

*Shake off these Sages which do now attend you,
For they like fetters do reſtraine your pace;
Gine luſtfull youth in euery part his due,
Let ſprightly gallants take the Sages place,
By which enthron'd ſecure, you may command,
As Ioue erſt did, with Io in his hand.*

Vid. Aurel. Sex.
in epic.
Herod. in vit.
Commed.

*This did Perennius moue, and tooke effect,
Greene thoughts receiue too aptly wanton ſeede,
Remaining with the Prince in chiefe reſpect,
As they are want, who Princes humours feed;
Till He conſpiring to uſurpe the crowne,
Amidſt his honours was caſt headlong downe.*

* Vid. Cicero-
nem in Lælio
prope finem
&c.

*Where he receiv'd a doome that ſeru'd for all,
(Like doome ſtill breath on ſuch infectious breath)
For ſoring thoughts muſt haue as low a fall,
Whoſe ſauning lines play prologue to their death:
For well I know no bane on earth can be
Worſe to the State then ruſt of flatterie.*

*Then ſhould theſe laſt- enſuing times beware,
Leſt they commit offences of like kind,
Which in the common wealth procure that iarre,
As by their projects we ſubuerſion find:
For they deprave the vertues of the beſt,
And in the higheſt Cedars build their neſt.*

*Sycites, he whoſe ſycophants pretence,
Made woſull hanocke of his Common weale,*

Abuſing

*Abusing much his Princes innocence,
At last by time (as time will all reueale)
Became displeasde, who as He was a fo
Vnto the state, the state adindg'd him so.*

AN ADMONITION.

BE thou a Terpnus to restraine abuse,
Sin-training pleasures fraught with vanities;
Be thou no Seian, no Perennius,
To humour vice to gaine a Monarchie;
Be not Sycites, let examples moue thee,
And thou wilt cause the Commonweale to loue thee.



*The Argument of Epicurus, as in the
first Satyre familiarly expressed, so now
in his miserable end with liuely
colours described.*

EPICURUS, who first inuented that sect of *Epicurisme*, delighting in nothing saue voluptuous pleasures and delights, in the end being grievously vexed with the stopping of his vrine, and an intollerable paine and extremitie of his bellie ulcerated, became mightilie tormented; yet besotted with the fruition of his former pleasure, (so violent are customarie delights) thus concluded:

ded: *O quàm felici exitu finem expectatum vita mea imposui?* With how happie an end do I limit the course and progresse of my life? The *morall* includes such, as haue liued in securitie, and carelesnesse, respectlesse of God or his iudgement; and euen now readie to make an end of so haplesse & fruitlesse a race, close vp the date of their life as securely as they liued carnally. The second *Satyre* in the former *Section* comprehends the like subiect, though the one seeme more generall vnder the name of *Pandora*, implying a gouernesse and directresse in all pleasures, or exhibitresse of all gifts: The other more particular, containing one priuate and peculiar Sect, euen the *Epicures*, who thought that the *chiefe good* consisted in a voluptuous and sensuall life, expecting no future doome after the tearme and end of this life.

Here consider the momentanie and fraile course of this short and vnconstant life, tossed and turmoiled with many turbulent billows, exposed to sundrie shels of perillous assaults, many homebred and forreine commotions; in which it beho-ueth vs (like expert Pilots) to be circumspect in so dangerous a voyage, lest sailing betwixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, presumption and despaire, by encountering either we rest shipwracked: where if any (which is rare to find) passe on vntroubled, yet must *He* of necessitie conclude with *Seneca*; *Non tempestate vexor, sed nausea*. So slow is euery one to proceede graduate in vertues *Academie*; — *ita ut non facile est reputare, virum inhonestioribus corporis partibus rem quæsierit, an amiserit*: as
Cicero

Cicero well obserueth in his Declamation against *Salust*. For who is he of so pure and equall temper, whose man-like resolution holds him from being drawne and allured by the vaine baits and deceits of worldly suggestions? where there be more of *Penelopes* companions in euery stew, in euery brothell of sinne and wantonnesse, then euer in any age before. Euery one *vt Lutulentus* *fus*—as a hogge wallowing in the mire of their vaine conceits, roue from the marke of pietie and sobrietie, into the broad sea of intemperance and sensualitie: but none more of any Sect then *Epicurisme*, which like a noisome and spreading Canker, eats into the bodie and soule of the professor, making them both prostitute to pleasure, and a very sinke of sinne. The *Satyre* will explaine their defects more exactly, which followeth.

THE NINTH SATYRE.

That *Epicurus* who of late remained
 Subiect to euery fowle impietie,
 Now with distempers and night-surfets pained,
 Bids mirth adue, his sole felicitie:
 His vrine stopt wants passage from his vaines,
 Which gines increase to his incessant paines.

Yet feesles He not his soules-afflicted woe,
 Unmindfull (wretched man) of her distresse,
 But pampers that which is his greatest foe,
 And first procur'd his soules unhappinesse:
 He cannot weepe, He cannot shed a teare,

But dying laughs, as when He liued here.

*His Bon-companions drinking healths in wine,
Carousing flagons to his health receiuing,
Whose sparkling noses taper-like do shine,
Offer him drinke whose * thirstie mind is craving:
For though He cannot drinke, yet his desire
Is to see others wallow in the wine.*

* Resembling
one Elderton, on
whom this in-
scription was
writ: here lieth
drunken Elder-
ton, in earth now
thrust: who it said
I thrust & may
rather here lies
thirst.
In Rom. of a
greater worke.

* Orcus vobis
ducit pedes.

*Turne him to heauen He cannot, for He knowes not
Where heauens blest mansion hath her situation:
Tell him of heauens fruition, and he shewes not
The least desire to such a contemplation:
His sphere inferiour is, whose vanitie
Will suite no court so well as * Tartarie.*

*He hath no comfort while He liueth here,
For He's orewhelmed with a sea of griefe,
And in his death as little ioy appeares,
For death will yeeld him small or no reliefe:
He thought no pleasure after life was ended,
Which past, his fading comforts be extended.*

*Horror appeares euen in his ghastly face,
And summons (wofull summons) troupes of diuels,
Whilst He benumn'd with sinne reiecteth grace,
The best receit to cure soule-wounding euils:
Forlorne He liues, and liues because He breaths,
But in his death sustaines a thousand deaths.*

*Ungratefull viper, borne of vipers brood,
That hates thy parent, braues ore thy Protector,
Whose*

*Whose seruile life did neuer any good,
But hugging vice, and spurne Him did correct her;
See how each plant renewes and giues increase,
By him, whom stones would praise, if man should cease.*

*Nor plant, nor worme, nor any senslesse creature,
Will derogate from Gods high Maiestie,
Since they from him, as from the supreme Nature,
Receiue their vigour, growth, maturitie,
Substance, subsistence, essence, all in one,
From Angels forme unto the senslesse stone.*

*But time hath hardn'd thy depraued thoughts,
Custome of sin hath made thy sin, no sin;
Thus hast thou reap'd the fruite thy labours sought,
And dig'd a caue in which thou wallowest in;
The Porter of which caue, 's reproch and shame,
Which layes a lasting scandall on thy name.*

*The Epicures
Came.*

*A swine in mind, though Angell-like in forme,
Preposterous end to such a faire beginning,
That Thou, whom such a feature doth adorne
As Gods owne Image, should be soild with sinning;
Who well may say of it thus drown'd in pleasures,
This Superscription is not mine but Cæsars.*

*Thou wantest grace, and wanting, neuer callest,
Nesled in mischief and in discontent;
Thou who from light to darknesse headlong fallest,
Hauing the platforme of thy life mispent,
Rouse thee Thou canst not, for securitie
Hath brought thy long sleepe to a Lethargie.*

Sic faciunt hyemem decipiendo, glir.

*Dull Dormouse, sleeping all the winter time,
Cannot endure the breath of aire or winde,
But euer loues to make the Sunne to shine
Vpon her rurall Cabbin; that same mind
Art Thou endew'd withall, All winter keeping
Thy drunken cell, spends halfe thy life in sleeping.*

*Thou when thou read'st in stories of the Ant,
The painfull Be, the early-mounting Larke,
Thou cal'st them fooles, for Thou ha'st rather want,
Pine, droupe, and die in pouertie then carke:
Thou thinks there is no^{*} pleasure, but to dwell
In that vast Tophet Epicurean cell.*

* According to
that of the Poet.
— No pleasure
but to swill,
And fill, to
emptie, and be-
ing, emptie, fill.

*Art thou so fotted with earths worldly wealth,
That thou expect'st no life when this is ended?
Do'st thou conceiue no happinesse in health,
If health in healths be not profanely spende?
Well there's small hope of thee, and thou shalt find,
Sinne goes before, but vengeance dogs behind.*

*Thou canst not tell by thy Philosophie,
Where th' glorious Synod of the Angels sit,
Nor canst thou thinke soules immortalitie,
Should any mortall creature well besit:
Unfit thou art for such a prize as this, (wish.
Which Saints haue wish'd to gaine, and gain'd their*

*Thou sings strange Hymnes of loue of shepard-swains,
How Amarillis and Pelargus woed,
Where in loue measures thou employes some paines,
To make thy works by wanton cares allow'd;*

For

*For lones encounter loose wits can expresse it,
But for diuine power they will scarce confesse it.*

*Thus should each sinne of thine unmasked be,
Each crime deblazon'd in her natue colour:
There would appeare such a deformitie,
As th' Greeke Therfites shape was neuer fowler;
Which if compar'd to th' powerfull works of grace,
Would looke agast, asham'd to show their face.*

Homer. in
Iliad: & alibi

*If I should moue thee, rectifie thy cares,
I know, were fruitlesse, all thy care's to sinne,
Whose barren haruest intersowne with tares,
Endeth farre worse then when it did begin;
A ranke indurate vlcereous hard'ned ill,
Can ill be bett' red till it haue her fill.*

*And yet when as this phrenticke mood shall leaue thee,
There is some hope of gaine-reconerie,
When thy offensue life mispent shall griene thee;
Thy wound's not mortall, looke for remedie;
But if like Epicure thou still doest lie,
As thou liues ill, so doubt I thou must die.*

Ad pœnas tar-
dus Deus est, ad
præmia veloc.



*The Argument of Diagoras
Orator of Athens.*

Dilagoras a corrupt Orator vsing to receiue bribes, was exiled, and this Satyre to gall him the more, engrauen vpon his shipboord: As followeth.

THE TENTH SATYRE.

Dilagoras was once to pleade a cause,
Which th'aduerse partie hauing well obserued,
Claps me a guildea goblet in his clawes,
Which He as priuately (forsooth) reserued;
Speake (quoth this client) either nought at all,
Or else absent you from the sessions hall.

Absent He would not be, and yet as good,
For his mute tongue was absent in the cause,
Saying, the cause he had not vnderstood,
And therefore wish'd that he a while might pause;
But hauing paus'd too long, through his delay
The Court dismiss, the Senat went away.

Seeing the Senate gone, good gods (quoth he)
Can we not haue our causes heard, whose truth
Is manifest as light? ô thus we see
Our Clients wrong'd, whose wrongs afford much ruth:

*I would not answer this before Ioues throne,
If I thereby might make the world mine owne.*

*Nought to a conscience pure and void of blame,
Which (Ioue be prais'd) is in this spotlesse brest,
For no foule act could blemish ere my name,
No corrupt bribe did ere enrich my chest;
Yes one (the Clyent answer'd) you know when:
It's true indeed (my friend) and nere but then.*

*Yes once you know (another answer'd) more,
When you protested the Angina pain'd you,
For which corruption, you had gold in store,
That silent speech of yours abundance gain'd you:
It's true indeed, yet there's none can conuict me,
That ere my conscience for these did afflict me.*

*Nay that Ile sweare (quoth one) I neuer knew
Remorce of conscience or relenting teare:
That heart of yours did nere repentance shew,
But could take more, if that you did not feare
You should detected be, and your offence,
As * iustice craues, should giue you recompence.*

*Thus as they talk'd, thus as they did discourse,
In came a Senatour, which did reueale,
His corrupt dealings, for He did enforce
Him selfe to publish what He did conceale:
Whose crimes diuulg'd, He presently was led
To Coos hauens, whence He was banished.*

Thus was a corrupt Orator conuicted,

* There were certaine images of Iudges (by report) set up at Athens, hauing neither hands nor eyes: implying that Rulers and Magistrates should neither be infected with bribes, nor any other way drawne from that which was lawfull and right.

But most happie were those dayes wherein Basil the Emperour of Constantino-ple liued; that whensoever he came to his iudgment seate, he found neither partie to accuse, nor defendant to answer.

*Pressing himselfe with his owne obloquie,
Whose selfe-detection made his state afflicted,
His hands the weauers of his tragedie;
Which I could wish to all of like desert,
Whose good profession's made a guilefull art.*



The Argument.

T*riptolemus* is reported to haue inuented *Tillage* the first of any, and to haue taught the art of sowing corne: whereupon the gratefull husbandman, to repay the thankiulnesse of his well-willing mind, rendreth this *Elegie*, as in part of payment for so rare inuention: Satyrically withall inueying against such, who cate the fruite of others labours, liue on the sweat of others browes, and muzzling the mouth of the oxe that treads out the corne, reape what they neuer sowed, drinke of the vine they neuer planted, and cate at the Altar of which they neuer partaked.

THE ELEVENTH SATYRE ELEGIAK.

A*ged Triptolemus father of our field,
That teacheth vs thy children rare effects;
We do unto thy sacred Temple yeeld
The fruits we reape, and tender all respects*

To

To thee, that hast this rare * inuention found,
And gaue first light of tillage to our ground.

* Dona fero
Cereris—Met.
lib. 5.

Describe we cannot in exact discourse,
Those rarer secrets which proceed from thee,
For polish'd words with vs haue little force,
That are inured to Rusticitie;
But what we can we'll do, and to that end,
To thee (as Patron) we our fields commend.

By thee we till the wilde vntempered soile,
Make rising hillocks champion and plaine;
Where though with early labour we do toile,
Yet labour's light where there is * hope of gaine:
We thinke no hurt, but trauell all the day,
And take our rest, our trauels to allay.

* Spes alet a-
gricolas.

No proiect we intend against the State,
But cuts the bosome of our Mother earth;
We giue no way to passion or debate;
By labour we preuent our Countries dearth:
Yet this ascribe we not to our owne part,
But vnto thee, that did inuent this art.

Those glorious Trophies which Menander set,
In honour of the sacred Deities,
Would be too long a subiect to repeate,
Rear'd in such state with such solemnities;
Yet these to ours, inferiour be in worth,
Those were of earth, these tell vs vse of earth.

We ope the closet of our mothers breast,

And

And till the sedge ground with crooked plough,
 And in the evening take our quiet rest,
 When we the heate of day haue passed through:
 Thus do we sow, thus reape, and reaping we
 Do consecrate our first fruites vnto thee.

* Of the dedica-
 tion of Pagan
 Temples, vid.
 Var. de Ant. &
 Macrobi.
 *—Ex nitido fit
 ruficus, atque
 Sulcos & vineta
 crepat mera,
 p[re]parat vltimos.

Hor.

* Vina genero-
 sissima, Massi-
 ca, Cecuba,
 Falerina. Hipp.
 de coll.

* As in some
 parts of Egypt,
 which (though
 elsewhere excee-
 ding fruitfull)
 through extre-
 mitie of heate
 become to the
 people inhabita-
 ble.

b As in Sythia,
 which region in
 most places is so
 cold, as fruites
 can come to no
 ripeness.

For as the Astro-
 logers are of opi-
 nion, there is a
 certaine breadth
 in the heauen,

or earth from North to South, bounded out by some of the principall Circles, of the which are
 5. in all: one fierie betweene the two Tropicks which is called Zona Torrida: two extreme cold,
 betweene the Polare circles and the Poles of the world: and two temperate betweene either of
 the Polare circles and his next Tropicke.

And with our fruites our wonted Orisons,
 With solemne vowes to thy obsequious shrine,
 Whose * dedication merits heauenly songs,
 Will we protest what's ours is euer thine;
 For what we haue came from thy deuine wit,
 Or from His power that first infused it.

By thee we plant the * Vine and Oline tree,
 Contrine coole harbors to repose and lie:

By thee our * Vine sends grapes forth fruitfully,
 The Almond, Chestnut, and the Mulberrie;
 Thus Saturns golden age approacheth neare,
 And (Flora-like) makes spring-time all the yeare.

The pleasant banks of faire Parnassus mount,
 With trees rank-set and branchie armes broad-spread,
 The Mirtle-trees hard by Castalias fount,

With flowrie wreaths thy shrine haue honoured;
 Amongst which, no Island's more oblig'd to thee,
 Then this same Ile of famous Britannie.

* Others intemperate through parching heate,
 Haue their fruites blasted ere they come to light,
 b Others are planted in a colder seate,

Whereby

*Whereby the Sun-beames seldome shew their might;
But we (and therein blest) inhabite one,
Which as it's fruitfull, it's a temp'rate Zone.*

*How can we then if we do ought, do lesse
Then labour to requite as we receiue?
For such a burning wind's vntankefulnesse,
As by it we do lose that which we haue:
Let each then in his ranke obserue his measure,
And giue Him thanks that gaue Him such a treasure.*

*How many regions haue their fruites deuoured,
By th' Caterpillar, Canker, Palmerworme?
Whilst by thy grace so richly on vs powred,
Our fields reioyce, and yeeld increase of corne;
O then admire we this great worke of thine,
Whereby all * regions at our state repine!*

* Barbarus in-
uidit Met. 4. 5.

*Repine they may, for we surpasse their state,
In power, in riches, sinewes of sharpe warre;
They led in blindness attribute to fate,
What ere befall, we to the morning starre,
By which we are directed euery day,
Or else like wandring sheepe might loose our way.*

*Hesiod relates seuen fortunate repeses,
Ilands, which Fortune fauours for their seate,
Adorn'd with fruitfull plants sent-chasing roses;
Where there breaths euer a soile-cherishing heate,
By which the plants receiue their budding power,
And needs no other dew, no other shower.*

Canaria — for-
tunate insule.
vid. Hesiod. in
li. de oper: &
die. pag. 15.
Εν νηξιαπο-
νείοις in bea-
torum insulis.

These

*Iles in the ocean
four hundred
miles frō Spaine*

*These fruitfull Ilands which this Poet shewes,
Were seated farre within the Ocean,
And neuer warr'd as other Ilands use,
Being in peacefull league with euery man:
Confer now these together, and then see
If this blest Iland be not Brittannie.*

**The two uni-
uersities.*

*Blest were those Ilanders that did possesse
The fertile borders of those healthfull Iles,
And we as blest haue no lesse happinesse,
In this our Ile, not stretch'd to many miles;
Though when those * streames of Hellicon appeares,
It doubles fruites in doubling of her yeares.*

**Tagus, Ganges,
and Paeleolus
three riuers fa-
mous for their
golden oare or
grauell.*

*Thames full as pleasant as Euphrates flood,
Though she containe not in her precious nauell,
The * golden oare of Ganges, yet as good
As any gold or any golden grauell,
Transporting hence, and bringing here againe,
Gaine to the Citie by their fraught of graine.*

*Thus water, ayre, and earth, and all unite
Their powers in one, to benefite our state,
So as conferring profit with delight,
Well may we tearme this Iland fortunate;
For we more blest then other Iles haue bin,
Enioy both peace without and peace within.*

*Vnto his altar let vs then repaire,
That hath conferd these blessings on our land,
And sure we are to find him present there,
Apt to accept this offering at our hand;*

Where,

Where, as He hath remembred vs in peace,
We'le yeeld him fruites of soules and soiles increase.

To thee then (blessed Deitie) is meant,
This votall sacrifice, how ere we speake,
Of old Triptolemus thy instrument;
For midst inuentions we will euer seeke
To raise thy praise, who hast thy Throne aboue vs,
And daily shewes that thou doest dearly loue vs.

The true explanation of this Elegie.



The Argument.

MElonimus a shepheard of Arcadia, who hauing frequented the plaines there long time, with great husbandrie vsed to exercise his pastures, receiuing no small profite from his fruitfull flocke: in the end fell in loue with Cynthia Queene of the Forrest adioyning: whom hauing wooed with many loue-inducing tokens, and shepherds madrigals, and spent the profit of his flock in gifts (with too lauish a bountie bestowed vpon her) and yet could no way preuaile, being posted off with many trifling delayes; in the end wrote this short *Satyre* in a Cynick mood reuiling at the couetousnesse and insatiable desire of women, who will prostitute their fauour for lucre sake vnto the meanest swaine, till they haue consumed the fruite

fruite of his stocke, and then will turne him ouer shipboord.

THE TWELFTH SATYRE.

MElonomus a worthie shepheard swaine,
Besotted with faire Cynthia's amorous face,
Beseeched Her to loue for loue againe,
And take compassion on his wofull case;
Which she halfe-yeelding to, dissembling too,
Did moue the swaine more eagerly to woo.

*Non sumus in-
grata, poscunt
pulcherrima
pulchra;
Munera si refe-
ras, oscula gra-
ta feret.

And that with * gifts most powerfull to ensnare
The minds of maids, whose curious appetite,
Desires as they be faire to haue things faire,
To adde fresh fuel vnto lones delight;
Which to effect, each morne a flowrie wreath,
Compos'd the swaine, to breath on Cynthia's breath.

*Rupibus ex-
tractum Cali-
bæis mittit e-
lectrum, &c.
Whence it is
said cometh the
purest Amber.

Fine comely bracelets of refined * Amber,
Vsed this Shepheard swaine to tender her,
And euery morne resorting to her chamber,
Would there appeare ere Phœbus could appeare,
Where telling tales as shepheards vse to tell,
She forc'd a smile, as though she lik'd Him well.

*Thus at Loues
barre this Client
doubtfull stands,
And weepes, &
wipes, & wrings
and wreathes his
hands.

Thus poore Melonomus continued long,
* Hoping for resalution at her hands,
Whilost with delayes He mixed gifts among,
Which (as He thought) were fancies strongest bands;
And still He craves dispatch of his request,
And to performe what she in show p̄fessest.

But

But she, from day to day puts off, replying,
 She scarce resolv'd was to marrie yet:
 But when his * gifts surceast, she flat denying,
 Answer'd, A swaine was for a Queene unfit;
 He rurall, homely, bred of meane descent,
 She royall-borne, of purer Element.

* Instat amans,
 tamen odit a-
 mans, sic mune-
 ra querit,
 Queis tamen
 acceptis, nescit
 amare magis.

Melonomus thus answer'd, wisely fram'd
 This grave reply: And is it so indeed?
 Be all those gifts I gave (all which He nam'd)
 To no effect? why then returne and feed
 Thy wanton flocke, surceasse thy bootlesse suite,
 Since she consum'd thy flocke with all their fruite.

A sudden reso-
 lution requir-
 ing her sudden dis-
 daine.

Aged Alcmænon who my father was,
 And as I guesse knew well the shepherds guise,
 Thought scorne to set his lone on euery lass,
 Aye me unhappie, of a fire so wise;
 But this disdaine that lowres on beauties brow,
 Shall teach me; swaines with swaines know best to do.

I canot trull is I,
 nor fancie all I
 see, if she be
 faire, wise and
 an heire, that
 girle liketh me.

The skipping Rams that butt with ragged hornes,
 And bronze upon each banke with sweete repast,
 Shall not my iealous head with wreathe adorne,
 (But heauen forgine my follie that is past;)
 I will not fancie Cynthia, since she
 In my distresse scornes to conuerse with me.

The



The Argument of Protagoras.

Protagoras adored the stones of the altar, conceiuing them to be happie, as the Phylosopher Aristotle witnesseth: *Lapides, ex quibus ara struebantur, felices esse putabat, quod honorentur.* He thought the very stones themselves to be happie, of which the altars were builded, because (saith he) they might be honoured. In this Argument, be such men shadowed, as most impiously worship the creature for the Creator, the worke for the worker. Therefore haue I subinserted this Satyre, to inueigh against the senslesse Gentiles and Painims, who in the foolishnesse of their hearts, vsed to adore stockes, stones, plants, and senslesse creatures, *Nunc deorum causam agam*; I will now pleade the cause of God, so iniuriously dealt withall by his owne workmanship. Alexander himselfe being but a mortall man as we our selues be, commanded Callistenes his Scholenaister to be slaine, because He would not worship Him for a god: much more aboue comparifon, may God who is immortall and onely to be feared, punish yea and destroy them that in contempt of his infinite power and all-working maiestie, adore the Sunne, Moone. and Starres, *Isis* and *Osyris*, with many other vaine, idolatrous and profane venerations, derogating from the power and incomprehensible

Cic. de nat.
deor.

Alan. de con-
quest. nat.

hensible essence of God. When a King beholds his subiects to reserue their allegiance to any Monarch saue himselfe, *He makes them* to be proclaimed Traitors to his Crowne and person: Even so the King of heauen, when *He* seeth any subiect of his (as we be all and happie if so we be, and not slaues to the captiuitie and thraldome of sinne,) presently proscribeth *him*, or will punish *him* with death, lest others by his impunitie should attempt the like. Wherefore then should any profane man, so ouershadowed with the duskie clouds of error and impietie, transgresse the deuine precepts, Lawes, and Ordinances of the Almighty; those eternall decrees established and enacted in the glorious Synod of heauen, by relinquishing the sweet promises of God, and communicating the worship of the Creator with the creature, as if there were a distribution to be made vnto either? But I will referre them to this following Satyre.

THE THIRTEENTH SATYRE.

PRotagoras both wicked and profane,
Wicked in life, profane in worshipping,
 Adored stones: (*see Pagans, see your shame*)
And thought them worthie too of reuerencing;
For if the gods be honoured, said He,
Needs must the stones whereof their Temples be.

The like conceit He had of altars too,
And of the stones whereof they were erected,
To which He oft would, solemne worship doe,

L

And

*And taxe such men by whom they were neglected;
Wishing sometime He were an altar stone,
That to himselfe like honour might be done.*

*A just re-proofe
to all Idolaters.* *Thou senselesse man depriv'd of reasons lore,
What grace art thou (forlorne) endew'd withall,
That thou shouldst shrines and senselesse stones adore,
That haue no eares to heare when thou dost call?
Thou deemest these reliques happie, when god wot,
If they were happie, yet they know it not.*

*The Altar is the shrine thou offrest to,
Thy incense, sacrifice, and fat of beasts,
Which on the altar thou art wont to do,
Not to the altar where thou makes request;
For it's enioynd thee by expresse command,
To kneele to nothing fashion'd by mans hand.*

**Ingentes lapidū strues erigit,
nec tam curat
quo erigit, quā
curiose dispo-
nere quod arte
conficit, &c.* *The Mannuall artist sets up * heapes of stones,
Erecting curious Statues to adore,
But what are these, can they attend our mones?
No, they haue eares to heare, but heare no more
Then rubbish, clay, or stone, whereof they'r said,
(And such were Pagan Idols) to be made.*

Stadium solis. *Turne thee vnto the East, from whence the Sunne
Hath his arising, whence He doth proceed,
As Bridegroome from his chamber, and doth run
His spacious course with such a passing speed,
As twentie foure houres He doth onely borrow,
To post the world from end to end quite thorow.*

Each

*Each plant on earth, each creature in the sea,
From whence haue they their growth, I pray thee say?
Do they deriue't from stones or imagerie?
Nay, I must tell thee, thou art by the way,
It's no inferiour power brings this to passe,
But his, who is, shall be, and euer was.*

*And he it is who notes thy errors past,
And can reuenge, though He the time adiourne,
Whose loue vnto his sheepe doth euer last,
And stil expects and waits for thy returne;
But how can He to thee in kindnesse shew him,
That giues thee hands, yet will not lift them to him?*

*Ungratefull thou to haue that ill conceit,
Of his all-being and all-seeing power,
Whose blest tuition guards vs and our state,
Whose surest hold is like a fading flower,
That springs and dies, such is the pompe of man,
As there He ends in earth where He began.*

*Horror of men, contempt to thy beginning,
Shame to the world, wherein thou doest suruiue,
Whose best religion is an act of sinning,
In which thou meanes to die, and lonest to line;
What shall these shrines afford thee after death,
The breath of life? no, for they haue no breath.*

*Then here Ile leaue thee, yet with sorrow too,
Thy Image moues compassion, though't may be,
Thou'lt aske the reason why I should do so,
Since sorrowes source hath lost her course in thee;*

Deus est maxi-
me iratus, non
iratus, cum ira-
tus propitius,
&c.
Qui fecit te si-
ne te, non sal-
uabit te sine te.
August.

Exorto tremore,
erubescet
conscientia, ob-
stupescet con-
scientia mentis sci-
entia, & dicen-
di facultates
penitus amit-
tent organa,
&c.

To which I may in reason thus reply,
My eyes are wet, because thy eyes are dry.

Yet will I to the altar, not I adore it,
But offer incense to assoile thy sin;
Where full of teares I'll weepe, and weeping ore it,
Wish thy returne, that thou may honour him,
Whose worship thou prephan'd (as was unfit)

Numen si diui-
dis, perdis.

* Entitling any creature unto it.



Three other Satyres composed by
the same Author, treating of these
three distinct subiects.

1. *Tyrannie*, personated in Eurystheus.
 2. *Securitie*, in Alcibiades.
 3. *Reuenge*, in Perillus.
- With an Embleme of Mortalitie, in Agathocles.

The Argument.

E*urystheus* a potent and puissant Prince of
Greece, by the instigation of *Iuno* imposed
Hercules most difficult labours, to the end to haue
him dispatched. But of such inuincible patience
was *Hercules* in suffering, and of such resolution in
performing, as to his succeeding glory he pur-
chased

chased himselfe honour through their hate, gaining to himselfe renowne, where his foe intended ineuitable reuenge. Whence we may collect two remarkable things, no lesse fruitfull in obseruing, then delightfull in perusing. The one is, to note how prompt and prepared men of depraued or vicious disposition are, to put in execution the pleasure of great ones, how indirect or vnlawfull soeuer their pleasures be: directing and addressing their employments to the bent of their command, be it wrong or right. And these are such who account it good sauing policie, to keepe euer correspondence with greatnesse, esteeming no supportance firmer, no protection safer, then to hold one course with those high-mounting *Cedars*, from whose growth the lower *shrubs* receiue shadow and shelter. The second which I note, is to obserue what glorious and prosperous succeſſe many haue, who pursued and iniuriouſly persecuted (like *Zenocrates* Sparrow) either find some compassionate bosome to cheare & receiue them, or by the assistance of an vnconfined power, attaine a noble issue in midst of all occurrences. To insist on instances, were to enlarge an Argument about his bounds: few or none there are who haue not or may not, haue instance in the one, as well as personall experience in the other. Especially when we recal to mind how many instant & imminent dangers haue bene threatned vs, & how many gracious and glorious deliuerances tendred vs. Some other excellent obseruations might be culled or selected from the flowrie border of this

subiect, but my purpose is rather to shadow at some, then amply to dilate on all. For I haue euer obserued, how Arguments of this nature are to most profit composed, when they are not so amply as aptly compiled: Long and tedious discourses being like long seruices, tending more to surfer then solace; whereas the pleasure of varietie, draweth on a new appetite in midst of satietie. Now to our proposed taske: where you shall see how harmelesse innocencie shuffels out of the hands of boundlesse crueltie.

THE SATYRE.

HOe Euristheus, I am hither sent,
 From Iunoes Princely pallace to thy Court,
 To tell thee, thou must be her instrument,
 (And to that purpose she hath chus'd thee for't)
 To chastise Hercules, growne eminent
 By his renowned conquests: do not show
 Thy selfe remisse, Iuno will haue it so.

And Iuno shall; I will such tasks impose,
 That earth shall wonder how they were inuented,
 So as his life he shall be sure to lose,
 What do I care, so Iuno be contented,
 Darknesse shall not my secrecies disclose?
 Her will is my command, nor must I aske
 Whence's her distast; come yong man heare your taske

* Hesperidum
 horti in custo-
 des, perugiles
 retinent sor-
 ces.

A fruitfull* garden, full of choyce delights,
 Enricht with sprayes of gold and apples too,
 Which by three sisters watch'd both dayes and nights,
 Teeld

*Yeeld no accesſe unto th' inuading foe,
Is thy firſt progreſſe; where with doubtfull fight,
Thou muſt performe thy taſke: this is the firſt,
Which if it proue too eaſie, next is worſt.*

*For in this firſt thou art to deale with women,
And reape a glorious prize when thou haſt done;
And ſuch an enterprize (I know) is common,
Crowning vs great by th' triumph we haue wonne:
* Gold is ſo ſtrange a baite, as there is no man,
But he will hazard life to gaine that prize,
Which makes men fooles that are ſuppoſed wiſe.*

* Autifera ne-
mora teretem
ferentia corti-
cem, aureumq;
pomum.

*But next taſke ſhall be of another kind,
No golden apples pluckt from Hesperie:
For in this worke thou nought but dong ſhalt find,
* Augean ſtables muſt thy labour be,
Which if thou cleare not, as I haue aſſign'd,
Death ſhall attend thee: tis in vaine to come,
By prayers or teares to change my fatal doome.*

* Augei ſtabuli,
&c.

*The third, that hideous Hydra, which doth breed
Increase of heads, for one being cut away,
Another ſprings up ſtreight way in her ſtead:
Hence then away, and make me no delay,
Delay breeds danger, do what I haue ſaid,
Which done thou liueſt, which vnperform'd thou dieſt,
This ſaid; Alcydes to his labour hies.*

* Abſciſſo capi-
te, caput renaſ-
citur alterum.

*Alas (poore man) how well it may be ſaid,
So many are the perils he muſt paſſe,
That he with dangers is inuironed?*

He coucheth all
his labours (inſi-
nite in number
and nature) in
theſe three.

*So hopelesse and so haplesse is his case,
As he by death is so encompassed,
That howsoere his power he meanes to trie,
Poore is his power, he must be forc'd to die.*

*Imperious tyrant, couldst thou wreake thy rage
On none but such whose valour hath bene shonne,
As a victorious Mirror to this age,
And hath bene blaz'd where thou wer't neuer knowne?
Must thou his person to such tasks engage,
As flesh and bloud did neuer yet sustaine?
Well, he must trie, although he trie in vaine.*

*Yes, he will trie, and aet what he doth try,
He'le tug and tew, and strue and stoope to ought,
Yea* die, if so with honour he may die,
Yet know, that those who haue his life thus sought,
Are but insulting types of * tyrannie, (shelues,
Whose boundlesse splene, when He hath past these
Will be disgorg'd, and fall vpon themselues.*

* Non terret
mors sapien-
tem.

* Thales mile-
sius interro-
ganti quid dif-
ficile; senem
(inquit) videre
tyrannum.

*For see, thou cruell sauage, whose desire
Extends to bloud, how this aduent'rous Knight,
Gaines him renowne, and scorneth to retire,
Till he hath got a conquest by his fight:
So high heroick thoughts vse to aspire,
As when extremest dangers do enclose them,
They sleight those foes that labour to oppose them.*

* Pro telo gerit
quæ fudit, ar-
matus venit
Leone & Hy-
dra. Senec.

*Here see those tasks which thy imperious power,
Impos'd this Noble champion, finished;
The Serpent, * Hydra, which of heads had store,*

Now

*Now headlesse lies by valour conquered,
The stables purg'd from th'filth they had before,
The golden Apples Trophies of his glorie,
Dilate their ends vnto an endlesse storie.*

*Here see th'euent where vertue is the aime,
Here see the issue of a glorious mind,
Here see how martiall honour makes her claime,
Here see the crowne to diligence assign'd,
Here see what all may see, a souldiers fame,
Not tipt with fruitlesse titles, but made great,
Mote by true worth, then by a glorious seate.*

*For such, whose natue merit hath attain'd
Renowne 'mongst men, should* aduerse gusts assaile the
In such an Orbe rest their resolues contain'd,
As well they may inuade but not appall them,
For from esteeme of earth they'r wholly wain'd,
Planting their mounting thoughts vpon that sphere,
Which frees such minds as are infranchis'd there.*

* Si sola nobis
adiunt prospera,
soluimur: ad
virtutem vero
melius per ad-
uersa solidamur
Greg.

*Hence learne ye Great-ones, who esteeme it good
Sufficient to be great, and thinke't well done,
Be't right or wrong, what's done in heate of blood,
Hence learne your state, lest ye decline too soone,
For few ere firmly stood, that proudly stood.
But specially ye men that are in* place,
Iudge others as your selues were in same case.*

* Locum virtus
habet. Sen.

*Here haue you had a mirror to direct
Your wayes, and forme your actions all the better,
Which president if carelesse, ye neglect,*

And

*And walke not by this line, line by this letter,
How's ere the world may tender you respect,
Ye are but gorgeous paintings daubed ouer,
Clothing your vice with some more precious couer.*

*Hence likewise learne ye whom the frowne of fate,
Hath so deprest, as not one beame doth shine
Vpon the forlorne mansion of your state,
To beare with patience and giue way to time,
So shall ye vie with Fortune in her hate;
And prize all earths contents as bitter-sweete,
Which armes you 'gainst all fortunes ye can meete.*

* Has Hydra
sensit, his iac-
cent Stympha-
lides, Ibid.

*This great Alcydes did, who did with ease
(For what's vneasie to a mind prepar'd)
Discomfit * th' Hydra and th' Stymphalides,
With whom he cop'd, encountred long and warr'd,
And gain'd him glory by such acts as these.
Obserue this Morall (for right sure I am)
The imitation shewes a perfect man.*

—Nessus hos
struxit dolos.
Ictus sagittis
qui tuis vitam
expulit.
Cruore tincta
est Palla semi-
feri, pater.
Nessusque nunc
has, exigit pæ-
nas sibi.
in Herc. Oct.

*The last not least, which may obserued be,
Is to suppress spleene or conceined hate,
Which in perfidious * Nessus you may see,
Fully portraid, who meereely through deceit,
Practis'd Alcydes wofull Tragedy:
For of all passions, there's no one that hath
More soueraignty ore man, then boundlesse wrath.*

*Which to restraine, (for wherein may man show
Himselfe more manly, then in this restraint)
That there is nought more generous, you should know,
Then*

Then true compassion to the indigent,
Which euen humanitie saith, that we owe
One to another, while we vse to tender
Loue to our Maker, in him to each member.*

Fletē Hercu-
leos numina
calus, *ibid.*

*Thus if ye do, how low soere ye be,
Your actions make you noble, and shall liue
After your summons of Mortalitie,
And from your ashes such a perfume giue,
As shall eternize your blest memorie:
If otherwise ye liue, ye are at best
But guilded gulls, and by opinion blest.*



The Argument.

A *Lcibiades* a noble Athenian, whose glorious & renowned actions gained him due esteeme in his Country: at last by retiring himselfe frō armes, gaue his mind to sensuality; which so effeminated his once imparallel'd spirit, as he became no lesse remarkable for sensuall libertie, then he was before memorable for ennobled exploits of martiall chiuallrie. From hence the *Satyre* deriues his subiect, inueying against the remisnesse of such as waine their affections from employment, exposing their minds (those glorious or resplendent images of their *Maker*) to *securitie*, rightly termed the *diuels opportunitie*. How perillous vacancie from affaires

*Others are of opinion that he was drawne frō sensuall affecti-
ons to the pra-
ctise of vertue,
by the graue in-
struction of So-
crates: but it ap-
peares otherwise
by his much fre-
quenting Ti-
mandraes com-
panie. Vid.
Plut. in vit.
Alcib.*

fares hath euer bene, may appeare by ancient and moderne examples, whose *Tragicall catastrophe* wold craue teares immix'd with lines. Let this suffice, there is no one motiue more effectually mouing, no Rhetoricke more mouingly perswading, no Oratorie more perswasively inducing, then what we daily feele or apprehend in our selues.

• Quot horæ (si
male expensæ)
tor iræ.
Quot horæ, tor
vmbæ.

Where euery *houre not well employed, begets some argument or other to moue our corrupt natures to be depraued. Let vs then admit of no vacation, saue onely vacation from vice. Our liues are too short to be fruitlessly employed, or remissly passed. O then how well spent is that oyle which consumes it selfe in actions of *vertue*

Whose precious selfe's a glory to her selfe!

May nothing so much be estranged frō vs as *vice*, which, of all others, most disfigures vs; *Though our feete be on earth, may our minds be in heauen:* where we shall find more true glory then earth can affoord vs, or the light promises of fruitlesse vanity assure vs. Expect then what may merit your attention; a rough hew'd *Satyre* shall speake his mind boldly without partiality, taxing *such* who retire from *action*, wherein *vertue* consisteth, and lye sleeping in *securitie*, whereby the spirit, or inward motion of the soule wofully droupeth.

THE SATYRE.

A Wake, thou noble Greeke! how should desire,
Of sensuall shame (soules staine) so dull thy wit,
Or

Or cloud those glorious thoughts which did aspire,
Once to exploits which greatnesse might besit?
Where now the beamlins of that sacred fire,
Lierak't in ashes, and of late do seeme
(So ranke is vice) as if they had not bene.

Can a faith-breaking leering * Curtizan,
Whose face is glaz'd with frontlesse impudence,
Depresse the spirit of a Noble man,
And make him lose his reason for his sence?
O span thy life (for life is but a span)
And thou shalt find the scantling is so small,
For vaine delights there is no * time at all!

Shall azur'd breast, sleeke skin, or painted checke,
* Gorgeous attire, locks braided, wandring eye,
Gaine thee delight, when thou delights should seeke
In a more glorious obiect? O relie
On a more firme foundation, lest thou breake,
Credit with Him who long hath giuen thee trust,
Which thou must pay be sure, for he is iust.

O do not then admire, what thy desire
Should most contemne, if reason were thy guide;
Let thy erected thoughts extend farre higher,
Then to these wormelins that like * shadowes glide,
Whose borrowed beautie melts with heate of fire.
Their shape from * shop is bought and brought; o art
What canst thou promise to a knowing heart!

A knowing heart, which plants her choicest blisse
In what it sees not, but doth comprehend

* Illa pictura vi-
rij est. Ambros.
Hexam. l. 6. c. 8.

* Sicut capillus
non peribit de
capite, ita nec
momentum de
tempore. Bern.
* All gorgeous
attire is the as-
pire of sinne.

* Sunt ista po-
matu vmbre.

* Quorum vni-
cum est officiu,
ab officina eli-
cere formam.
Lecythum ha-
bet in malis.
vid. vict. ad 8. 11.

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* Ea vita beata
est, quando
quod optimum
est, amatur &
habetur.
Sola eius visio,
vera mentis
nostræ refectio
est. Greg. in
Mor. Expo. in
Iob.

By eye of faith! not what terrestriall is,
But what affoordeth * comfort without end,
Where we enioy whats euer we did wish;
Who then, if he partake but common sence,
Will ere reioyce, till he depart from hence?

Yet see the blindnesse of distracted man,
How he prefers one moment of delight,
(Which cheares not much when it does all it can)
Before delights in nature infinite,
Whose iuyce (yeelds perfect fulnesse, sure I am:)
O times! when men loue that they should neglect,
Disualuing that which they should most respect.

* Quanta amē-
tia est effigiem
mutare naturæ,
picturam quæ-
reret Cypri. de
discip. & hab.
uig.

For note how many haue aduentured
Their lines (and happy they if that were all)
And for a * painted trunke haue perished;
O England, I thy selfe to witnesse call,
For many hopefull plants haue withered
Wit hin thy bosome, cause whereof did spring,
Mearely from lust, and from no other thing!

* Inanis glorie
succum proprię
saluti præpo-
nentes.

How many promising youths, whose precious blood
Shed by too resolute hazard, might haue done
Their gracions Prince and native Countrie good,
In beate of bloud haue to their ruine gone,
While they on termes of reputation stood,
Preferring titles (see the beate of strife):
Before the lone and safetie of their life?

* Cunctarum
quippe animum

O Gentlemen, know that those eyes of yours,
Which should be piercing like the * Eagles eyes,

Are

*Are not to view these Dalilabs of ours,
But to eye beauen and sullen earth despise,
And so increase in honours as in houres.
O ye should find more happinesse in this,
Then spend the day in courting for a kisse!*

*Were time as easie purchas'd as is land,
Ye better might dispense with losse of time;
Or 'twere in you to make the Sunne to stand,
So many points t'ascend or t' decline,
I'de say ye had the world at command:
But as time * past, is none of yours, once gone,
So that time is not yours, which is to come.*

*Addresse yours selues then to that glorious place,
Where there's no time, no limit to confine,
No alteration: but where such a grace;
Or perfect lustre beautifies the clime,
Where ye'r to liue, as th' choisest chearefullst face,
Ye ere beheld on earth, were't nere * so faire,
Shall seeme deformitie to beantie there.*

*But this shall serue for you! now in a word,
Heare me * Timandra (for I must be heard;)
Thou whose light shon all vanities affoord,
Reclaime thy sensuall life, which hath appear'd
As odious and offensiu to thy Lord,
As those lasciuious robes (robes suiting night)
Are in disgrace, when good men are in sight.*

*More to enlarge my selfe were not so good,
Perhaps: his litle's more then thou wilt reade:*

But

*visum acies a-
quilæ superat:
ita vt solis ra-
dios fixos in se
eius oculos nul-
la lucis suæ co-
ruscatione re-
uerberans,
claudat. Greg.
in Mor. Expof.
in Iob.*

** Quicquid de
illo præteritum
est, iam non est:
quicquid de il-
lo futurum est,
nondum est.
Aug.*

** Videndo pul-
chra, cogita
hæc omnia, &
pulchriora, esse
in cælo: viden-
do horribilia,
cogita hæc om-
nia, & horribi-
liora, esse in
inferno. Lanf-
perg.*

** In Timandræ
gremio paululū
recumbens, pe-
rimitur. Plus in
vit. Alcib.*

*But if thou reade, I wiſh't may ſtirre thy blood,
And moue thee henceforth to take better heed,
Then to tranſgreſſe the bounds of womanhood:
Whoſe chiefeſt eſſence in theſe foure appeare,
In gate, looke, ſpeech, and in the robes you weare.*



The Argument.

P*erillus* an excellent Artificer (being then famous for excellent inuentions) to ſatiſſie the inhumane diſpoſition of the tyrant *Phalaris*, as alſo in hope to be highly rewarded for his ingenious deuice: made a *bull of braſſe* for a new kind of torment, preſenting it to *Phalaris*, who made triall thereof by tormenting *Perillus* firſt therein. From this Argument or ſubieſt of *reuenge*, we may obſerue two ſpeciall motiues of Morall inſtruction or humane Caution. The firſt is, to deterre vs from humoring or ſoothing ſuch, on whom we haue dependence, in irregular or ſiniſter reſpects. For the vertuous, *whoſe comfort is the teſtimonic of a good conſcience*, ſcorne to hold correſpondence with vicious men, whoſe commands euer tend to depraued and enormous ends. The ſecond is, a notable example of *reuenge* in *Perillus* ſuffering, & in *Phalaris* inſlicting. Much was it that this curious Artizan expected, but with equall & deſerued cenſure was he rewarded: for inglorious
aimes

seconded by like ends. Hence the Satyre displayeth such in their native colours, who rather then they will lose the least esteeme with men of high ranke or qualitie, vse to dispence with faith, friend, and all, to plant them firmer in the affection of their Patron. But obserue the conclusion, as their meanes were indirect, so their ends sorted euer with the meanes. They seldome extend their temporizing houres to an accomplished age, but haue their hopes euer blasted, ere they be well bloomed: their iniurious aimes discovered, ere they be rightly leuelled: and their wishes to a tragicall period exposed, as their desires were to all goodnesse opposed. May all proiectors or state-forragers sustaine like censure, hauing their natures so reluctant or opposite to all correspondence with honour. Longer I will not dilate on this subiect, but recollect my spirits, to adde more spirit to my ouer-tyred Satyre, who hath bene so long employed in the *Embassie of Nature*, and wearied in dancing the *Wilde mans measure*, that after *Perillus* censure she must repose ere she proceede any further; and take some breath ere I dance any longer.

THE SATYRE.

Braue Enginer, you whose more curious hand
 Hath fram'd a Bull of brasse by choicest art;
 That as a Trophie it might euer stand,
 And be an Embleme of thy cruell heart:
 Hearke what's thy tyrant Phalaris command,

M

Whose

*Whose will's a law; and having heard it well,
Thy censure to succeeding ages tell.*

*Thou must (as it is iust) be first presented
As sacrifice vnto the brazen Bull,
And feele that torture which thy art inuented,
That thou maist be rewarded to the full;
No remedy, it cannot be preuented.
Thus, thus reuenge appeares which long did smother,
He must be catcht, that aimes to catch another.*

*Iust was thy iudgement, Princely Phalaris,
Thy censure most impartiall; that he
Whose artfull hand that first contrin'd this,
To torture others, and to humour thee,
Should in himselfe feele what this torture is.
Which great or small, he must be forc'd to go,
May such * tame-beasts be euer used so.*

* For so Diogenes the Cynicke
reames all humoring Timists
or temporizing sycophants. La-
ert.

* Who built Pal-
las horse, and
after perished in
the siege of
Troy. Homer, in
Iliad.

*Like fate befell unhappie * Phereclus,
Who first contrin'd by cunning more then force,
To make once glorious Troy as ruinous
As spoile could make it: therefore rear'd a Horse,
Framed by Pallas art, as curious,
As art could forme, or cunning could inuent,
To weane his end, which art could not prevent.*

*See ye brane state-projectors, what's the gaine
Ye reape by courses that are indirect:
See these, who first contrin'd, and first were slaine,
May mirrors be of what ye most affect!
These labour'd much, yet labour'd they in vaine;*

For

OF REVENGE.

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*For there's no wit how quicke soere can do it,
If powers diuine shall make^a resistance to it.*

*And can ye thinke that heauen, whose glorious eye
Surueyes this Uniuerse, will daigne to view
Men that are giuen to all impietie?*

*You say, he will; he will indeed, it's true;
But this is to your further misery.
For that same eye which viewes what you commit,
Hath sight to see, and power to ^b punish it.*

*To punish it, if hoording sin on sin,
Ye loath Repentance, and bestow your labour,
Onely to gaine esteeme, or else to win
By your pernicious ploss some great mans fauour;
O I do see the state that you are in,
Which cannot be redeem'd, vnlesse betime
With^c sighs for sins, you wipe away your crime!*

*For shew me one, (if one to shew you haue)
Who built his fortunes on this sandie ground,
That euer went gray-headed to his graue,
Or neare his end was not distressed found,
Or put not trust in that which did deceiue!
Sure few there be, if any such there be,
But shew me one, and it sufficeth me.*

*I grant indeed, that for a time these may
Flourish like to a Bay tree, and increase,
Like Oliue branches, but this lasts not aye,
Thei^d Halcyon dayes shall in a moment cease,*

*me afferendum afferendumque esse puto. Etiam Ciconiain celo nouit stata tempora
sua, & Turtur, grusque, & Hirundo obseruant tempus aduentus sui. Ierem. 8. 7.*

M 2

When

a *Witnesseth that*
matchlesse Pow
der plot, no lesse
miraculously re-
uealed, then mis-
chieuously con-
uined, no lesse
happily preuen-
ted, then hate-
fully practised.
Of which cruell
Agents (being
his owne sub-
jects) your graci-
ous Soueraigne
might iustly take
vp the complaint
of that Princely
Prophet Dauid.
My familiar
friends, who I
trusted, which
did care of my
bread, haue lif-
ted vp their
heelles against
me. Psal. 51.
and 55.
Si non parcer,
perder.
b *Vbi non est*
per gratiam,
adest per vin-
dictam. Aug.
c *Qui non ge-*
mit peregrinus,
non gaudebit
ciuis. Aug.
d *Halcyonei di-*
es ab Halcyo-
nis auibus di-
cti: neque boni
malie omnis
aues hos esse
arbitror; quan-
tum tamen à
Propheta dici-
tur, tantum à

*When night (sad night) shall take their soules away.
Then will they tune their strings to this sad song,
Short was our sun-shine, but our night-shade long*

*Ye then, I say, whose youth-deceiuing prime,
Promise successe, beleue't from me, that this,
When time shall come (as what more swift then time)
Shall be conuerted to a painted blisse,
Whose gilded outside beautifile your crime;
Which once displaide, cleare shall it shew as light,
Your Sommer-day's become a winter night.*

* *Pari culpa,
pari poena.*

*Beware then ye, who practise and inuent,
To humour greatnesse; for there's one more great,
Who hath pronounc'd, like * sinne, like punishment;
Whom at that day ye hardly may intreat,
When death and horror shall be eminent:
Then will ye say vnto the Mountaines thus,
And shadie groues, Come downe and couer vs.*

* *The priuiledge
of greatnesse,
must be no sub-
seruige for guilt-
lesnesse.*

*But were ye great as earthly pompe could make ye,
Weake is the arme of flesh, or * mightinesse,
For all these feeble hopes shall then forsake ye,
With the false flourish of your happinesse,
When ye vnto your field-bed must betake ye;
Where ye for all your shapes and glozed formes,
Might deceiue men, but cannot deceiue wormes.*

The



The Statue of *Agathocles*.

The Argument.

A *Agathocles* a tyrant of *Syracusa*, caused his *Statue* to be composed in this manner. *The* * *head* * *Caput de auro innuendo regis dignitatem,* *of gold, armes of inory, and other of the liniments of* *brachia de ebo-* *purest brasse, but the feete of earth :* intimating *re innuendo* *cuius venustatem, cetera linimenta de are* *of what weake and infirme subsistence this little-* *denotando strenuitatem, pedes vero de* *world, Man,* was builded. Whence we may collect, what diuine considerations the *Pagans* themselves obserued and vsually applied to rectifie their morall life : where instructions of nature directed them, not onely in the course of humane societie, but euen in principles aboue the reach and pitch of *Nature*, as may appeare in many Philosophicall Axioms, and diuinely inserted sentences in the Workes of *Plato*, *Plutarch*, *Socrates*; and amongst the Latines in the inimitable labours of *Seneca*, *Boetius*, *Tacitus*, and *Plinius Secundus*. Vpon the Morall of this *Statue* of *Agathocles* insists the Author in this *Poeme*, concluding with this vndoubted position : *That as foundations on sand are by euery tempest shaken, so man standing on feete of earth, hath no firmer foundation then mutabilitie to ground on.* *Apotheg.*

THE EMBLEME.

A Gathocles, me thinks I might compare thee,
 (So rare thou art) to some choice statuarie,
 Who doth portray with Pencile he doth take,
 Himselfe to th' image which he's wont to make;
 How artfull thou, and gracefull too by birth,
 A King, yet shewes that thou art made of earth,
 Not glorying in thy greatnesse, but would seeme,
 Made of the same mould other men haue bene!
 A head of gold, as thou art chiefe of men,
 So chiefe of mettalls makes thy Diadem;
 Victorious armes of purest iuorie,
 Which intimates the persons puritie;
 The other liniments compos'd of brasse,
 Imply th' undaunted strength of which thou was;
 But feete of earth, shew th' ground whereon we stand,
 That we're cast downe in turning of a hand.
 Of which, that we might make the better use,
 Me thinks I could dilate the Morall thus.
 Man made of earth, no surer footing can
 Presume vpon, then earth from whence he came,
 Where firmenesse is infirmenesse, and the stay
 On which he builds his strongest hopes, is clay.
 And yet how strangely confident he growes,
 In heauen-confronting boldnesse and in shewes,
 Bearing a Giant's spirit, when in length,
 Height, breadth, and pitch he is of Pigmeis strength.
 Yea I haue knowne a very Dwarfie in sight,
 Conceit himselfe a Pyramis in height,
 Letting so stately, as't were in his power

To mount aloft vnto the airie tower.
 But when Man's proud, I should esteeme't more meete
 Not to presume on's strength, but looke on's feete:
 Which nature (we obserue) hath taught the * Swan,
 And ought in reason to be done in Man.
 Weake are foundations that are rer'd on sand,
 And on as weake grounds may we seeme to stand,
 Both subiect to be ruin'd, split and raz'd,
 One billow shakes the first, one grieve the last.
 Whence then or how subsists this earthly frame,
 That merits in it selfe no other name,
 Then * shell of base corruption! it's not brasse,
 Marble, or iuory, which when times passe,
 And our expired fates surceasse to be,
 Reserue in them our liuing memorie.
 No, no, this mettall is not of that prooffe,
 We line as those vnder a shaking rooffe,
 Where euery moment makes apparent show,
 For want of props of finall ouerthrow.
 Thus then, me thinkes you may (if so you please)
 Apply this Statue of Agathocles;
 As he compos'd his royall Head of gold,
 The pur'st of mettals, you are thereby told,
 That th'Head whence reason and right iudgement
 Should not be pesterd with inferior things; (springs,
 And as his actiue sinnewes, armes are said,
 To shew their purenesse, to be iuored,
 Like Pelops milke-white shoulders; we are giuen
 To vnderstand, our armes should be to heauen,
 As to their proper orbe enlarg'd, that we
 Might there be made the Saints of puritie;
 By rest of th'parts which were compos'd of brasse,

* In cuius atrio-
 res pedes lumē
 non citius figi-
 tur, quam in se-
 ipso statim de-
 ijcitur. Vid. Plin.
 in nat. Hist.
 Elian. ibid.
 Sambuc. in Em-
 blem. Alciat.
 ibid.

* O quam con-
 tempta res est
 homo, nisi supra
 humana se ex-
 tenderit!

(Being of bigger bone then others was)
*We may collect, men made of selfe-same clay,
 May in their strength do more then others may,
 Lastly on earth, as men subsistence haue,
 Their earthly * feete do hasten to their graue.*

* *Pes in terris,
 mens sit in cœ-
 lis.*



A short Satyre of a corrupt Lawyer.

THE XIII. SATYRE.

Naso Iuridicus. **N**Also is sicke of late, but how canst tell?
 He hath a swelling in his throate I feare;
 I iudg'd as much, me thought He spake not well,
 In his poore clients cause: nay more I heare,
 His tumour's growne so dang'rous, as some say,
 He was absolued but the t'other day.

*And what confest He? not a sinne I trow,
 Those He reserv'd within a leatherne bag,
 And that's his conscience; did He mercy show
 Unto the poore? not one old rotten rag
 Would he affoord them, or with teares bemoane them,
 Saying, that — forma pauperis had undone them.*

*Did He not wish to be dissolu'd from hence?
 No, when you talk'd of finall Dissolution,*

He

He with a sea of teares his face would drench,
 Wishing He might but make another motion,
 And He would be dissolu'd when He had done:
 But His forg'd motion each tearme day begun.

Had He some matter laid upon his heart?
 Abundance of corruption, foule infection.
 Did He no secret treasure there impart?
 Nought but a boxe containing his complexion.
 What was it Sir, some precious oyle of grace?
 No, but an oyle to smere his brazen face.

Oleum gratia
 brazer.

I haue heard much of his attractiue nose,
 How He could draw white Riols with his breath;
 It's true indeed, and therefore did He choose
 To drinke Aurum potabile at his death,
 Nor car'd He greatly if He were to lose
 His soule, so that He might enioy his nose.

Aurū palpabile
 & aurum pota-
 bile; Aurum ob-
 rizum & aurum
 adulterinum.

It was a wonder in his greatest paine,
 How He should haue remorse; for well I know,
 In his successiue fortunes nought could straine
 His hardned conscience, which He would not do
 For hope of gaine, so as in time no sinne
 So great, but grew familiar with him.

O Sir, the many fees He had receiu'd, (him,
 And hood winck'd bribes which at his death oppress
 The forged deeds his wicked braine contrin'd,
 And that blacke buckram bag which did arrest him,
 Commencing suite in one, surcharg'd Him so,
 That He was plung'd into a gulph of wo.

*O what a smoke of powder there appeared
At the dissolving of his vglie soule;
All that were present there to see Him feared,
His case vncas'd did show so grim, so soule:
Yet there were some had hope He would do well,
Make but one motion, and come out of hell.*

*But others fear'd that motion would be long,
If it should answer motions He made here:
Besides, that place of motions is so throng,
That one will scarce haue end a thousand yeare.
Then Naso fare thee well, for I do see,
Earth sends to hell thy mittimus with thee.*



Two short moderne Satyres.

*In Ambulantem. } Pseudophilia,
Hypocritam. }*

A *Walking Hypocrite there was, whose pace,
Trunkhose, small ruffe, diminutiuie in forme,
Shew'd to each man He was the child of grace,
Such were the vertues did his life adorne;
Nought could He heare that did of lightnesse come,
But He would stop his eares, or leane the roome.*

*Discourse (thus would He say) of things deuine,
Soyle not your soules with such lasciuiousnesse:*

Your

*Your vessels should with precious vertues shine,
As lamps of grace and lights of godlinesse;
But lasse for wo, sin's such a fruitfull weed,
Still as one dies another doth succeed.*

*Here one doth beate his braine' bont practises,
There is another plotting wickednesse;
O how long Lord wilt thou blindfold their eyes,
In suffering them to worke vnrighteousnesse?
Well, I will pray for them, and Syons peace,
The prayers of Saints can no way chuse but please*

*Thus did this mirror of deuotion walke,
Inspir'd it seem'd with some Angelicke gift,
So holy was his life, so pure his talke,
As if the spirit of zeale had Ely left,
And lodg'd within his breast, it could not be,
Fuller of godly feruor then was He,*

*But see what end these false pretences haue,
Where zeale is made a cloke to couer sinne,
This whited wall to th'eye so seeming graue,
Like varnish'd tombes had nought but filth within,
For though of zeale He made a formall show,
In Fortune Alley was his Rendenow.*

*There He repos'd, there He his solace tooke,
Shrin'd neare his Saint, his female-puritan,
In place so priuate as no eye could looke,
To what they did, to manifest their shame;
But see heauens will, those eyes they least suspected,
First ey'd their shame, whereby they were detected.*

Thus

*Thus did his speech and practise disagree
 In one exemplar, formall, regular,
 In th'other loose through carnall libertie,
 Which two when they do meete, so different are,
 As there's no discord worse in any song,
 Then twixt a hollow heart and holy tongue.*

*For He that doth pretend, and think't enough,
 To make a shew of what He least intends,
 Shall ere the period of his dayes run through,
 Besbrew himselfe for his mischieuous ends;
 For he that is not good, but would be thought,
 Is worse by odds then thus plaine dealing nought.*



In Drusum meretricium Adiutorem. } *Poligonia.*

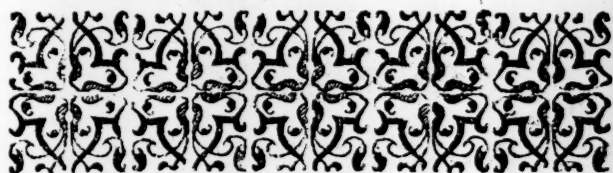
D*Rusus, what makes thee take no trade in hand,
 But like Hermaphrodite, halfe man halfe womā
 Pandors thy selfe, and stands at whoores command,
 To play the bolt for euery Haxter common?
 Spend not thy houres with whoores, lest thou confesse,
 There is no life to thy obduratenesse.*

*Obdurate villaine hard'ned in ill,
 That takes delight in seeing Nature naked,
 Whose pleasure drawne from selfe-licentious will,
 Makes thee of God, of men, and all forsaked;*

Shame

*Shame is thy chaine, thy fetters linkes of sinne,
Whence to escape is hard, being once lock'd in.*

*What newes from Babell, where that purple whoore,
With seared marrow charmes deluded man,
So lull'd a sleepe, as He forgets heauens power,
And serues that hireling-Neapolitan?
I'll tell thee Drusus, sad and heauie newes,
Death vnto Drusus while he hants the stewes.*



An Admonition to the Reader vpon the precedent Satyres.

V*V**Ho will not be reprov'd, it's to be fear'd,
Scornes to amend, or to redeeme the time;
For spotlesse Vertue neuer there appear'd,
Where true Humility, that fruifull vine
Hath no plantation, for it cannot be,
Grace should haue growth but by Humilitie.*

*Let each man then into his errors looke,
And with a free acknowledgement confesse;
That there are more Errataes in his booke,
Then th'crabbedst Satyre can in lines expresse:
For this will better Him, and make Him grow
In grace with Vertue, whom He knowes not now.*

These

*These my unpolisht Satyres I commend,
To thy protection, not that I do feare
Thy censure otherwise then as a friend,
For I am secure of censure I may sweare,
But for forme sake : if shou't accept them do,
If not, I care not how the world go.*

Thine if thine owne,

Musophilus.

Silentio culpa crescit.

THE

THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

*Too true poore shepheards do this Proverbe find,
No sooner out of sight then out of mind.*



LONDON,
Printed for Richard Whitaker.

1 6 2 1.

THE
SHEPHERD
AND
THE
LAMB

By
J. H. ...
...



FOR
THE
LIBRARY OF THE
...



TO MY VVORTHIE
AND AFFECTIONATE
KINSMAN RICHARD HUTTON
Esquire, Sonne and Heire to the much honou-
red and sincere dispenser of judgement,
Sir RICHARD HUTTON Sergcant at
Law, and one of the *Judges* of the
Common Pleas:

The fruition of his selectest wishes.



*O sit secure and in a safe repose,
To view the crosse occurrences of those
Who are on Sea; or in a silent shade,
To eye the state of such as are decay'd;
Or neere some siluer Rill or Beechy Grove,
To reade how Starre-crost louers lost their lone,
Is best of humane blessings, and this best
Is in your worthy selfe (Deere Cuz) exprest,
Who by your fathers vertues and your owne
Are truly lov'd, wheresoeuer you are knowne:
In State secure, rich in a faithfull make,
And rich in all that may secure your State.
Now in these dayes of yours, these Halcion daies,
Where you enioy all ioy, peruse these layes,*

A

That

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

*That you who liu'd to loue, liue where you loue,
May reade what you nere felt, nor ere did proue;
Poore Swainlins crost where they affected most,
And crost in that which made them euer crost.
Receiue this Poem, Sir, for as I liue,
Had I ought better, I would better giue.*

RICH: BRATHVVAIT.



THE
SHEPHEARDS
TALES.

THE FIRST PART.

The Argument.



Echnis complains,
And labours to display
Th'uniust distaste
Of Amarillida.

The second Argument.



Ere relates this forlorne Swaine
How he woo'd, but woo'd in vaine,
Her whose beautie did surpasse
Shape of any Country Lasse,
Made more to delight the bed,
Than to see her Lambkins fed;
Yet poore Shepheard see his fate,
Loue shee vow'd, is chang'd to hate;

For being icalous of his loue,
 Shee her fancie doth remoue,
 Planting it vpon a Groome,
 Who by *Cupids* blindest doome
 Is preferd vnto those ioyes,
 Which were nere ordain'd for Boyes:
 On whose face nere yet appear'd
 Downie shew of manly beard.
 Hauing thus drunke sorrows cup,
 First, he shewes his bringing vp,
 What those *Arts* were he profess,
 Which in homely style exprest,
 He descends vnto the Swaine
 Whom he sought by loue to gaine;
 But preuented of his ayme,
 Her he shewes, but hides her shame.

THE
 SHEPHERDS TALES.

The shepheards.

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.

Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Technis tale.



Hy now I see these Plaines some good af-
 for'd,
 When Shpherds will be masters of their
 word.

Dory. Yes, Technis yes, we see it now & then
 That they'le keep touch as well as greater men,
 Who can protest and take a solemn vow
 To doe farre more then they intend to doe.

Dym.

'SHEPHEARDS TALES. 3

Dym. Stay Dorycles, *we thinkeſt thou goeſt too farre,
Letſ talke of Shepheards, as we Shepheards are :*

*For why ſhould we theſe Great mens errors note,
But learne vnto our Cloth to cut our coat.*

Sapp. Dymnus, 'tis true ; *we came not to diſplay
Great mens abuſes, but to paſſe away
The time in Tales, wherein we may relate
By one and one our bleſt or wretched ſtate.*

Cor. Indeed friend Dymnus therefore came we hither,
To ſhew our Fortune and diſtreſſe together.

Lin. Proceede then Technis, you'r the'eldeſt Swaine
That now feeds Flocks vpon this fruitfull Plaine :
*So as your age, what ſeuer we alledge,
Doth well deſerne that proper priuiledge.*

Tech. *As to begin ;*

Lin. *So Technis doe I meane.*

Tech. Thanks Shepherds heartily, that you will daine
*A hapleſſe Swaine ſuch grace ; which to requite,
Ile mix my dolefull Storie with delight,
That while yee weepe for grieſe, I may allay
Your diſcontent, and wipe your teares away.*

Dory. On Technis on, and weelee attention lend,
And wiſh thy loue may haue a happie end.

Dym. Which ſhowne, each ſhall reply, and make expreſt
When all is done, whoſe fate's the heanieſt.

Tech. Attend then Shepheards, now I doe begin,
*Shewing you firſt where I had nurturing,
Which to vnfold the better, I will chuſe
No other words then home-ſpun Heardſmen uſe.
Firſt then, becauſe ſome Shepheards may ſuppoſe
By meere conjecture, I am one of thoſe
Who had my breeding on this flowrie Plaine,*

4 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*I must confesse that they are much mista'ne,
 For if I would, I could strange stories tell
 Of Platoes and of Aristotles Well,
 From whence I drain'd such drops of diuine wit,
 As all our Swaines could hardly diue to it :*
 Dor. *Indeed I've heard much of thee in thy youth.*
 Tech. *Yes Dorycles, I say no more than truth.
 A Prentiship did I in Athens liue,
 Not without hope but I might after giue
 Content and comfort where I should remaine,
 And little thought I then to be a Swaine :*
 For I may say to you, I then did seeme
 One of no small or popular esteeme,
 But of consort with such, whose height of place
 Aduanced me, because I had their grace :
 Though now, since I my Lambkins gan to feede,
 Clad in my russet coat and countrey weede,
 Those broad-spred Cedars scarce afford a nest
 Upon their shadie Boughes, where I may rest.

Sapp. *It seemes, they're great men Technis.*
 Tech. *So they are,
 And for inferiour groundlins, little care.
 But may they flourish ; thus much I am sure,
 Though Shrubs be not so high, they're more secure.*

Lin. *High states indeed are subiect to decline.*
 Tech. *Yes Linus yes, in this corrupted time
 We may obserue by due experience
 That where a Person has preeminence,
 He so transported growes, as he will checke
 Ioue in his Throne, till Pride has broke his necke,
 Whereas so vertuous were precedent times,
 As they were free not only from the crimes*

SHEPHERDS TALES.

5

To which this age's exposed, but did line
As men which scorn'd Ambition,

Dymn. *Now I dine*

*Into thy meaning Technis; thou dost grieve
That those who once endear'd thee, now should leave
Thy fellowship.*

Tech. *Nay Dymnus I protest
I neuer credited what they profess;
For should I griene to see a surly Lout,
Who for obseruance casts his eye about;
In nothing meriting, (saue only He
Is rich in acres, to disvalue me?*

Dory. No Technis no, th' art of a higher spirit
Than these inferiour Gnats, whose only merit
Consists in what they haue, not what they are.

Tech. No Dorycles, for these I little care,
Nor ever did: though some there be that feed
On such mens breath.

Dymn. *Good Technis now proceed.*

Tech. Having thus long continued, as I said,
And by my long continuance Graduate made,
I tooke more true delight in being there,
Than ever since in Court or Country ayre.

Sapph. *Indeed minds freedome best contenteth men.*

Tech. *And such a freedom I enjoyed then,
As in those Beechie shades of Hesperie,
I planted then my sole felicitie.*

*So as howse ere some of our rurall Swaines
Prerogative aboue all others claimes, (ought,
That they haue nought, want nought, nor care for
Because their minde unfurnisht is of nought
That may accomplish man : I could auerre,*

6 *SHEPHEARDS TALES.*

*(How fere I doubt these in opinion erre)
That in my breast was treasured more blisse,
Then euer sensuall man could yet possesse.
For my delights were princely, and not vaine,
Where height of knowledge was my only ayme,
Whose happy purchase might enrich me more,
Then all this trash which worldly men adore.
So as if Pan were not the same he is,
He'de wish himselfe but to enioy my blisse,
Whose choice content afford me so great power,
As I might vye with greatest Emperour.
Coryd. It seemes thy state was happie;
Tech. So it was,
And did my present state so farre surpasse,
As th' high top'd Cedar cannot beare more snow
About the lowest Mushroom that doth grow,
Or more exceed in glory, than that time
Outstripp'd this present happinesse of mine.
For tell me Shepheards, what's esteem'd 'mongst men
The greatest ioy, which I enioy'd not then!
For is there comfort in retired life?
I did possesse a life exempt from strife,
Free from litigious clamour, or report
Sprung from commencement of a tedious Court.
Is contemplation sweete, or conference,
Or ripe conceits? why therè's an influence,
Drawne from Minerva's braine, where euery wit
Transcends conceit, and seemes to ravish it.
Is it delightfull Shepheards to repose,
And all-alone to reade of others woes?
Why there in Tragick Stories might we spend
Whole houres in choice discourses to a friend.*

And

*And reason of Occurrents to and fro,
 And why this thing or that did happen so.
 Might it content man, to allay the load
 Of a distemperd minde to walke abroad,
 That he might moderate the thought of care
 By choice acquaintance, or by change of ayre?
 What noble consorts might you quickly finde
 To share in sorrow with a troubled minde?
 What cheerfull Groves, what silent murmuring springs,
 Delicious walkes, and ayrie warblings,
 Fresh flowrie Pastures, Gardens which might please
 The senses more then did th' Hesperides,
 Greene shadie Arbours, curled streames which flow,
 On whose pure Margins shadie Beeches grow,
 Myrtle-perfumed Plaines, on whose rer'd tops
 The merry Thrush and Black-bird nimbly hops
 And carols sings, so as the passers by
 Would deeme the Birds infus'd with poesie?
 Sapp. Sure Technis this was earthly Paradise.
 Tech. Sapphus it was; for what can Swaine deuise
 To tender all delight to eye or eare,
 Taste, Smell, or Touch which was not frequent there?
 Besides;*

Lin. What could be more, pray Technis say?

Tech. We had more ioyes to passe the time away.

Dory. What might they be good Technis?

Tech. 'Las I know

They'r such as Shepheards cannot reach unto.

Dym. Yet let vs heare them.

Tech. So I meane you shall,

And they were such as we internall call.

Cor. Internall, Technis, what is meant by that?

Tech.

8 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Tech. *Infernall, no; thou speakst thou knowst not what:
I meane internall gifts which farre surmount
All these externall bounties in account:
For by these blessings we shall euer finde
Rich Treasures stored in a knowing minde,
Whose glorious inside is a thousand fold
More precious than her Case though cloath'd in gold
And all Habilliments: for by this light
Of Understanding, we discerne whats right
From crooked error, and are truly said
To vnderstand by this, why we were made.*
Sapp. *Why, we nerethought of this.*

Lin. *Nay, I may sweare
I haue liu'd on this Downe, this twentic yeare,
And that was my least care.*

Corid. *Linus, I vow
To feed our Sheepe, was all that we need doe
I euer thought.*

Dory. *So Coridon did I.*

Dymn. *The cause of this, good Technis, now descrie.*

Tech. *Heardsmen I will; with purpose to relate,
Lest my Discourse should be too intricate,
In brieft, (for length makes Memorie to faile)
The substance of your wishes in a Tale.*

*Within that pitchie and Cymmerian clyme,
Certaine Inhabitants dwelt on a time,
Who long had in those sodie Mountaines won,
Yet neuer saw a glimpse of Sunne or Moon.
Yet see what custome is, though they were pent
From sight of Sunne or Moone they were content,
Sporting themselves in vaults and arched canes,
Not so like dwelling Houses, as like graues.*

Nor

Nor were these men seene ere so farre to roame
 At any time as halfe a mile from home;
 For if they had, as th' Historie doth say,
 They had beene sure right soone to lose their way:
 For darke and mistie were those dreerie canes
 Where they repos'd, so that the wretchedst slaves
 Could not exposed be to more restraint,
 Than these poore snakes in th' ragged Mountaines pent;
 And thus they lin'd.

Lin. But never lon'd.

Tech. To tell

Their lones I will not: but it thus befell,
 That a great Prince, who to encrease his fame
 Had conquer'd many Countries, thither came.

Sapp. For what good Technis?

Tech. Only to suruey it.

Corid. Why sure he had some Torch-light to display it,
 For th' Coast you say was darke.

Tech. And so it was;

But yet attend me how it came to passe:

By meanes he vs'd, hauing this coast suruei'd,
 With all perswasive reasons he assaid,

Partly by faire meanes to induce them to it,

Sometimes by threats, when he was forc't unto it,

That they would leaue that forlorne place, and giue
 Way to perswasion, and resolute to liue

Neere some more cheerefull Border, which in time

They gaue consent to, and forsooke their Clime.

But see the strength of Habit, when they came

To see the light they hid themselves for shame,

Their eyes grew dazzled, and they did not know,

Where to retire or to what place to goe:

Yet

Yet was the Region pleasant, full of groves,
 Where th' airy Quiristers expresse their lones
 One to another, and with Melodie
 Cheer'd and refresh'd Siluanus Emperie.
 The warbling Goldfinch on the dangling spray,
 Sent out harmonious Musicke euery day;
 The prettie speckled Violet on the Banke
 With Pinke and Rose-bud placed in their ranke;
 Where chafed Violets did so fresh appeare,
 As they foretold the Spring-time now drew neare;
 Whose borders were with various colours dy'd,
 And Prim-rose banks with odours beautifi'd;
 Where Cornell trees were planted in great store,
 Whose checkerd berries beautifi'd the shore.
 Besides, such gorgeous buildings as no eye
 Could take a view of fuller Maiestie;
 Whose curious pillers made of Porphyrite
 Smooth to the touch, and specious to the sight,
 Sent from their hollow Cell a crispling breath,
 Arched aboue and vaulted underneath.
 Yet could not all these choyce varieties
 (Which might haue giuen content to choicer eyes)
 Satisfie these Cimmerians, for their ayme
 Was to retorne vnto their Canes againe,
 And so they did: for when the Prince percein'd
 How hard it was from error to be reau'd,
 Where ignorance discerns not what is good,
 Because it is not rightly understood;
 Hee sent them home againe, where they remain'd
 From comfort of Societie restrain'd.
 Dym. Apply this Tale, my Technis;
 Tech. Heare me then.

SHEPHERDS TALES. 11

*You may be well compar'd unto these men,
Who ignorant of knowledge, doe esteeme
More of your Flocks, how they may fruitfull seeme,
Then of that part, whereby you may be sed
From sauage beasts to be distinguished.*

Dory. *Technis you are too bitter ;*

Tech. *Not awhit,*

*Shepheards should tell a Shopheard what is fit:
Though I confesse that Heardsmen merit praise,
When they take care vpon the Flockes they graze.*

Yet to recount those Swaines of elder time,

How some were rapt with Sciences diuine,

Others adorn'd with Art of Poesie,

Others to reason of Astrologie ;

Swaines of this time might think't a very shame,

To be so bold as to retaine the name

Of iolly Heardsmen, when they want the worth (forth.

Of those braue Swaines which former times brought

Corid. Why, what could they ?

Tech. *Endorse their Names in trees,*

And write such amorous Poems as might please

Their deereſt lones.

Dym. *Why Technis what was this,*

Can we not please our lones more with a kiſſe ?

Dory. *Yes Dymnus, thou know'st that ;*

Dym. *Perchance I doe,*

For Dymnus knowes no other way to wooe.

But pray thee Technis let vs ſay no more,

But hie thee now to where thou left before.

Tech. *I'me eaſily entreated ; draw then neere,*

And as I lend a tongue, lend you an eare.

Hauiug long liued in Minerua's Grone,

My life became an Embleme of pure loue.

Dym. Of Lone my Technis, pray thee say to whom?
 Tech. As thou mean'st Dymnus, I did fancie none:
 No; my affection soared higher farre,
 Than on such toyes as now affected are:
 I doated not on Beautie, nor did take
 My aime at faire, but did obseruance make,
 How humane things be shar'd by diuine power,
 Where fickle faith scarce constant rests one houre;
 How highest states were subiect' st to decline;
 How nought on Earth but subiect vnto Time;
 How vice though clad in purple was but vice;
 How vertue clad in rags was still in price;
 How Common-weales in peace should make for warre;
 How Honour crownes such as deserving are.
 Dory. And yet we see such as deserved most,
 What ere the cause be, are the oftest crost.
 Tech. Ile not denie it (Swaine) and yet attend,
 For all their crosse occurrents, but their end,
 And thou shalt see the fawning Sycophant
 Die in disgrace, and leaue his Heire in want:
 While th'honest and deserving Statesman giues
 Life to his Name and in his dying liues.
 This I obseru'd and many things beside,
 Whilst I in famous Athens did abide;
 But 'lasse whilst I secure from thought of care,
 With choiseft consorts did delight me there,
 Free from the tongue of rumor or of strife,
 I was to take me to another life.
 Lin. To what good Technis?
 Tech. To haue Harpies clawes;
 To take my fee and then neglect the cause.
 Sapp. A Lawier Technis!

Tech.

Tech. So my father said,
 Who as he had commanded, I obey'd.
 But iudge now Shepheards, could I chuse to grieve,
 When I must leaue, what I was forc'd to leaue,
 Those sweet delightfull Arts, with which my youth
 Was first inform'd, and now attain'd such growth,
 As I did reape more happy comfort thence
 In one short houre than many Twelue-months since?
 Corid. This was a hard command.

Tech. Yet was it fit
 I should respect his loue imposed it.
 For ne're had Father shorne vnto his sonne
 More tender loue than he to me had done:
 So as his will was still to me a law,
 Which I obserued more for loue than awe,
 For in that childe few seeds of grace appeare,
 Whom loue doth lesse induce than thought of feare.
 Hauing now tane my leaue of all the Muses,
 I made me fit as other Students vses,
 To waine my minde, and to withdraw my sight
 From all such studies gaue me once delight:
 And to inure me better to discerne
 Such rudiments as I desir'd to learne,
 I went to Iohn a Styles, and Iohn an Okes,
 And many other Law-baptized folkes,
 Whereby I set the practise of the Law
 At as light count as turning of a straw,
 For straight I found how Iohn a Styles did state it,
 But I was ouer Style ere I came at it;
 For hauing thought (so easie was the way)
 That one might be a Lawyer the first day:
 I after found the further that I went,

14 SHEPHEARDS TALES.

*The further was I from my Element :
Yet forasmuch as I esteem'd it vaine,
To purchase law still from anothers braine,
I stroue to get some law at any rate,
At least so much as might concerne my state.*

Lin. *I am more sorie for it.*

Tech. *Linus why?*

Lin. *Because I feare me thou wilt haue an eye
More to thy prinate profit, than deuise
How to attone such quarrels as arise.*

Dym. *Technis is none of those.*

Tech. *No, credit me,
Though I me resolued many such there be
Who can dispende with fees on either part,
Which I haue euer scorned with my heart ;
For this shall be my practice, to assay
Without a fee to doe you th' good I may.*

Corid. *Technis enough.*

Tech. *Hauiug thus long applide
The streame of Law, my aged father did,
Whose vertues to relate I shall not neede,
For you all knew him;*

Doric. *So we did indeed :*

A Patron of all Iustice, doe him right.

Sap. *Nor was there Art wherein he had no sight.*

Dym. *Yet was he humble ;*

Lin. *And in that more blest.*

Corid. *He liues though seeming dead;*

Tech. *So let him rest.*

*Hauiug lost him whose life supported me,
You may imagine Shepheards, what might be
My hard succeeding fate : downe must I goe*

To know if this report were true or no.
Which I did finde too true, for he was dead,
And had enioyn'd me Guardians in his stead
To sway my untraind youth.

Dym. And what were they?

Tech. Such men as I had reason to obey:
For their aduice was euer for my good,
If my greene yeeres so much had understood:
But I pufte up with thought of my demaines,
Gauē way to Folly, and did slacke my raines
Of long restraint;

Dory. 'Las Technis, then I see
What in the end was like to fall on thee.

Tech. O Dorycles if thou hadst knowne my state,
Thou wouldst haue pitied it!

Corid. Nay rather hate

Thy youthfull riot.

Tech. Thou speakes well vnto't,
For the Blacke Oxe had nere trod on my foot:
I had my former studies in despight,
And in the vaineſt comforts tooke delight.
Which much incens'd such as affection bare
To my esteeme: but little did I care
For the instruction of my graue Protectors
Who neuer left me, but like wise directors
Consulted how to rectifie my state,
And some aduised this, and others that,
For neuer any could more faithfull be
In sincere trust, than they were vnto me.
At last, one to compose and end the strife,
Thought it the fitt'st that I should take a wife.
Corid. Yea, now it workes.

16 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Lin. Stay till he come unto't ;

Sap. And then I know he will goe roundly to't.

Tech. Nay iest not on me, but awhile forbear,
And you the issue of my lone shall heare.

Having at last concluded, as I said,

With ioynt consent I should be married,

One 'mongst the rest did freely undertake

This private motion to my selfe to make ;

Which I gaue eare to : wishing too that he
would me informe where this my Wife should be.

Dym. As it was fit.

Cor. Who was it thou shouldst ha?

Tech. He tell thee Boy, 'twas Amarillida.

Cor. Lycas faire daughter !

Tech. Yes, the very same.

Dory. She was a wench indeed of worthie fame ;

Tech. As ere fed Lambkins on this flowrie Downe :

Whom many sought and sude to make their owne,

But she affected so a virgin life,

As she did scorne to be Amyntas wife.

Dym. Is't possible ?

Tech. Yes Dymnus I doe know

Some tokens of affection twixt them two,

Which if thou heard, right soone wouldst thou confesse,

More unsaind loue no Heardsman could expresse :

But to omit the rest, I meane to show

The time and tide when I began to woo.

Vpon that * Day (sad day and heavy fate)

When euery Bird is said to chuse her mate,

Did I repaire unto that fairest faire,

That euer lon'd, or lin'd, or breath'd on aire,

And her I woo'd, but she was so demure,

* S. Valen-
tines day ;
on which
Birds are
said to
chuse their
Mates, with
whom
they re-
pose and
partake in
mutuall
ioyes.

*So modest bashfull, and so maiden pure;
As at the first, nor at the second time
She would ~~no~~ eare to sound of loue incline.*

*Cor. But this (I'm sure) would be no meanes to draw
Thy loues assault from Amarillida.*

*Tech. No Coridon, for then I should not seeme
Worthy so rare a Nymph as she had beene.*

*But I did finde that female foes would yeeld,
Though their relemisse breasts at first were steeld:
Continuall drops will pierce the hardest stone.*

Sap. Did Technis finde her such a stony one?

*Tech. Sappho I did: yet though she oft had vowd
A vestall life, and had my suit withstood,
I found her of a better minde next day,
For she had throwne her vestall weed away.*

Lin. Thrice happy Shepheard!

*Tech. Linus, say not so;
If it be happinesse to end in woe,
Thou mightst enstyle me happy;*

*Dory. Was not she
Fully resolved now to marry thee?*

*Tech. Yes Dorycles: but when she had consented,
Heare by what strange mischance I was preuented!*

*Vpon a time a Summering there was,
Where enery lively Lad tooke in his Lasse
To dance his Measure, and amongst the rest
I tooke me one as frolike as the best.*

Dym. What was she man?

*Tech. A Matron full of zeale,
But pardon me, I must her name conceale.*

Lin. It was Alburna I durst pawne my life.

Tech. *I must confesse it was the Parsons wife,
A lusty Trolops I may say to you,
And one could foot it gine the wench her due.*

Lin. *Yea marry Sir, there was a Lasse indeed
Knew how she should about a Maypole tread.*

Tech. *And I may say, if Linus had beene there,
He would haue said, we euenly matched were:
For I may say at that day there was none
At any active game could put me downe.
And for a dance;*

Sap. *As light as any fether,
For thou didst winne the Leggethree yeeres together.*

Tech. *And many said that it great pittie was
That such a Parson had not such a Lasse:
So as indeed all did conclude and say,
That we deseru'd the Pricke and prize that day.
But hauing now our May-games wholly plaid,
Danc'd till we wearie were, and Piper paid:
Each tooke his wench he danc'd with on the Downe,
Meaning to giue her curt'sie of the Towne.*

Sim. *What curt'sie Technis?*

Tech. *As our Shepheards vse,
Which they in modestie cannot refuse:
And this we did, and thus we parted then,
Men from their women, women from their men.*

Dory. *But didst nere after with Alburnameet?*

Tech. *Yes, on a time I met her in the street,
Who after kinde salutes inuited me
Unto her house, which in ciuilitie
I could not well deny;*

Dym. *True Technis true.*

Tech.

Tech. *And she receiv'd me, gine the wench her due,
With such a free and gracefull entertaine,
As did exceed th' expectance of a Swaine.*

Dory. *She had some reason for 't;*

Tech. *None I may sweare,
Sane that she ioyed much to see me there.*

Dory. *Yet did;*

Tech. *Did eat, did drinke, and merry make,
For no delight sane these did Technistake.*

*For I may say to you if so I had,
My lucke to Horſe-fleſh had not beene ſo bad,
As by ſome yeeres experience I haue found;*

*So as of your ſuſpicion there's no ground:
But if I had, no fate could be more hard
Than that which I ſuſtained afterward.*

Corid. *Relate it Technis.*

Tech. *To my grieve I will,
Hauing done this without leaſt thought of ill,
This (as report doth new additions draw)*

Came to the eare of Amarillida:

Who is alous of my loue (as women are)

Thought that Alburna had no little ſhare

In my affection, which I may proteſt

Was nere as much as meant, much leſſe expreſt.

Sap. *Alas good Shepheard.*

Tech. *So as from that day*

I found her fancy falling ſtill away,

For to what place ſoener I did come,

She ſain'd excuſe to leaue me and the roome.

Lin. *Yet ſhe nere fix'd her loue on any one.*

Tech. *Yes Linus, elſe what cauſe had I to mone?*

Some few moneths after did ſhe take a Mate,

*I must confesse of infinite estate ;
 Yet in my minde (nor doe I speake't in spight)
 He's one can giue a woman small delight,
 For he's a very Erwig.*

Lin. What is he ?

Tech. Petreius sonne ;

Lin. The map of miserie.

*Tech. Yet thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil worme
 When he encounters me, redarts a scorne
 On my contemned loue :*

*Dym. All this doth show,
 That he resolves to triumph in thy woe ;
 But how stands shee affected ?*

*Tech. 'Las for grieve,
 Shee is so farre from yeelding me reliefe,
 As shee in publique meetings ha's assaid
 To glory in the trickes which shee hath plaid.*

Dory. O matchlesse insolence !

*Tech. Yet shall my blisse
 In wanting her, be charactred in this ;
 " Hauing lost all that ere thy labour gain'd,
 " Be sure to keepe thy precious name unstain'd.*

Corid. A good resolue.

*Tech. Yet must I neuer leaue
 While I doe liue, but I must liue to griene :
 For I perswade me, there was neuer Swaine
 Was recompenc'd with more vniust disdain.*

Dym. Indeed thou well mightst griene.

*Dory. Yet shali't appeare,
 I haue more cause, if you my Tale will heare :
 For nere was story mixed with more ruth,
 Or grounded on more Arguments of truth.*

Corid.

Corid. *Let's haue it Dorycles;*
 Dory. *With all my heart,*
And plainly too; grieve hates all words of art.



The Argument.

Dorycles loues Bellina;
 Who esteemes
 As well of him,
 But proues not same she seemes.

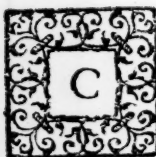
The second Argument.

Dorycles a youthfull Swaine,
 Seekes Bellina's loue to gaine:
 Who, so euen doth fancy strike,
 Tenders Dorycles the like.
 Yet obserue how women be
 Subiect to inconstancie!
 Shee in absence of her loue,
 Her affection doth remoue,
 Planting it vpon a Swad,
 That no wit nor breeding had.

Whom she honours ; but in time
Dorycles seemes to diuine,
 Since her loue is stain'd with sin,
 She'le ere long dishonour him ;
 For who once hath broke her vow,
 Will infringe 't to others too.
 In the end he doth expresse
 His disdainfull Shepherdesse :
 Who, when she had iniured
 Him and his, and cancelled
 That same sacred secret oath,
 Firmely tendred by them both ;
 She a Willow-garland sends
 For to make her Swaine amends,
 Which he weares, and vowes till death
 He will weare that forlorne wreath.
 With protests of lesse delight
 In her *Loue*, than in her *Spight*.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Dorycles tale.



Come Shepherds come, and heare the wo-
 fulst Swaine
 That euer lin'd, or lou'd on western plaine:
 Whose heauy fate all others doth surpasse
 That ere you heard ;

Dym. Say Heardsmen what it was.

Dory. I must and will, though *Dymnus* I confesse,
 I'm very loth my folly to expresse,
 Whose madding passion though it merit blame,

I will display't.

Tech. To't then: away with shame.

Dory. I lou'd a bonny Lasse as ere lou'd man,

For she a middle had that you might span,

A mouing eye, a nimble mincing foot,

And mannerly she was, for she could lout:

And her I lou'd, and me she held as deare.

Corid. But Dorycles where lin'd she?

Dory. Very neare:

Knowst thou not Polychrestus?

Corid. Who, the Swaine

That with his sheepe doth couer all our Plaine?

Dory. It seemes thou knowst him Coridon;

Corid. I doe:

And seuen yeeres since I knew his Daughter too.

Dory. Who, faire Bellina?

Corid. Yes, the very same.

Dory. And her I lou'd, nor need I thinke't a shame.

For what might mone affection or imply

Content of loue to any Shepheards eye,

Which she enioy'd not? For if choyce discourse

(As what more mouing than the tongue) had force

To infuse loue, there was no Heardsman neare her

Who was not rauish'd if he chanc'd to heare her;

And for a beauty mix'd with white and red.

Corid. I know't was rare, good Dorycles proceed.

Dory. When I was young, as yet I am not old,

I doted more than now a hundred fold:

For there was not a May-game that could show it

All here about, but I repair'd vnto it,

Yet knew not what loue meant, but was content

To spend the time in harmlesse merriment.

But

But at the last, I plaid so long with fire,
 I cing'd my wings with heat of lones desire.
 And to display my folly how it was
 Without digression, thus it came to passe.
 Downe by yon Vale a Myrtle grone there is,
 (Oh that I nere had seene it, I may wish)
 Where Pan the Shepheards God to whom we pray,
 Solemniz'd had his wanted holiday:
 Whereto resorted many noble Swaines,
 Who flourish yet upon our neighbour Plaines;
 *Mongst which Bellina with a youthfull sort
 Of amorous Nymphs, came to suruey our sport.
 Which I obseruing (see the fault of youth)
 Transported with vain-glory, thought in track
 Shee came a purpose for a sight of me,
 which I with smiles requited lovingly:
 But howsoere, I know Bellina cy'de
 My person more than all the Swaines beside.
 When night was come, unwelcome unto some,
 And each was now to hasten towards home,
 I'mongst the rest of Laddes, did homeward passe,
 And all this time I knew not what Loue was.
 To supper went I and fell to my fare,
 As if of loue I had but little care,
 And after supper went to fire to chat
 Of sundry old-wines tales, as this and that;
 Yet all this while loue had no power of me,
 Nor no command that euer I could see.
 Having thus spent in tales an houre or two,
 Each to his rest (as he thought best) did goe.
 But now when I should take me to my rest,
 That troubled me which I did thinke of least.

Tech. Trouble thee Swaine!

Dory. Yes Technis; and the more,
Because I neuer felt such pangs before.
This way and that way did I tosse and turne,
And freeze and frie, and shake for cold and burne,
So as I wisht a hundred times, that day
Would now approach my passion to allay.
Yet still, (so weake was my distemper'd braine)
I thought Bellina put me to that paine,
Yet knew no cause why shee should vse me so,
Yet thought to aske her if't were shee or no:
So as next day, I purpos'd to repaire
To see if shee could yeeld a cure to care.
But she (poore wench) was split on fancies shelve,
All full of care, yet could not cure her selfe;
So as in brieft we either did impart,
The secret passions of a wounded heart,
Shot by lones shaft, for so't appear'd to be,
Which found, we vow'd a present remedie;
Yet to our friends both shee and I did feane,
As if we neuer had acquainted beene.

Dym. A pretty sleight;

Dory. Though many times and oft,
Plaid we at Barlybroke in Clytus croft.
And thus our lones continued one halfe yeere
Without suspicion, till one neighboring neere,
An equall friend vnto vs both, did make
A motion of our Mariage.

Tech. Did it take?

Dory. Yes Technis yes, so as first day I went,
My friends, to shew that they were well content,
Wish'd that all good sucresse might vsber mee.

Lin. One should haue throwne an old shoo after thee.

Dory. Nay Linus that was done : and now to his
Vnto my Tale, on went my dogge and I,
Poore loaue-eard Curre.

Sapp. Why Dorycles, hadst none
To second thee ?

Dory. Too many (Swaine) by one :
For trowst thou Lad, when I my suit should make
Vnto her friends, my dogge he let a scape.

Sapp. Ill nurtur'd stichell.

Dory. Now yee may suppose
Bellina tooke the Pepper in the nose,
That to her friends when I should breake my minde,
The carrian Cur should at that time breake winde.
So as for halfe an houre I there did show
Like to a senselesse Picture made of dough :
Nor was my dogge lesse 'sham'd, but runs away
With taile betwixt his legs with speed he may.
At last my spirits I did call together,
Showing her friends the cause why I came thither,
Who did accept my motion ; for that day
I was esteem'd a proper Swaine I say,
And one well left.

Cor. We know it Dorycles,
Both for thy wealth and person thou mightst please.

Lin. For good mug-sheepe and cattell, Ile be sworne
None could come neare thee both for haire and horne.

Dory. Yee ouer-value me, but sure I am
I had sufficient for an honest man :

Having thus free accessse to her I lou'd,
Who my affection long before had prou'd
Though she seemd nice, as women often vse,

When

*When what they loue they seemingly refuse,
Not to insist ought longer on the matter,
They deemd me worthy, if they did not flatter,
Of her I su'd; So as without more stay,
Appointed was this solempne Nuptiall day.*

Sapp. Happy appointment;

Dory. Sapphus say not so,

*It rather was the subiect of my woe,
For hauing heard reported for a truth
She formerly had lou'd a dapper youth,
With whom she purpos'd euen in friends despight,
To make a priuate scape one winter night;
I for a while thought to surcease my suit,
Till I heard further of this iealous bruit.*

*Tech. Why didst thou so? Bellina had consented
To loue that youth, before you were acquainted.*

*Dory. Technis 'tis true; But some there were auer'd,
Though I'm resolu'd they in opinion err'd,
That these two were affide one to the other.*

Sapp. What hindred then the match?

Dory. Bellinas mother:

*Who tender of th' aduancement of her childe,
And well perceining Crispus to be wilde,
(For so the youth was named) did withdraw
Bellina from him by imperious awe:
Which done, and he preuented of her daughter,
His Countrey left, he neuer sought her after.*

Tech. I knew that Crispus.

Dory. Then you knew a Lad

*Of seeming presence, but he little had,
And that was cause he grew in disesteeme.*

Sap. Alas that want of meanes should make vs meane.

Dory.

Dory. So did it fare with him ; for to his praise
 (Though with his tongue he wrong'd me many waies,
 But tongues inur'd to tales are nere beleeu'd)
 He had from Nature choicest gifts receay'd,
 Which might haue mou'd loue in a worthy creature.

If that his life had beene unto his feature.
 But promising out-sides like the Panthers skin,
 Though faire without, are oft times foule within ;
 But heauens, I hope, to mercy will receiue him,
 His wrongs to me are buried ; so I leaue him.

Corid. But admit Shepheard they had beene affide,
 Shee might reuolt, it cannot be denide.

Dory. I grant she might ; and I confesse there be
 Some that haue done't are greater farre than we :
 But goodnesse is the marke, not height of state
 That meaner men by right should imitate.

I might produce store of examples here,
 But lest I should be tedious, I forbear,
 What tragick Scenes from breach of faith are bred,
 How it hath caus'd much guiltlesse bloud be shed.

This caus'd me for a time to hold my hand,
 To see how all this businesse would stand,

And that I might my fancie better waine
 From her I lou'd, to Troynouant I came.

Where I implo'd my selfe no little time
 About occasions for a friend of mine :

For I did thinke to be from place remon'd,
 Would make me soone forget the wench I lou'd.

Sap. I rather thinke it would thy loue renew ;

Dory. Sapphus it did ; and farre more rigour shew :

“ For true it is, when louers goe to wooe,

“ Each mile's as long as ten, each houre as two.

“ Whence

" Whence each true lover by experience prone
 " Man is not where he lives, but where he loves.
 For what delight, as all delights were there,
 Could my enthralled minde refresh or cheere,
 Wanting my Loue, whose only sight could show
 More true content than all the world could doe?
 Yet stay'd I still, expecting I should heare,
 How in my absence, she herselfe did beare,
 And whether those same rumours which I heard,
 Were true or false, as I found afterward.

Lin. How went they Dorycles?

Dor. Howso'ere they went

I found Bellina meerely innocent;
 Whence I inferr'd, that many times we wrong them,
 By canselesse laying false aspersions on them:
 For I percein'd she had beene woo'd by many,
 But neuer yet affianc'd unto any.

Coryd. Thrice happie Dorycles!

Dor. Happie indeed,

Till worse euents did afterwaards succeed.

Coryd. What fate?

Dor. Farre worse than ere on Shepheard leight.

Tech. Expressse it Heardsmā;

Dor. So I purpose streight.

Having thus heard all rumours to be vaine,
 I streight resolu'd to returne backe againe
 Into my Countrey: where I found my wench
 The same I left her when I came from thence;
 So as in briebe, so happie was my state,
 I meant my marriage rites to consummate.
 Which that they might be done more solemnly,
 All our young Shepheards in a company,

Address

30 *SHEPHERDS TALES.*

*Address'd themselves to grace that day ; beside
The choicest Damsels to attend the Bride,
For to preuent occasion of delay,
Set downe on both sides was the Mariage day.
Tech. Me thinkes this cannot chuse but happen well ;
Dory. Stay Technis heare, what afterwards befell !
The Euen before that I should maried be,
One came in all haste and acquainted me
How Cacus that vncinill lossell, would
Carry the best Ram that I had to fold,
Wherewith incens'd withouten further stay,
Going to th' fold I met him in the way :
Who of my Ram not onely me denide,
But vs'd me in disgracefull sort beside,
Which I distasting, without more adoe
Reach'd my unnurtur'd Cacus such a blow,
As he in heat of passion aynd his Crooke
Iust at my head to wound me with the stroake :
Which I rewarded, so as by our men
Without more hurt we both were parted then.
But scarce had Phœbus lodged in the West,
Till He, whose fury would not let him rest,
Sent me a challenge stuffed with disgrace,
Length of his Weapon, Second, and the Place.
Dym. Then we must haue a field fought.
Dory. Without stay ;
I met him though it was my mariage day,
Though not on equall termes.
Tech. More fit't had bin
T' encounter'd with Bellina than with him.
Sapp. I would haue thought so Technis ;
Lin. So would hee,*

If

If he had beene resolu'd as he should be.

Dor. Shepheards 'tis true; but now it is too late,
For to exclaime against relentlesse fate,
Whose aduerse hand preuented that delight,
Which louers reape in a blest nuptiall night. (Swaine)

Cor. Thou mightst with credit haue deferr'd it,

Dor. I know it, Corydon: but 'twas my aime
To right my reputation, which did stand
Engag'd, unlesse I met him out a hand,
Which I perform'd, and with my Second too;
To beare me witnesse what I meant to doe.

Dym. And he perform'd the like;

Dor. He vow'd he would,
And so indeed by Law of armes he should,
But I percein'd his recreant spirit such,
To fight on equall termes he thought too much:
Neere to Soranus came there stands a groue,
Which Poets faine was consecrate to Loue,
Though then it seem'd to be transform'd by fate,
From th' groue of Loue, unto the graue of Hate;
There we did meet: where he out of distrust,
Fearing the cause he fought for was not iust,
To second his iniurious act, did bring
A rout of desperate rogues along with him,
Who lurking, kept together till we met,
And so upon aduantage me beset,
As fight or fall, there was no remedie,
Such was the height of Cacus villanie.
Tech. Who euer heard a more perfidious trick?
Dor. 'Tis true; yet though my Second had been sicke,
And much enfeebled in his former strength,
We held them play, till haplesly at length,

C

Through

*Through violence of fury, from himself
His lucklesse weapon.*

Dym. Oh I heare thee tell

A heauy Scene!

Dor. Yes Dymnus hadst thou seene

How our shed bloud purpled the flowrie greene,

What crimson streamlins flow'd from either of vs,

Thou wouldst haue pitied, though thou nere did loue vs:

For hauing fought so long as we had breath,

Breathlesse we lay as Images of death,

Bereft of sense or Motion.

Sap. 'Las for woe,

Any true Heardsman should be vsed so.

Cor. What boundlesse sorrowes were ye plunged in!

Dor. Tis true; and worser farre had vsed bin,

Had not Dametas that well natur'd Swaine,

Repair'd that instant to our forlorne Plaine;

Who seeing vs, and in what state we were,

In due compassion could not well forbear

From shedding teares, so soone as he had found

Our red-bath'd Corpes fast glewed to the ground.

Oft did he reare our Bodies, but in vaine,

For breathlesse they fell to the Earth againe;

Oft did he rub our temples to restore

That vitall heat, which was suppress before:

But without hope of life, though life was there,

As Men of Earth, did we on Earth appeare.

At last assisted by a Swaine or two,

(See what the Prouidence of Heauen can doe)

We were conueyed to a Graunge hard by,

Whereto were Surgeons sent immediatly,

Whose learned skill drain'd from experience,

Brought

*Brought us in time to haue a little sense
Of our endanger'd state.*

*Dym. But pray thee tell
Whose hand exprest most art ?*

*Dor. Graue Astrophel,
Whose knowne experiments of Art haue shorne
More noble cures of late on this our Downe,
Than all our Mountebankes could euer doe,
For all these precious drugs they value so.*

*Sap. Indeed I know He has much honour won
For his admired Cures ; good Shepheard on.*

*Dor. Hauing long languish'd betwixt life and death,
Remou'd from thought of loue for want of breath,
As men we liu'd expos'd to dangers Sconce.*

Lin. Would not Bellina see thee ?

Dor. Nere but once.

*For hauing heard there was no way but one,
And that in all mens iudgements I was gone,
Shee straight resolves to finde a cure for care,
That if I liu'd she might haue one to spare.*

Tech. Why, made thee choice of any but thy selfe ?

*Dor. Yes Technis yes, and of a dwarfish else,
Whom she preferr'd, (though he could little please),
Before her first loue, haplesse Doricles.*

Tech. Inconstant Swainlin.

*Dor. Hauing heard of this,
You may conceaue how grieffe augmented is :
I straight depriv'd of hope, began to raue,
And would not take what my Physician gaue,
But scorning all prescriptions valued death
Abooue a languishing distastfull breath ;
Till by perswasion and recourse of time*

34 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*Those braine-sicke passions and effects of mine
Depressed were: so as upon a day,
The burden of my sorrowes to allay,
And to expresse the nature of my wrong,
I set my hand to pen, and made a Song.*

*Dym. Good Dorycles let's heare what it may be,
It cannot but be good if't come from thee.*

*Dor. Shepheards you shall; and if you thinke it fit,
I lou'd her once, shall be the Tune of it.*

Tech. No Tune more proper; to it lovely Swaine.

Dor. Attend then Shepherds to my dolefull straine.

THe fairest faire that euer breath'd ayre,
Feeding her Lambkins on this Plaine;
To whom though many did repaire,
I was esteem'd her dearest Swaine.
To me she vow'd, which vow she broke,
That she would fancie me or none,
But since she has her Swaine forsooke,
I'll take me to a truer one.

Had she beene firme, as she was faire,
Or but perform'd what she had vow'd,
I might haue sung a fig for care,
And safely swum in fancies flood;
But ô the staine of womanhood!
Who breakes with one, keepes touch with none;
Wherefore in hate to such a brood,
I'll take me to a truer one.

Was't not enough to breake her vow,
And quit my loue with such disdain,

But

But scornfully deride me too,
 With scoffes to gratifie my paine?
 But since my labours are in vaine,
 Ile spend no more my time in mone,
 But will my former loue disclaime,
 And take me to a truer one.

Who euer liu'd and shew'd more loue,
 Or lesse exprest what she did show?
 Who seeming firme so false could proue,
 Or vow so much, and flight her vow?
 But since I doe her nature know,
 I am right glad that she is gone;
 For if I shoot in *Cupids* bow,
 I'le take me to a truer one.

More faithlesse faire nere spoke with tongue,
 Or could protest lesse what she thought;
 Nere Shepheard suffer'd greater wrong,
 Or for lesse profit euer wrought;
 But since my hopes are turn'd to nought,
 May neuer Heardsman make his mone
 To one whose mold's in weaknesse wrought,
 But take him to a truer one.

(thee;
 Cor. May all poore Swaines be henceforth warn'd by
 But didst thou neuer since Bellina see?

Dor. Yes, and her lonely spouse Archetustoo,
 Who seeing me (*quoth he*) There doth he goe,
 Who on a time, as I enformed am,
 Would lose his Lasse before he lost his Ram;
 Which I retorted, saying, I thought best,

*My butting Ram should be his worships crest,
Whose broad-spread frontlets did presage what fate
would in short time attend his forked pate.*

*Sap. Thou hit him home my Dorycles ; but say,
What said she to thee ?*

Dor. Bit lip, and away ;

*Though the next morne, my sorrow to renew,
Shee sent a Willow wreath fast bound with Rew,
Which I accepted, but that I might show
I neuer rue her breach of promise now,
The Rew that tyde my Wreath I threw aside,
And with Hearts ease my Willow garland tyde.*

Lin. A good exchange.

*Dor. Now Shepheards you haue heard
My faithfull loue, and her vninst reward ;
Did euer Swaine enioy the light of Sunne,
That bare such iniuries as I haue done ?*

Tech. Indeed thy wounds were great ;

Dym. Yet mine as wide.

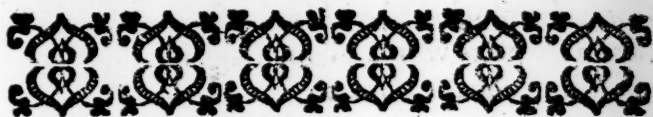
Dor. I mist my Loue, and lost my bloud beside.

*Dym. Suspend thy indgement, and thine eare incline
Unto my Tale, and thou wilt yeeld to mine.*

Coryd. Let's haue it Dymnus ;

Dym. Heardsman so thou shalt,

*Yet if I weepe, impute it to the fault
Of my surcharged heart, which still appeares
The best at ease, when eyes are full of teares.*



The Argument.



Ymnus Palmira
Woes to be his Wife,
But she had vnd
To liue a single life.

The second Argument.



Ymnus with long looking dim,
Loues the wench that lotheth him;
Price nor praier may not perswade
To infringe the vow she made;
Hauing meant to liue and die
Vesta's virgin votarie.
Yet at last she seemes to yeeld
To her loue-sick *Swaine* the field,
So that he will vnderrake
Three yeares silence for her sake:
Which hard Pennance he receaues,
And performs the taske she craues.
But while he restraines his tongue,
Shee pretends the time's too long:
Wherefore she doth entertaine
In her breast another *Swaine*.

Dymnus hauing heard of this,
 Hies to th' place where th' marriage is,
 Purposing to make a breach
 By dumbe signes, though want of speech :
 But alas they all cominand him
 Silence, cause none vnderstand him.
 Thus he suffers double wrong,
 Losse of *wench*, and losse of *tongue*,
 For till three yeares were expir'd,
 He nere spoke what he desir'd,
 All which time consum'd in dolour,
 He displayes her in her colour;
 And concluding, wisheth no man
 Lose his tongue to gaine a woman :
 And to cheere his pensiue heart,
 With a *Song* they end this part.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Dymnus tale.



Pon a time while I did liue on Teese,
 I made loue to a wench my friends to please,
 But (as my fate was still) it would not be,
 For wooe I knew not how, no more than shee:
 Yet I can well remember this she said,
 For ought she knew, she meant to die a Maid,
 A Vestall Virgin, or a Votaresse,
 A cloyster'd Nun, or holy Prioresse ;
 To which I answer'd, if't were her desire
 To be a Nun, I meant to turne a Frier,
 So might it chance that we againe should meet,
 Where th' Nun and Frier might play at Barly-break.

Cor.

Cor. *Where liu'd thy Loue?*

Dym. *Neere th' bottome of the hill,
Betweene Pancarpus temple and the mill,
There liu'd my faire Palinira, who I say,
Mongst all our wenches bore the Palme away:
And her I lou'd and lik'd, and su'd and sought,
But all my loue and labour turn'd to nought;
For she had vow'd, which vow should nere be broke,
Shee'd die a Maid, but meant not as she spoke.*

Dor. *No Dymnus, no, the nicest sure I am,
Would line a Maid if't were not for a man;
But there is none of them can brooke so well,
To be a Beareward and leade Apes in Hell.*

Dym. *True Dorycles, for in proesse of time,
I found her maiden humour to decline:
For she did grant the boone which I did aske,
Vpon condition of a greater taske.*

Lin. *What heauie censure might this taske afford?*

Dym. *That for three yeeres I should not speake a word.*

Cor. *Alas poore Swaine, this taske which she prepar'd,
In all my time the like was neuer heard.*

Dor. *But this same silent taske had harder bin,
If she had prou'd what she enioyned him:*

*For none can doe a woman greater wrong,
Than barre her from a priuiledge of tongue.*

Sap. *A womans tongue's a clapper in the winde,
Which once a foot, can neuer be confinde;
But to thy taske, good Dymnus.*

Dym. *To proceed,
What she enioyn'd I did performe indeed:
For I appear'd as one depriv'd of speech,
Yet nere my friends unto my aimes could reach;*

But

*But much lamented that a Swaine so young,
And promising, should lose his use of tongue.*

Tech. I wonder how thou could expresse thy minde!

*Dym. Ouely by dumbe signes, so as I did finde
Within short time, a great facilitie*

In that hard taske which she imposed me.

Lin. Hardest adventures oft the easiest seeme,

Only for lone of such iniointed them. (ease

Dym. And such were mine; when others talk'd with

Of this and that, I euer held my peace;

Others sung Carols of their fairest faire,

But I in silent measures had a share;

Others discours'd of pleasures of the time,

And I approu'd them with a secret signe.

Others could court, as Shepheards use to doe,

Which I could doe as well, but durst not show:

For all my aymes and purposes did tend

To gaine my Loue, and for no other end.

Cor. Did not performance of this taske obtaine

That prize of lone which thou desir'd to gaine?

Dym. No Corydon; for though I did obey,

Shee thought three yeares too long a time to stay,

So as her dumbe knight she did straight disclaime,

And tooke her selfe vnto another Swaine.

Sap. Disloyall wench!

Dym. Yet 'las what remedie;

A mariage is intended solemnlie:

Which that it might more priuatly be caried,

In a retyred Cell they must be married.

Tech. Vnhappy Swaine!

Dym. So did I then appeare:

For when the mariage came vnto my care,

I straight repair'd to th' Cell right speedily,
 Where these sad rites solemniz'd were to be.
 Straite was the Gate kept by a Porter grim,
 Who guards the doore that none should enter in:
 But I, as time requir'd, resolu'd to venter,
 Did boldly knock, and knocking freely enter;
 Where entering in, each casts his eye about,
 Some full of feare, as others were of doubt,
 What my approach should meane; but to be brieft,
 (Short tales seeme long that doe renue our grieft)
 The Priest pronouncing, iustly as I came,
 Who giues her to be maried to this man?
 I rush'd into the croud, their hands to breake,
 And gladly would haue spoke but durst not speake:
 At which attempt, some strange constructions had,
 And verily imagin'd I was mad;
 Others suspecting what I did intend,
 Thought that my aymes were to no other end,
 Than to preuent the Mariage for that time,
 And afterwards perswade her to be mine.
 Nor were their iudgements erring, for I thought
 By my deuice to haue this Proiect wrought
 Only by dumbe signes: sometimes would I show
 With eyes heau'd up to Heauen her breach of vow;
 Sometimes in violent manner would I seeme
 As if through loue I had distracted beene,
 Pulling my deare Palmira from his hand,
 Who to receiue her for his Spouse did stand.
 Sometimes, as Men in sorrowes plunged deepe
 And could not vtter them, I'gan to weepe,
 And wash the Temple with a brinie flood,
 Yet all this while I was not understood:

*For in despite of all that I could doe,
I was restrain'd, and she was married too.*

Cor. What discontent might equall this of thine?

*Dym. Yet though I bore it sharply for the time,
I afterwards, and haue done ener since,
Borne this disgrace with greater patience. (end!*

Lin. Yet Dymnus thou wast dumbe till three yeeres

Dym. Yes Linus, and as truly did intend

What she enioyned me, as I desir'd

To marrie her, when those three yeeres expir'd:

Which come and past, I then exprest my grieſe,

Finding apt words to tender me relieſe;

“ For woes doe labour of too great a birth,

“ That want the helpe of words to set them forth.

Tech. But didst thou nere display her hatefull shame?

Dym. In generall I did, but not by name,

Nor ener will: my purpose is to liue

And laugh at loue, and no occasion giue

Of iust offence to her or any one,

Or silently consume my time in mone,

Frequenting shadie Lawnes in discontent,

Or to the Ayre my fruitlesse clamors vent.

Though I resolue, if ere I make my choice,

In better sort and measure to rejoyce

Than I haue done;

Dor. Or else I'me sure thy share

Though it decrease in ioy, will grow in care.

Dym. I know it will: Now as my wrong was great,

And greater farre than I could well repeat,

This shall be my Conclusion; There is no Man

Wise that will lose his tongue for any Woman:

For sure I am that they will be more prone

(Such

*(Such is their guize) to triumph over one
When they haue drawne him headlong to their traine,
Than such as on more firmer grounds remaine.*

" Fly Women, they will follow (still say I)

" But if ye follow women, they will fly.

Tech. Rightly opinion'd Dymnus; but t'allay

Thy grounded grieffe, and to conclude the day,

Let's haue a Song;

Dor. Technis with all my heart.

Dym. Though I'ue smal mind to sing, I'le beare a part.

Cor. And you too Sapphus;

Sap. Yes, and Linus too;

Lin. Yes, I my Art amongst the rest will show.

Dor. To it then freely: safely sing may we,

Who haue beene slau'es to Loue, but now are free.

*Tech. T*ell me Loue what thou canst doe?

*Dor. T*riumph ore a simple Swaine;

Dym. Binding him to such a vow;

Cor. As to make his griefe thy gaine.

Sap. Doe thy worst thou canst doe now;

Lin. Thou hast shot at vs in vaine.

All. For we are free, though we did once complain.

Dor. Free we are as is the ayre;

Tech. Or the siluer-murm'ring spring.

Dym. Free from thought or reach of care;

Cor. Which doe haplesse Louers wring.

Sap. Now we may with ioy repaire;

Lin. To our gladsome Plaines and sing;

All. And laugh at Loue, and call't an idle thing.

Dym.

44 *SHEPHERDS TALES.*

Dym. Sport we may and feede our Sheepe;

Dor. And our Lamkins on this Downe;

Tech. Eat and drinke, and soundly sleepe,

Cor. Since these stormes are ouer blowne;

Sap. Whilst afflicted wretches weepe,

Lin. That by loue are ouerthrowne:

All. For now we laugh at follies we haue knowne.

Cor. Here we rest vpon these rocks;

Dym. Round with shadie *Iuy* wreath'd;

Dor. Ioying in our woolly flocks;

Tech. On these Mountaines freely breath'd;

Sap. Where though clad in russet frocks,

Lin. Here we sport where we are heath'd:

All. Our only care to see our Pastures freath'd.

Sap. Thus we may retire in peace;

Cor. And though low, yet more secure,

Dym. Then those Men which higher prease;

Dor. *Shrubs* than *Cedars* are more sure:

Tech. And they liue at farre more ease,

Lin. Finding for each care a cure.

All. Their loue as deare and liker to endure.

Lin. For wherein consists earths blisse,

Sap. But in hauing what is fit?

Cor. Which though greater men doe misse;

Dym. Homely Swaines oft light of it.

Dor. For who's he that liuing is,

Tech. That in higher place doth sit,

All. Whose sly Ambition would not higher git.

Tech.

Tech. Let vs then contented be,

Dor. In the portion we enioy;

Cor. And while we doe others see,

Sap. Toss'd with gusts of all annoy;

Dym. Let vs say this feele not we:

Lin. Be our wenches kinde or coy,

All. We count their frownes and fauours but a toy.

Dor. Let's now retire, it drawes to Euening time,

Next Tale my Corydon, it must be thine.

Tech. Which may be done next day we hither come,

Meane time, let's fold our flocks and hye vs home.

A



A Pastorall Palinod.

THose Swains like dying Swans haue sung their last,
And ioy in thinking of those woes are past;
For woes once past, like pleasing pastimes seeme,
And ioy vs more than if they had not beene. (Plaines,
Such Layes become these Launes, such Plaints these
“ Great men may higher haue, no heuier straines;
For Swains their Swainlins lone, and wooe them too,
And doe as much as brauer out sides doe.
But Heardsmen are retired from their shade
Of Myrtle sprays and sprigs of Olyer made,
With purpose to reuisit you to morrow,
Where other three shall giue new life to sorrow:
Meane time repose, lest when the Swaine appears,
You fall asleepe when you should flow with teares.

FINIS.



HIS PASTORALLS
ARE HERE CONTINVED
WITH THREE OTHER TALES;
hauing relation to a former part, as yet ob-
scured: and deuided into certaine Pastorall
Eglogues, shadowing much delight
vnder a rurall subiect.

The Argument.

Ere Corydon proues,
That nothing can be sent,
To crosse loue more,
The friends vnkind restraint.

The second Argument.

Corydon coy Celia woes,
And his loue by tokens shoves.
Tokens are those lures, that find
Best accessse to woman kind.
Long he woes ere he can win;
N Yet

Yet at last she fancieth him:
 And so firme, as you shall hearé,
 Each to other troth-plight were;
 But alas, where loue is most,
 There it oft-times most is crost.
 For these two are closly pent,
 Each from other by restraint;
 He, vnto the plaine must go,
 Loue-sicke, heart-sicke, full of wo,
 Where he sings such chearefull layes,
 In his chaste choise, *Celias* praise,
 That steepe mountaines, rocks and plaines,
 Seeme entranced with his straines:
 But alas, while he does keepe,
 Helplesse shepheard, haplesse sheepe,
Celia for to seeke her *make*,
 From her *keeper* makes escape,
 And vnto the mountaine goes,
 Where her selfe, her selfe doth lose;
 While one of *Lauerna's* crew,
 Seizeth on her as his dew,
 Where by force, by awe, by feare,
 She was long detained there,
 And in the end affianc'd so,
 As she ends her life in wo.

THE

THE SHEPHERDS TALES.

The shepheards.

Technis. Dyninus. Dorycles.

Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Corydons tale.



*Any shepheards stay, there is no hast but
good,*

*We three are shepheards, and haue under-
stood*

Both of your follies and your fancies too;

Dor. Why tell vs Corydon, what thou wouldst do!

Cor. Shew my misfortune Swaines, as you haue done,

Tech. Deferre it till to morrow Corydon.

Cor. No, Technis no, I cannot if I would,

You'ue told your griefes, and now mine must be told:

What though the Sunne be drawing to the West,

Where he intends to take his wonted rest,

Tis Moone-light (lads) and if it were not light,

Welcome you are to lodge with me all night.

Dor. Thankes Corydon.

Cor. Why thanke you Corydon?

Simple and meane's the cottage where I won,

Yet well I wot, for chestnuts, cakes, and creame,

If you'le accept my welcome as I meane,

You shall not want, but haue sufficient store,

With hearty welcome swaines, what would ye more?

Dym. More Corydon! it is all that we can wish,

But to thy tale, let's heare now what it is.

Dor. Yes, do good Corydon; and we will stay;

178 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Cor. Attend then shepheards, heare what I shall say.

Sap. And when you'ne done, I will begin with mine;

Lin. Which I'll continue in the euening time.

Cor. Well said, good shepheards, we are iustly three,
To answer their three tales, and here for me.

There was a Maid, and well might she be said,

So chaste, so choice she was, to be a Maid,

Where lillie white mixt with a cherrie red,

Such admiration in the shepheards bred,

As well was he that might but haue a sight

Of her rare beauty mirror of delight.

Oft would she come vnto a siluer spring,

Which neare her fathers house was neighboring,

Where she would eye her selfe as she did passe,

For shepheards vse no other looking-glasse.

Tech. True Corydon.

Cor. But which may seeme more rare,

This Maid she was as wise as she was faire;

So as discretion did so moderate

The safe conditiion of her low estate,

As enuie neuer wrong'd her spotlesse name,

Or soild her matchlesse honour with defame.

Dor. Under a happis Planet she was borne,

Cor. She was indeed; nor did she euer scorne,

The company of any country maid,

How meane soere or stuttishly araid:

But she would be their play-fare, to make chuse,

Of such poore simple sports as wenches vse.

Yea in their wakes, shroues, wassel-cups, or tides,

Or Whitson-ales, or where the country brides

Chuse out their bride-maids, as the custome is,

She seld or neare was seene to do amisse:

But so respectiue of her name and fame,

*That though she blusht, she neuer blusht for shame
Of any act immodest, but retain'd*

That good opinion which her vertues gain'd.

Dym. Sure Corydon this was a Saintly woman;

Cor. Indeed such Saints 'mongst women are not cōmon:

But to my story; her did many swaine,

By fruitlesse suite endeuour to obtaine,

As young Spudippus, rich Archymorus,

Ætine Amintas, youthfull Hirsius.

Dor. It seemes sh'ad choice.

Cor. Yes Dorycles, she had:

And some of these were good, and some as bad,

But neither good nor bad, nor rich nor poore,

Could her content, though she had daily store.

Yet from Pandoras box did nere proceed,

More hatefull poyson upon humane seed,

Then from these forlorne louers, whose report,

(But iust is heauen, for they were plagued for't,)

Aspers'd this scandall on faire Celia,

That she had made her choice some other way.

Tech. Unworthy louers.

Cor. True indeed, they be

Unworthy th' lome of such an one as she;

For Linus you do know them;

Lin. Yes, I do,

But specially Spudippus, whom I know,

To be the notedst cot-queane that's about him.

Tec. Sure Linus thē she could not chuse but flout him.

Cor. Perhaps she did, yet with that modestie,

As she did shadow it so couertly,

That he could scarce discover what she ment.

Lin. How ere Spudippus would be patient.

Dor. Then he's some gull.

Lin. No he's a wealthy man,
And such an one as rightly, sure I am,
Knows how much milke crummock his cow will giue,
And can discerne a riddle from a fiew.

Cor. Linus, it seemes thou knowes him passing well.

Lin. Las if I would, some stories I could tell,
Would make you laugh: for as it chanc'd one day,
Some with my selfe did take his house by th' way,
Where we an houre or two meant to remaine,
To trie how he his friends would entertaine.

Dor. And pray thee how?

Lin. Ple tell thee Dorycles:

Having an houre or two taken our ease,
And readie to depart (I pray thee heare)
He sent one of his Scullerie for some beere,
Which though long first, came in an earthen cup,
Which being giuen to me, I drunke it up;
Which drunke.

Cor. How then good Linus, pray thee say?

Lin. The rest were forc'd to go a thirst away.

Dor. Had he no more?

Cor. Thou vs'd him in his kind.

Lin. May all be vsed so that haue his mind.
But much I feare me, I've disturbed thee,
Now Corydon shew what th' euent may be!

Cor. Long did these woe, but Celia could approue
Of nothing lesse then of these swainlings loue,
Yet would she faine to fancie one of these,
Whereby she might her bedrid father please.

Tech. Had she a father?

Cor. Yes, a surly Lout,

Who

*Who long had laine decrepit with the gout,
And lind for all the world, and so did die
Like to a hog, that's pent up in a stie.*

Dor. Some cancred erwig.

Cor. True, a very else,

Who car'd not who staru'd, so he fed himselfe.

He, as the want of one sense is exprest,

By giuing more perfection to the rest,

For euen his sense of feeling did decline,

Though he had bene anigglat in his time,

Yea all those mouing, actiue faculties,

Which in the heate of youth are wont to rise,

Gane way vnto suspection, lest his daughter

*Through those loue-luring gifts which many brought
Should set her Maiden honor at whole sale. (her,*

Tech. Age h'as an eare indeed for euery tale.

Cor. True, Technis true, for no affection can

Haue more predominance ore any man,

Then icalousie a selfe-consuming rage,

Is said to haue ore men of doting age.

Dor. Thy reason Corydon?

Cor. That disesteeme

Of being now more weake then they haue bene,

Makes them repine at others now that may,

And are as able to beget as they.

Tech. Tis rightly noted Corydon.

Lin. Yes, he

Knowes by obseruance whence these humors be.

Cor. Linus I do, and better had I bene,

If I had neuer knowne what these things meane;

But shepheards you shall heare the reason, why

I should this Dotards humour thus descrie.

Sap. Yes, do good Swaine.

Cor. It chanc'd upon a night, (bright,
A Moone-light night, when Moone and starres shine
That I with other shepheards did repaire
To th'old-mans house, and found faire Celia there,
Whom I in car'tsie with a kind salute,
Kist, & with speaking heart though tongue was mute,
Wish'd; ô what wishes do possesse a mind,
That dare not utter how his heart's inclin'd!
She might be mine, thrice blest in being mine.

Dor. Why dost not woo her Swaine, for to be thine?

Cor. Yes Dorycles I woo'd her, though not then,
For Maidens they are bashfull amongst men,
And dare not well in modestie impart,
What they could give consent to with their heart;
So as to tell thee truly Dorycles,
We past that night in making purposes,
Singing of catches, with such knowne delights,
As young felke use to passe ore winter nights.
And at that time, I may be bold to tell thee,
For such conceits I thought none could excell me.
For well you know, I was in Hyble bred,
And by the sacred sisters nourished,
So as being stor'd by Nature, help'd by art,
There was no straine I bore not in some part:
Which gaue faire Celia such entire content,
As she discoverd after, what she ment.

Though I may sweare, for five months I came to her,
And with some termes of art assaid to woo her:
During which time, all th' answer I could get,
Was this; she did not meane to marrie yet.
Tech. That's all the answer these young women haue,
While

While they reiect what after they receiue.

Cor. Technis, indeed I did perceiue as much,
Though all young wenches humours be not such:
But th'greatest cause of Celiass distaste,
Which made me many times the lesser gract,
Proceeded from that chrone her dogged father,
As after by coniectures I did gather:

Perswading her, that she should plant her loue
On such whose hopeful meanes might best approue
Her discreet choice: and that was not to be
Affianced to such an one as me. (saith,

Dor. Alas poore Swaine; 'tis true what th' Prouerbe
We aske not what he is, but what he hath.

Cor. And yet perswasions which her father vs'd,
Could not preuaile with her, for she had chus'd,
In heart I meane.

Tech. Whom did she dote vpon?

Cor. Will ye beleene me!

Tech. Yes.

Cor. 'Twas Corydon.

Lin. Thrice happie swaine.

Cor. Thrice happie had I bene,
If I had slept still in this golden dreame;
But afterwards occurrences there were,
Which thus abridg'd my hopes, as you shall heare.
Such deepe impression had affection made,
As there remained nothing vnassaid,
To consummate our wishes, but the rite.

Tech. Yes something else.

Cor. What Technis!

Tech. Marriage night.

Sap. They had enioyed that, you may suppose.

Cor.

Cor. No, Sapphus no, *she was not one of those:
So modest, chaste, respectiue of her name,
Pure and demure, as th'sweetnesse of her fame,
Aboue the choicest odors that are sent
From spicie Tmolus flowrie continent,
Sent forth that fragrant and delighifull sanour,
As none ere heard, and did not seeke to haue her.
For sundrie choise discourses haue we had,
And I nere knew that ought could make her glad,
Which had least taste of lightnesse.*

Tech. Sure thou art,
*So much thy praises reliſh true desert,
Worthy such vertuous beautie.*

Cor. Technis no,
*Albeit Celia esteem'd me so,
As long and tedious seem'd that day to be,
Which did deuide her from my companie.
So as in silent groues and shady launes,
Where Siluans, water-nimphs, fairies, and fauncs,
Use to frequent, there would we sit and sing,
Eying our beauties in a neighbour spring,
Whose siluer streamlings with soft murmuring noise,
To make our consort perfect, gaue their voice.
And long did we obserue this custome too,
Though her consent did bid me ceasse to woe:
For now I was no woer, but her loue,
And that so firmly linkt, as nought could moue,
Alter or sunder our vnitd hearts,
But meagre death, which all true louers parts.*
Tech. Then Corydon, to me it doth appeare,
That you were troth-plight.
Cor. Technis so we were.

*But see (good shepherds) what succeeded hence:
 This loue she bore me did her fire incense,
 So as discourteously he pent his daughter
 In such a vault, I could not see her after.
 Which when my friends percein'd, they griened were,
 That th' loue which I his Celia did beare,
 Should be rewarded with contempt and scorne,
 Being for parentage equally borne,
 With best of his, as most of you can tell.*

Lin. Proceed good Corydon, we know it well.

*Cor. For was I not of Polyarchus line,
 A noble shepherd!*

*Sap. True, who in his time
 Solemniz'd many wakes on this our downe,
 And ere he dide was to that honour growne,
 As all our plaines resounded with his laies,
 Sung by our Swaines in Polyarchus praise.*

*Cor. It seemes thou knew him Sapphus: but attend
 For now my storie draweth neare an end.*

*My friends distasting this repulse of mine,
 Forc'd me from th' course whereto I did incline:
 So as my hopes confin'd, I'me driven to go
 From Adons vale vnto a mount of wo.*

Lin. Vnhappie shepherd.

*Cor. And unhappie sheepe,
 For ill could I my heards from worrying keepe,
 Though to that charge my friends enioyned me,
 When I could scarcely keepe my owne hands free,
 From doing violence vpon my selfe:*

*So as one day vpon a ragged shelve,
 Wreath'd round with Iuie, as I sate alone,
 Descanting Odes of sorrow and of mone,*

*I chanc'd on my mishap to meditate,
 Celiass restraint, and my forlorne estate;
 Which done, I vow'd if speedy remedy
 Gane no reliefe unto my maladie,
 That very cliff where I repos'd that day,
 Should be the meanes to take my life away.*

Tech. O Corydon this soundeth of despaire.

*Cor. It does indeed: but such a watchfull care,
 Had gracious Pan of me, that in short time,
 These motines to despaire 'gan to decline,
 And lose their force: so as when griefes grew ripe,
 I us'd to take me to my oaten pipe.*

*Dor. But ere thou proceed further, tell vs Swaine,
 Where all this time thou us'd to remaine.*

*Cor. A broad-spread oake with aged armes & old,
 Directs the passenger the way he would,
 Neare Cadmus rising hillocke, where the spring
 Of golden Tagus useth oft to bring
 Such precious trafficke to the neighbour shore,
 As former times through blindnesse did adore
 Those curled streames, wherein they did descry
 Their loue to gold, by their Idolatrie:
 That shady oake I say, and that blest spring,
 In my distresse, gane me such harboring;
 As night and day I did not thence remone,
 But waking mus'd, and sleeping dream'd of loue.*

Tech. Who euer heard the like!

Dor. How didst thou liue?

Cor. On hope.

Tech. Weake food.

*Cor. Yet did it comfort giue,
 To my afflicted mind, which did desire,*

Euer

*Ever to singe her wings in fancies fire.
 For many weekes in this distressed estate,
 Wretched, forlorne, helpelesse and desolate,
 Sate I dejected, musing on despaire,
 And when those dreerie clouds would once grow faire:
 But las the more I did expect reliefe,
 The lesse hope had I to allay my grieve,
 So as in th'end, as you shall after heare,
 All meanes for my redresse abridged were.
 But that you may perceiue what loue can do,
 And how effectually her passions shew,
 I who before I lonely Celia kent,
 Knew not what th'Heliconian Muses ment,
 Addrest my selfe;*

Lin. To what good Corydon?

Cor. To write of loue, and thus my Muse begun.

Tech. Pray thee kind Swaine let's heare what thou
didst write.

Dor. Yes do: for well I know it will delight
 Sepheards to heare, of shepheards amorous toyes;
 Sap. On then good Corydon.

Cor. Haue at ye Boyes.

*Celia speake, or I am dombe,
 Here Ile sojorne till thou come,
 Seeke I will till I grow blind,
 Till I may my Celia find.
 For if tongue-tide, string would breake,
 If I heard but Celia speake;
 And if blind, I soone should see,
 Had I but a sight of thee;
 Or if lame, loue would find feete,
 Might I once with Celia meete;*

Or

Or if *deafe*, should I but heare
 Loues sweete accents from thy eare:
 Thy choice notes would me restore,
 That I should be *deafe* no more.
 Thus though *dombe*, *blind*, *deafe*, and *lame*,
 Heard I but my *Celia* name,
 I should *speake*, *see*, *heare*, and *go*,
 Vowing, *Celia* made me so.

Tech. *Bestrow me Corydon, if I had thought,
 That loue such strange effects could ere haue wrought.*

Cor. *Yes Technis, yes, loue's such a wondrous thing,
 That it will make one plunged in sorrow sing,
 And singing weepe, for grieve is wont to borrow
 Some strains of ioy, that ioy might end in sorrow.*

*For what is woe (as we must needs confesse it)
 Having both tongue and teares for to expresse it,
 But a beguiling grieve, whose nature's such,
 It can forget, lest it should griene too much.*

Dor. *Indeed such sorrow seldom lasteth long,
 But say good Swaine, heard Celia of thy song?*

Cor. *I know not, Dorycles: but twas her lot,
 That from her keeper afterwards she got.*

Tech. *Happie escape.*

Cor. *Ah Technis, say not so,
 For this escape gave new increase to wo;*

Lin. *How could that be?*

Cor. *Heare but what did ensue,
 She was preuented by a ruffin-crue,
 As she upon the mountaines rom'd about,
 Through desert came to find her shepherd out.*

Tech. *Alas poore wench: what were they Corydon?*

Cor. *Such as did haunt there, and did line upon*

Rapine

*Rapine and violence, triumphing in
Impunitie; sole motive unto sin.*

*In brieft, they were, for so they did professe,
Of braue Lauerina's crue, that patronesse
Of all disorder, and each evening time
Offer'd stolne booties to her godlesse shrine.*

Tech. Mishap about mishaps.

Cor. True, so it was;

*My lasse she lost her lad, the lad his lasse.
And sundry daies, this rout did her detain,
While haplesse, helplesse she did sore complaine
Of their inhumane vsage, but her grieve,
Sighs, sobs, teares, throbs, could yeeld her small reliefe:*

*For in the end one of this forlorne crew,
Seiz'd on my long-lou'd Celia as his dew,
To whom espous'd whether she would or no,
She ends her life, her tedious life, in wo.*

Lin. A sad euent: but can she not be freed?

Cor. To what end Linus, she's dishonoured!

Tech. Unhappie fate,

Cor. Besides, she now is tide,

*And by enforcement, made anothers Bride.
Come shepheards come, and say if euer time,
Made heararmens woes so ripe, as't hath done mine.*

*Sap. Yes Corydon, though thou thy griefes hast
showne,*

*Which makes thee thinke none equal to thine owne,
I haue a Tale wth more compassion too,
If Swaines haue any pittie.*

Dym. Pray thee how?

*Sap. Nay I will not be daintie; but attend,
And then compare our stories to the end,*

And

*And you'le conclude that neuer any Swaine
Did lone so well, and reape so small a gaine.*



The Argument.



Apphus woes Siluia,
Yet he thinks it ill,
To take to that,
Which he did neuer till.

The second Argument.



He, whose sweet and gracefull speech,
Might all other shepheards teach:
She, whom countries did admire,
For her presence and attire:
She, whose choise perfections mou'd,
Those that knew her to be lou'd.
She, euen *Silvia*, for saue she,
None so faire, and firme could be;
When she should be *Sapphus* Bride,
And their hands were to be tide
With their hearts in marriage knot,
Sapphus heares of *Silvias* blot.
Whereby *Sapphus* doth collect,

How

How hard it is for to affect,
 Such an one as will reioyce,
 And content her in her choice;
 He concludes, since all things be
 Certaine in vncertaintie,
 Who would trust what women say,
 Who can do but what they may.
 „Forts are won by foes assault,
 „If Maids yeeld, it is Mans fault.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Sapphus tale.

Had a Loue as well as any you,
 And such an one, as had she but her due,
 Deseru'd the seruice of the worthiest swaine
 That ere fed sheepe vpon the Westerne plaine.
 Dym. Good Sapphus say, what was thy lasses name?
 Was it not Siluia?

Sap. The very same;
 It seemes thou knew her.

Dym. Yes exceeding well,
 And might haue knowne her, but I would not melle,
 In more familiar sort.

Sap. Unworthy Swaine,
 Did her affection merit such a staine?
 Suppose she threw some looser lookes vpon thee,
 And thou collected thence she would haue won thee,
 Is this th'request all of the loue she bore?

Dym. Nay on good Sapphus, I'll do so no more.

Sap. No more! why now I sweare, and may be bold
 That Dymnus would haue done it if he could.

O

Why

124 *SHEPHERDS TALES.*

*Why sir, what parts were euer in you yet,
That she on you such fancie should haue set ?*

*Tech. Fie, shepheards fie, we come not here to scold:
Come Sapphus, tell thy tale as we haue told.*

Sap. Dymnus doth interrupt me.

Lin. Dymnus ceasse.

Dym. Nay I haue done, so he will hold his peace.

*But to upbraid me, that I had no part
To gaine her loue, I scorne it with my heart:
For Ile anouch.*

Tech. Nay then the strife's begun.

Dor. Dymnus for shame.

Dym. Nay shepheards, I haue done.

Dor. Pray then proceed good Sapphus.

Sap. Willingly:

Though I can hardly brooke this iniury.

*Dym. Why Sapphus, I am sure thou know'st all this,
That she was light.*

*Sap. I know she did amisse,
Yet I must tell you Dymnus, 't had bene fit,
That rather I then you had noted it:
For it concern'd me most.*

*Dym. Pray let it rest,
I did not know so much, I may protest.*

*Sap. Dymnus, enough: and thus I do proceed;
Vpon a time when I my flocks did feed,
Her father Thyrsis chanc'd to come that way,
And to obserue me more, a while made stay
Vpon the Downe, where I did feede my sheepe:
Who cying me, how duely I did keepe
My woolle store (as I had care) from worrien,
Scab, sought, the rot or any kind of murren:*

Tooke

Tooke such a liking on me, as to say
 The very truth, upon next holy day,
 He did invite me to his house, where I
 Found what was lone in lonely Siluia's eye.
 In brieft, I lou'd her, I may boldly tell,
 And this her father notes, and likes it well:
 For oft vs'd he to say, right sure I am,
 A penny in a man then with a man,
 He did esteeme more of, which he applide
 Vnto that care which he in me descride.
 Dym. A iolly Swaine he was.

Sap. He was indeed,
 And on these Downs more frolicke rams did breed,
 Then any Swainling that did dwell about him,
 And truth to say, they would do nought without him.
 Dor. Tis said that Thirsk frō Thirfis tooke her name,
 Who thither with his beads a grazing came,
 And plaid upon his pipe such pleasant straines,
 As he yet liues upon the neighbour plaines.
 Sap. This know I Dorycles, that in my hearing,
 He pip'd so sweete, that many shepheards fearing
 Th' melodious straines which issued from his reed,
 Would so amaze their flocks they could not feede:
 Ioyntly together in a secret caue,
 Where Palms and Mirtles their increasing haue,
 They so contrin'd an harbour for the nonst,
 That he might from the scorching Sunne be const,
 And sing at pleasure, while his accents raising,
 Heardsmen were hearing, and their beads were gra-
 For curious seats hewne from the solid stone, (zing.
 Were aptly fram'd for Swaines to sit upon,
 Who in his voice concein'd such choice delight,

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*As a whole Sommer day from morne to night,
Seem'd but an houre, so sweetly did he sing,
While euery day he found out some new spring.*

*But all too long digression haue I made;
Falling in loue with Siluia as I said,
I saw and perisht, perisht, for it cost
My libertie, which I by seeing lost.*

Dor. Deare was that sight.

*Sap. Yet dearer may I sweare,
Was she to me, then any senses were :
For other obiects I did wholly shon,
Chusing her selfe for me to locke vpon.
Neither was I hope-reft, for she did seeme
To fancie me, how'seuer she did meane;
And I deseru'd it, as I thought that day,
For clothed in my suite of shepheards gray,
With buttond cap and buskins all of one,
I may assure you (heardsmen) I thought none
On all our Downe more neate or handsome was,
Or did deserue more kindnesse from his lasse.*

Dym. A good conceit doth well.

*Sap. And truth was this,
She shew'd me all respect that I could wish,
And undissembled too, I am perswaded,
Though afterwards all that affection faded.
For on a day, (this I thought good to tell,
That you may thence perceiue she lou'd me well)
In a Greene shadie harbour I repos'd,
With Sycamours and Iunipers enclos'd,
She privately into the harbour crept,
Which scene, I saw'd a sleepe, but neuer slept.
Tech. A faire occasion !*

Lin. How did she renewe

Her love?

Sap. If you had felt, what I did feele,

You neuer would awakt, but wist do die,

In such a soule-beguiling phantasie.

For first she eyed me, nor contented so,

With nimble pace she to my lips did go:

And calls, and clings, and clips me round about,

Using a soft-sweete alliance with her foote,

Not to awake me from my chearefull dreame,

But to impart what she in heart did meane;

Wherewith I seem'd to wake.

Tech. Why didst thou so?

Sap. Technis, I thought she trod upon my toe,

But as I wak'd, she without further stay,

Dying her cheekes with blushes, stole away.

Dym. This shew'd she lov'd thee.

Sap. So I know she did,

But who can perfect what the fates forbid?

For long we lived thus, and loved too,

With vowes as firme as faith and troth could do,

That nought should ere infringe that nuptiall band,

Confirm'd betwixt vs two with heart and hand.

So as with Thirsis knowledge and consent,

After so many weekes in lone-toyes spent,

It was agreed upon by either side,

That I should be her Bridegroom, she my Bride.

And th' day of Solemnization was set downe,

So as the choicest youths in all the towne,

Addrest themselves, for I was valued then

Amongst the chiefeest Swaines, to be my men.

Lin. I know it Sapphus, both thy wealth and worth,

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Were both of power enough to set thee forth.

*Sap. In brieſe, for I your patience might wrong,
To ſtand upon theſe marriage rites too long;
To th' Church we went, ſuſpecting I may ſwear,
No ſuch euent as after did appeare.*

Tech. What ſad euent, good Sapphus?

*Sap. Being now
Come to do that which we could nere undo,
The Priſt pronounc'd a charge, whereby was ment,
If either of us knew impediment,
Why we ſhould not be ioyned, then to ſpeake,
That we in time might ſuch a wedlocke break;
Or any one there preſent ſhew cauſe,
Why we might not be married by the lawes:
There to declare, in publicke one of theſe,
Or elſe for euer after hold their peace.
God ſpeed them well, ſaid all, ſawe onely one,
Who ſtood from thence ſome diſtance all alone,
Crying, aloud in open audience,
Sapphus forbear, there is no conſcience,
That thou ſhould ioyne thy hand to one deſil'd;
At leaſt provide a father for her child,
Which ſhe kind pregnant wench is great withall,
And, who ere got it, will thee father call.*

Tech. This was a ſtrange prentention.

*Sap. I confeſſe it,
But if y' ad heard how Meuus did expreſſe it,
(For ſo his name was) you would haue admir'd
His frontleſſe impudence.*

*Dym. Sure he was hir'd,
To fruſtrate theſe ſolemnities.*

Sap. Ah no,

Belcene

*Beleeue me Dymnus it was nothing so:
 For she was fruitfull long before her time,
 But th' fault was hers, it was no fact of mine:
 So as her neighbours iudg'd and censur'd on her,
 That she begun by time to take upon her.
 But this shall be in silence past for me,
 Onely she's shadowed in my * Omphale,
 And so charactred, as the time may come,
 Siluia shall be as Flora was in Rome.*

* A Poem entitled Omphale.

Dor. But what succeeded hence?

Sap. Upon this voice

*There streight arose a strange confused noise,
 Some Meuus tax'd and said he was to blame,
 To blemish any modest Maidens name;
 Others were doubtfull, lest it should be true,
 And thus they thought, and thus it did ensue.
 I now suspicious of this foule dishonour,
 Which Meuus publickly had laid upon her:
 Resolv'd those solemn sponsals to delay,
 And put them off untill another day:
 Meane while, (attend me Swains) when th' day came on
 That I should marrie, Siluia had a sonne.*

Cor. God blesse the boy.

Dym. Who might the child begit?

Sap. Nay Dymnus sure, who ever fatherd it.

Dym. Who I!

*Sap. Nay blush not man, for you haue told,
 You might oft-times haue done it if you wold;
 But I do wish her all the good I can,
 And praise her choise, though I be not the man.*

Tech. Vnhappie choice!

Dor. Hard fate!

T'is nothing so,

You'll heare a choise more at all ere you go.

These were but toys to entertaine the time,

Prepare your handkerchers if you'll haue mine.

All. What, must we weepe?

Lin. Shepheards a while for beare,

And if there be no cause, indge when you beare.



The Argument.



*Inus doth Lesbia loue,
And woe, and win,
And after by her
Lightnesse wrongeth him.*

The second Argument.



*Ouely Lesbia, who might be,
For birth, beauty, quality,
Styled Natures Paragon,
Fram'd for Swaines to dote vpon;
In a word for to expresse,
Feature of this Shepheardesse,
If you would her stature know,
She was neither high nor low;*

But

But of such a middle size,
 As if Nature did deuise,
 (For as't seemeth so she ment)
 To make her, her president;
 With a Sun-reflecting eye,
 Skin more smooth then iuory;
 Cherrie lip, a dimple chin,
 Made for loue to lodge him in;
 A sweete chearing-chasing sent,
 Which persum'd ground where she went;
 A perswasive speech, whose tongue
 Strucke deepe admiration dombe.
 She, euen she, whom all approu'd,
 Is by liuely *Linus* lou'd,
 And at last (what would ye more)
 Though she was betroth'd before
 To *Palemon*, that braue Swaine,
 Who quite droupes through her disdaine,
 Is with rites solemnized,
 Vnto *Linus* married;
 Whom he finds (as heauen is iust)
 After, staine'd with boundlesse lust,
 So as he laments his state,
 Of all most vnfortunate,
 That he should in hope of pelfe,
 Wrong both others and himselfe.

THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Linus tale.



*Lou'd a lasse, alas that ere I lou'd,
Who as she seem'd to be, if she had
prov'd,*

*A worthier Swaine the countrey
nere had bred,*

And her I woing won, and winning wed.

Tech. I like thee Linus, thy preamble's short;

Lin. Technis, indeed I am not of that sort,

Who for a thing of nought will pule and crie,

And childishly put finger in the eye;

The burden of my griefe is great to beare.

Dor. What is it Linus, pray thee let vs heare?

Lin. The Maid I got, and Lesbia was her name,

Was to another troth-plight ere I came.

Cor. How should she Linus then be got by thee?

Lin. It was my fate, or her inconstancie.

How's ere I haue her, and possesse her now,

And would be glad to giue her one of you.

Tech. Art wearie of thy choice?

Lin. Technis, I am,

For I'me perswaded she'd wearie any man.

So seeming smooth she is and euer was,

As if she hardly could say Michaelmas:

But priuately so violently fierce,

As I'me afraid her name will spoile my verse.

Cor. This is some hornet sure.

Lin. A very waspe,

whose

*Whose forked tongue who euer should unclaspe,
Would find't at aske to charme it.*

Dym. Is't so tart;

*Lin. O Dymnus, that thou didst but feele a part
Of my affliction, thou wouldst surely mone,
And pittie me, that's matcht to such an one;
For tell me shepheards was there ere so rare,
A crime, wherein my Lesbia doth not share?
Proud, (though before as humble to the eye
As ere was Maid) so as one may descrie,
Euen by her outward habit what she is,
And by her wanton gesture gather this:*

*If thou be chaste, thy body wrongs thee much,
For thy light carriage saith, thou art none such.*

Sap. Some fashion-monger I durst pawne my life.

*Lin. Sapphus 'tis true, such is poore Linus wife,
Though it seemes a country Shepherdesse,
Such harsh fantasticke fashions to professe:
One day vnto a Barber she'de repaire,
And for what end but this, to cut her haire,
So as like to a Boy she did appeare,
Hauing her haire round cut vnto her eare.*

Cor. Good Linus say, how lookt that Minx of thine?

*Lin. Like to a fleecelasse Ewe at shearing time.
So coud she was, as next day she did show her
Upon the Downs, but not a Swaine could know her;
So strangely clipt she seem'd, and in disguise,
So monstrous ougly, as none could deuise
To see one clad in lothsomer attire:
And this she knew was farre from my desire,
For I did euer hate it.*

Tech. Pray thee Lad

Tell us in earnest how she might be clad!

Lin. There is a fashion now brought up of late,
Which here our country Blouzes imitate,
The cause whereof I do not thinke it fit,
If I did know't, for to discover it,
But sure I iudge, some rot's in womans ioynts,
Which makes them faine to tye them up with points.
Dym. With points!

I in. Yes Dymnus, that's the fashion now,
Whereof I haue a tale, right well I know,
Will make you laugh.

Dor. Let's heare that tale of thine.

Lin. Shepheards you shall; it chanc'd upon a time,
That Lesbia, whose spirit euer would
Obserue the fashion, do I what I could,
Bearing a port far higher in a word,
Then my abilitie could well afford:
That she I say into this fashion got,
(As what was th' fashion she affected not)
Of tying on with points her looser waste;
Now I obseruing how her points were plast,
The Euen before she to a wake should go,
I all her points did secretly vndo,
Yet therewithal' such easie knots did make,
That they might hold till she got to the wake,
Which she not minding.

Cor. On good Linus, on.

Lin. She hies her to the wake (my Corydon)
Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,
And nimble falls vnto her reuelling,
But see the lucke on't, while she scuds and skips,
Her underbody falls from off her hips,

Whereat

Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,
 That she vncas'd, should shew the naked ruth.
 But heare what happen'd hence, ere th^e setting Sunne
 Lodg'd in the West, she heard what I had done;
 So as resolu'd to quite me in my kind,
 Next morne betime, she Hylus chanc'd to find.
 Sap. Who, Clytus boy!

Lin. Yes Sapphus, selfe-same Lad,
 Who was a good boy, ere she made him bad.

Tech. Pray Linus how?

Lin. Through her immodestie,
 She him allur'd for to dishonour me.

Tech. Disloyall Lesbia; but pray the shew,
 Did Hylus (harmente'sse youth) consent thereto?

Lin. Technis, he did;

Dor. How shouldst thou know as much?

Lin. She did display't her selfe.

Dor. Is her shame such?

Lin. Yes, and wit hall deside me to my face,
 With such iniurious speeches of disgrace,
 As patience could not beare.

Tech. And didst thou beare them?

Lin. Yes, Technis yes, & smild when I did heare them
 For this is my conceit, it seemeth no man,
 To shew his violence vnto a woman.

Dym. Linus sayes well, but womans nature's such,
 They will presume if men do beare too much.
 For if the tongue vpon defiance stand,

The tongue should be reuenged by the hand.

Lin. Some would haue done it Dymnus, but I thought
 If I reuenge by such base meanes had sought,
 The world would condemne me; she could blind

Most

206 *SHEPHERDS TALES.*

*Most men with an opinion, she was kind,
 But in a modest sort: for on a time,
 Rich Amphybæus offering to the shrine
 Of Panaretus (as there went report)
 Sought for her loue in a dishonest sort,
 With price, with prayer, yet nere attain'd his aime,
 To soile her honour, or her vertues staine;
 Sap. Women are nice when simple heard-men craue it,
 And will say nay, when they the fairst would haue it.
 Lin. 'Tis right; and now good shepheards tell me true,
 Haue I not cause, for I'll be iudg'd by you,
 To mone my hard mishap?
 Tech. Thou hast indeed. (bleed;
 Cor. Thy woes, friend Linus, make my heartstrings
 Lin. I thanke you all; but will you heare a song,
 Penn'd in the meditation of my wrong!
 Dor. For loues-(ake do!
 Lin. Iudge if the descant fit
 The burden of my grieffe, for this is it;
 As for the note before I further go,
 My tune is this, and who can blame my woe?*

*If Marriage life yeeld such content,
 What heauie hap haue I,
 Whose life with grieffe and sorrow spent,
 Wish death, yet cannot die:
 She's bent to smile when I do storme,
 When I am chearefull too,
 She seemes to loue, then who can cure,
 Or counterpoize my woe?*

My marriage day chac'd you away,

For

For I haue found it true,
 That *bed* which did all ioyes display,
 Became a *bed* of iue;
 Where *asses* do brouze on fancies floure,
 And beauties blossome too:
 Then where's that power on earth may cure,
 Or counterpoize my woe?

I thought *loue* was the *lampe* of life,
 No *life* without'en *loue*,
 No *loue* like to a faithfull *wife*:
 Which when I sought to proue,
 I found her birth was not on earth,
 For ought that I could know;
 Of good ones I perceiu'd a dearth,
 Then who can cure my woe?

Zantippe was a iealous shrow,
 And *Menalippe* too,
Faustina had a stormie brow,
Corinna'es like did show;
 Yet these were Saints compar'd to mine,
 For mirth and mildesse too:
 Who runs diuision all her time,
 Then who can cure my woe?

My *boord* no dishes can afford,
 But *chasing dishes* all,
 Where selfe-will domineres as Lord,
 To keepe poore me in thrall;
 My discontent giues her content,
 My friend she vowes her foe:

How

How should I then my sorrowes vent,
Or cure my endlesse woe?

No cure to care, farewell all ioy,
Retire poore soule and die,
Yet ere thou die, thy selfe employ,
That thou maist mount the skie;
Where thou may moue commanding Ioue,
That *Pluto* he might go
To wed thy wife, who end't thy life,
For this will cure thy wo!

*Dym. I iudge by this, that thou wouldst faine forsake
And freely giue her any that would take her. (her,*

*Lin. Dymnus I would, but I my crosse must beare,
As I haue done before this many yeare;
But since our griefes are equally exprest,
Let's now compare which is the heauiest!*

Tech. I lost my Amarillida;

Dor. But she

Was nothing to Bellina.

Dym. No, nor she

Like to my faire Palmira.

Cor. Nor all three

Equall to Celia;

Sap. Let Siluia be

The onely faire.

Lin. Admit, they all were faire,

Your griefes with me, may haue no equall share,

For you are free, so as perhaps you may

Make choice of some, may be as faire as they;

But I am bound, and that in such a knot,

As onely death may it unloose, or not.

Tech. *To Linus must we yeeld; but who are these?*

Dor. *Two iollie shepheards, that do hither prese,*

With ribbon favours. and rosemary sprigs,

Chanting along our Downes their rurall iigs,

As to some wedding boun;

Sap. *You may presume,*

For Iohn vnto the May-pole is their tune,

And that's their bridall note.

Lin. *Let vs draw neare them,*

Close to this shadie Beech, where we may heare them.



The shepheards holy-day, reduced
in apt measures to Hobbinalls
Galliard, or Iohn to the
May-pole.

M Opso. *Come Marina let's away,
For both Bride and Bridegroome stay,
Fie for shame are Swaines so long,
Pinning of their head-geare on?*

Pray thee see,

None but we,

Mongst the Swaines are left vnreadie,

Fie, make hast,

Bride is past,

Follow me and I will leade thee.

P

*Forth of a curi-
ous Spiner gra-
ced with the best
rarities of Art
and Nature,
Mopius a shep-
heard, and Ma-
rina a shephear-
desse, singing a
Nupriall hymne
in the way to the
Bridall.*

Mar.

210 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Mar. On my lovely Mopsus, on,
 I am readie, all is done,
 From my head unto my foote,
 I am fitted each way to't;
 Buskins gay,
 Gowne of gray,
 Best that all our flocks do render,
 Hat of stroe,
 Platted through,
 Cherrie lip and middle slender.

Mop. And I thinke you will not find
 Mopsus any whit behind,
 For he loues as well to go,
 As most part of shepheards do.
 Cap of browne,
 Bottle-crowne,
 With the leg I won at dancing,
 And a pumpe
 Fit to iumpe,
 When we shepheards fall a prancing.

And I know there is a sort,
 Will be well provided for't,
 For I heare, there will be there
 Liueliest Swaines within the Shere:
 Letting Gill,
 Iumping Will,
 Ore the floore will haue their measure:
 Kit and Kate,
 There will waite,
 Tib and Tom will take their pleasure.

Mar.

Mar. *But I feare;*

Mop. *What doest thou feare?*

Mar. *Crowd the fidler is not there:*

*And my mind delighted is,
With no stroake so much as his.*

Mop. *If not he,*

There will be

Drone the piper that will trounce it.

Mar. *But if Crowd,*

Strucke aloud,

Lord me thinks how I could bounce it!

Mop. *Bounce it Mall, I hope thou will,*

For I know that thou hast skill,

And I am sure thou there shalt find,

Measures store to please thy mind;

Roundelayer,

Irish-hayer,

Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,

Spaniletto,

The Venetto,

Iohn come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.

Mar. *But of all there's none so sprightly*

To my eare, as tutch me lightly:

For it's this we shepheards loue,

Being that which most doth moue;

There, there, there,

To a haire,

O Tim Crowd, me thinks I heare thee,

Young nor old,

Nere could hold,

But must leake if they come nere thee.

212 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Mop. *Blush Marina, fie for shame,
Blemish not a shepherds name;*

Mar. *Mopsus why, is't such a matter,
Maids to shew their yeelding nature?*

*O what then,
Beye men,
That will beare your selues so froward,
When you find
Us inclin'd,
To your bed and boord so toward?*

Mop. *True indeed, the fault is ours,
Though we tearme it oft-times yours;*

Mar. *What would shepherds haue vs do,
But to yeeld when they do wo?*

*And we yeeld
Them the field,
And endow them with our riches.*

Mop. *Yet we know,
Oft-times too,
You'le not sticke to weare the breches.*

Mar. *Fooles they'le deeme them, that do heare them
Say, their wines are wont to weare them:*

*For I know there's none has wit,
Can endure or suffer it;*

*But if they
Haue no stay,
Nor discretion (as tis common)
Then they may
Giue the sway,
As is fitting to the woman.*

Mop.

Mop. *All too long (deare loue) I weene,
Hane we stood upon this theame:*

Let each lasse, as once it was,

Loue her Swaine, and Swaine his lasse:

So shall we

Honor'd be,

In our mating, in our meeting,

While we stand

Hand in hand,

Honest Swainling, with his Sweeting.

Dor. *How say you shepheards, shall we all repaire
Unto this wedding, to allay our care?*

Dym. *Agreed for me.*

Tech. *And I am well content.*

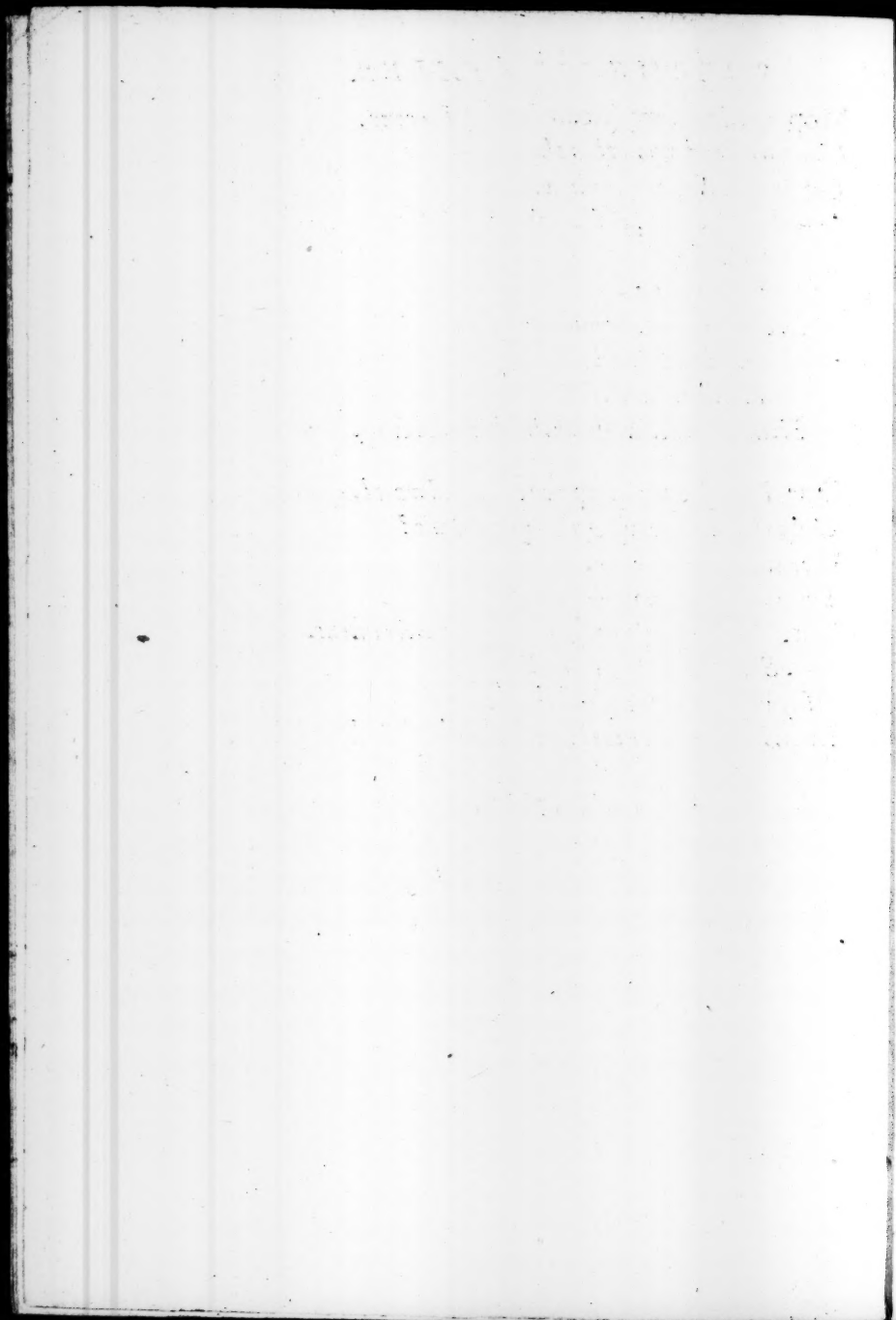
Cor. *On then, let's make our life a merriment.*

Sap. *See where they come!*

May Hymen aye defend them.

Lin. *And far more ioy then I haue had God send them.*

FINIS.



OMPHALE,
OR,
THE INCONSTANT
SHEPHEARDESSE.

Perijſſem, niſi perijſſem.



LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD
WHITAKER.

1621.



To her in whose chaste breast
choisest vertues , as in their
Abstract, are seated :

The accomplishd Lady P.W. wife to the
Nobly-descended S. T.W. Knight:
and daughter to the much
honoured, S. R. C.

All correspondence to her worthiest
wishes.





OMPHALE,
OR,
THE INCONSANT
SHEPHEARDESSE.



N bondage free, in freedome bound
I am,

A hopelesse, haplesse, lone-sicke,
life-sicke man;

*W*hen I write ought, streight lone
preuenteth me,

And bids me write of nought but Omphale:

When I ride East, my heart is in the West,

Lodg'd in the center of her virgin-breast.

The homeliest cell would chearefull seeme to me,

If I in it might liue with Omphale.

My youth growes ag'd, for though I'me in my prime,

Lone hath made furrowes in this face of mine;

So as last day (aye me unhappie else)

Looking in th' glasse, I scarce could know my selfe.

And I, from whom these sharpe extreames did grow,

Was not content, but I must tell her too,

Which made her proud, for few or none there are,

(If women) but they'r proud if they be faire.

All this last Sommer hath it bene my hap,

To sport, toy, play, and wanton in her lap,

And

*And euer th' more I plaid, if so I could,
 Or strength admitted meanes, the more I would:
 For truth confirms that Maxime, where we find
 A louing, loyall, well-disposed mind,
 Preft for encounter, there we loue to plant,
 Feeding on Loues delights in midst of want;
 For Loue contemnes all want, and counts't a gaine,
 To purchase one houres ioy with two yeares paine.
 Alas how oft (too oft thou well may say)
 Haue I in priuate spent with her the day,
 Inuoking th' Sunne, plants, heauen, and earth and all,
 If fall I should, she did procure my fall?
 And still she vow'd, and bit her lip, and stept
 Apart from me, and wip'd her eyes and wept,
 And stood and chid, and call'd me most vniust,
 To harbour in my bosome such distrust.
 And I (too credulous I) as one dismaid,
 Was forced to recant what I had said,
 Swearing I was resolu'd that th' constancie,
 Of * Hypemnestra match'd not Omphale.
 Thus did I gull my selfe to sooth my loue,
 Who pron'd a Serpent, though she seem'd a Doue:
 For voves, protests, and all that she had spoken,
 Were by her light affection quickly broken.
 And whence came this? not frō me, heauen thou knowes,
 But from my loue who triumphs in my woes;
 My loue; raze out that name: she was indeed,
 When thou and she your lambkins vs'd to feede
 On Arnus flowrie banks, being wont to make
 Posies and nosegaies for her shepheards sake,
 And bind them to his hooke; but let that passe,
 She is not she, nor time the same it was.*

** Or Hypemne-
 stra, one of the
 fiftie daughters
 of Danaus, who
 out of a tender
 nuptiall affectiō,
 sau'd her hus-
 band Lynceus
 from that great
 slaughter which
 was committed
 by her sisters, in
 slaying their
 husbands.*

For

For then (ô then) suspicious eyes were free,
 And none but heavenly bodies lookt on thee;
 (Too faire Spectators,) though we now and then
 Dispence with Gods sight rather then with men.
 And can she thinke on this and not relent,
 Or thinking not of this, can she consent
 To leaue Admetus? Yes, why can she not!
 Now loues she Cloris, and I feare his lot
 Will proue as fatall, for her very eye
 Tells me she means to tread her (hoe awry).
 And this I saw before, and durst not see,
 For th' loue I bore to her, perswaded me
 She could not be so thankelesse, as requite
 My faithfull seruice with such strange despite:
 Yet I perceiv'd, not by suspicious feare,
 But by the Organs both of eye and eare,
 That loue was fained which to me she bore,
 Reseruing others to supply her store.
 And I confesse in th' end I iealous grew,
 For some had many fauours, I but few;
 Others had smiles, I frownes, so as I say,
 I found her former fancie fall away,
 Which gane increase to grieffe, cause to my eye
 To looke into her steps more narrowly;
 So as poore foole (so vainely did I erre)
 I thought each bush did play th' Adulterer,
 So violent was this passion; which to show,
 Though of Actxons there be store enow,
 I briefly meane, (and let all others passe)
 To tell you how my iealous humour was.
 Each thing I ey'd, did represent to me,
 The louely feature of my Omphale,

Yet

Yet so, as still that precious forme I saw,
 Did by attractive power another draw,
 To make her forme more complete, for we know,
 Number can ne're consist of lesse then two.
 Streight did I see, (suspition made me see)
 My selfe made cuckold in a phantasie,
 Which in my thoughts such deepe impression tooke,
 As now and then I threw away my booke,
 Calling my selfe an Asse, to pore on that
 Which gaue my wench time to cornute my pate;
 And to confirme the height of my disgrace,
 Suffer the rising of her common place.
 Sometimes in silent nights, when hoarie care
 Is charm'd asleepe, and men exempted are
 From day-bred passions, would I start from bed,
 And sweare, the night had me dishonoured;
 While she (sleepe-lulled soule) did thinke no harme,
 But lay entwining me with arme in arme:
 Yet hearing me she wakt, and chid me too,
 For doing (humerous foole) what I did do,
 And as she chid I wept, yet inward faine,
 My dreames prou'd false, I went to bed againe.
 If I but found her in discourse with any,
 I streight renounc'd her loue, and swore too many
 Were factors in my Pinnace, yet one frowne
 Sent from her brow, subdude me as her owne.
 If she receiu'd a letter from a friend,
 I streight coniectur'd what it did intend;
 Supposing (vaine suppose) where th' place should be,
 That witnesse might the shame of Omphale:
 To which I vow'd reuenge, though nothing were,
 But my owne thoughts that ministred this feare.

Oft would I faine (for what were all my thoughts,
 But fictions meerely) that she played nought
 With her owne shadow, and Narcissus-like,
 That in her forme she tooke such quaint delight,
 As forced now to surfet on her store,
 She pron'd this true: Much plentie made her poore.
 Thus did her presence cause me to admire her,
 Her absence like occasion to desire her;
 Without whose presence, though the Sunne shone faire,
 All seemed darke, because she was not there.
 Last time we parted with teare-trickling eye,
 Hand ioyn'd in hand right ceremonially,
 I call'd the heauens and sacred powers above,
 To witnesse with me my unfained loue,
 And vow'd withall, if ere it should appeare,
 I broke the faith which I had plight to her,
 Or entred any bed lasciniously,
 Intending to play false with Omphale,
 Or entertain'd least thought of disrespect
 To her or hers in nature of neglect,
 Or euer cancell'd th'deed, which (heauens you know,
 Was seal'd and was deliner'd twixt vs two)
 Or euer chang'd my fancie, to denide
 My shared loue vnto another Bride,
 Or ere disclaim'd what I in secret vow'd,
 Or disallow what Hymen had allow'd;
 If this or that, or any of these all,
 Should censure me of lightnesse, that my fall
 Might recompence my shame (which heauens forbid)
 And this I vow'd to do, and this I did.
 Nor did she spare to second me in this,
 But wish'd if ere she chanc'd to do amisse,

With

With an intent of ill, or violate
 Those solemn bests our lones had consummate,
 Or stain'd that spousall rest, that blest repose,
 Where two encountred, yet were neither foes;
 Or disesteem'd my lone, or prized it
 Lesse then a constant louer did besit,
 Or let one day or night passe carelesly,
 Without recalling me to memory,
 Or gine occasion to the world to say,
 She lones another when her lone's away,
 Or entertaine a fauour, or descry
 Least of affection by alluring eye,
 Or riot in my absence, or consort
 With any that might blemish her report,
 Or frequent publicke presence, which might moue
 A subiect for varietie of lone:
 If this or that, or any should begin
 To taxe her life, might vengeance plague her sinne.
 Thus we both vow'd, and thus we parted too,
 But heare how soone my lone infring'd her vow;
 No sooner had the region of the West,
 Remou'd me from my lone, and rest me rest,
 Where steepie mountaines ragged and vneuen,
 Ossa and Pelion-like do menace heauen,
 Where scalpie hils and sandie vales imply,
 The ploughmans toile's requited slenderly;
 Where their course feeding and their homely fare,
 Makes their wits lumpish, and their bodies spare:
 Then she (inconstant she) forgot me cleane,
 And all her vowes, as if I had not bene.
 Distance of place, made distance in our lone,
 And as my body mou'd, her lone did moue

From

From her first center: thus cuen in my Prime,
 Did my loue change, when I did change my clime.
 Thus like blind Cupids ball (by fancie crost)
 Was I to euery hazard strangely tost;
 Thus was my seruice guerdon'd with disgrace,
 While Cloris crept into Admetus place:
 And can her height of sinne be thus forgot?
 No, wanton no, who is it knowes it not?
 So as thy crime thy nature will display,
 And make thy storie worse then Cressida,
 Who in contempt offaith, (as we do reade)
 Reiected Troilus for Diomedes!
 Canst thou make shew of loue to me or any,
 That art expos'd to loving of so many?
 Canst thou haue heart to vow, when thou forsooke,
 And didst infringe the oath which thou first tooke?
 Canst thou haue face to come in open light,
 That hast incurr'd reuenge in his pure sight,
 Whose vengeance thou inuok't? canst thou repaire
 Unto thy sex, or taste the common ayre,
 Hauiing, (by making of thy faith so common)
 Infected th' ayre, impeach'd the Sex of women?
 Canst thou looke on that faulthlesse hand of thine,
 And giue it to another being mine?
 Canst thou, and see that face, not blush to see
 Those teares thou shed, and vowe thou made to me?
 Or canst embrace another in thy bed,
 Hearing thy first espoused friend not dead?
 Suppose I should surprize thee, could I long
 Refraine my hand, and not reuenge my wrong?
 Could I allay my passion vnexpress'd,
 Or see th' Adulterer sleepe within thy brest?

Could

Could I endure my bed should be abus'd,
 Or see her strumpeted, whom I had chur'd?
 Could I content my selfe to see my shame,
 And coward-like, not to redresse the same?
 No, no insatiate thou, sooner could time
 Leane his gradation, or the Sunne to shine,
 Light bodies to ascend and leane their center,
 Riners their downward course, then I should venter
 My patience on that odds: but foolish I,
 That gaue no credit to mine eare or eye,
 But made my senses all Cassandra'es, where
 Mine eare presag'd, yet I'de not trust mine eare:
 Such strange distempers doth this Circe breed,
 This phrensie-fancie in a louers head,
 That though he heare, see, taste, and touch, & sinell
 His lones unkindnesse, yet he dare not tell,
 But must renounce th' instruction of all these,
 Yea, (euen him selfe) that he his wench may please.
 O why should man tear me woman th' weaker kind,
 Since they are stronger, as we daily find,
 In will, and head, although their husbands browes,
 Oft to a harder kind of temper growes?
 So as for all that we do style them weaker,
 They oft become to be their husbands maker!
 But now Admetus, wilt thou pine and die,
 And waste thy selfe for her inconstancie?
 Wilt thou lament the losse of such an one,
 As hath resolu'd to keepe her faith with none?
 Or canst thou dote on her, that longs to be
 Affected of each youth that she doth see?
 No, no Admetus, since she proues vntrue,
 Shed not one teare nor sigh, for none is due,

But

But offer Pan the chiefe of all thy flocke,
 That thou art rid of such a weat hercocke.
 Now maist thou pipe vpon thy oaten reede,
 Whilest thy Mug-sheepe on Arnus pastures feede:
 Where bonnie Clytus will attend on thee,
 And Mopsus too will keepe thee companie.
 There the late-freed Caprus will repaire,
 And ioy to taste the freedome of the ayre;
 Where he will descant on no rurall theame,
 But on Ambitions curbe, the golden meane.
 And ioy he may, for who did euer heare
 Such alterations as in him appeare?
 Where long restraint hath labour'd to restore
 That loue to him, which he had lost before.
 With whom Admetus may in consort ioyne,
 Comparing of your fortunes one by one;
 He to regaine the loue which he had lost,
 Thou to forget her loue that wrong'd thee most.
 And well would this be seeme Admetus straine,
 "For shepheards should not laugh at others paine,
 But in compassion of their grienes and them,
 To imitate their passions in the same.
 And this's a better course, and safer too,
 Then to do that which thou so late didst do,
 Pining and puling, wishing death appeare,
 Which for thy wishes was no whit the neare.
 "For death (whē we are happie) will come nie vs, Iole in Oct.
 "But if we wretched be, then death will flie vs. Her.
 How oft hath my experience made this good,
 When wishing death, I was by death withstood?
 For still I thought my woes would haue an end
 If * Death arrin'd, afflictions welcome friend.

* Mors sola
 portus, dabitur
 ærumnis locus.
 ibid. Deian.

*But th' more I sought, the more he fled from me,
To make me riper in my miserie:*

"For griefe is of that nature, as it growes

"In age, so new effects it daily showes.

Yet now thou liues (and thanks to th' powers above)

Hast neare by this, suppress the thoughts of lone.

Now canst thou feed, and sleepe, and laugh, & talke,

Sport, and tell tales, refresh thy selfe, and walke

In slowrie Meedes, whilst thou seest Cloris hing

His iealous head to heare the Cuckow sing.

Alas (poore man) what bondage is he in,

To serue a Swaine that's canteriz'd in sin,

Expos'd to shame, and prostitute to lust,

In whom nor's grace, nor faith, nor lone, nor trust?

And heauen I wish, she may in time reclaime

Her former course, and rectifie the same:

But th' Pumice stone will hardly water yeeld,

Or grace appeare in such a barren field:

For such light mates encompasse her about,

As Vertue's choak't before it can take roote.

O Cloris, if thou knew Admetus mind,

And th' hard conceit he h'as of womankind,

Whose fairest lookes, are lures, affections, baits,

*Words, wind, vowes, vaine, and their protests de-
ceits,*

Songs, charms, teares, traines to trace vs to our end,

Smiles, snares, frowns, fears, which to our ruine tend:

Then wouldst thou (Cloris) censure Omphale,

The pregnant mirror of inconstancie,

And curbe thy fancie, ere it haue leaſt part

In one can vow so often with one heart.

For heare me (Cloris) she did neuer show

More

*More lone to thee, then she to others too:
 Yet what art thou (if man) maist build thee more
 Upon her faith then others did before?
 What art thou canst perswade thy selfe of this,
 She'le not tread right, h'as trod so long amisse,
 Or that she'le now prone constant, that h'as pron'd,
 So faithlesse to the most, that she has lou'd?
 No, Cloris no, the Prouerbe it is true,
 And is confirm'd in her whom thou doest sue;
 "To wash the Moore, is labouring in vaine,
 "For th' colour that he h'as, is di'd in graine.
 So th'more thou strives to make her blacknes white,
 Thou drawes heauens curtaine to display her night.
 Her night indeed, saue that no starres appeare,
 (No lights of grace) within her hemi-spheare,
 But th' changing Moone whose lightnesse doth expresse
 That light-inconstant mind of Omphales:
 "Where Vertue seemes at Nature to complaine,
 "That vice should be at full, and she at waine.
 Yet Nature answers, she h'as done her part,
 And that the fault is rather in her heart,
 That is so spacious, to entertaine
 The wauering lone of euery wanton Swaine.
 And I assent to Nature, for it's showne,
 By her rare workmanship, what she h'as done,
 In giuing beantie lustre, her content;
 In forming her, her selfe to represent.
 And reason good; for when I thinke vpon,
 That Zeuxes, Phydias, and Pigmalion,
 (Those natiue artists) who indeed did strue
 To make their curious statues seeme alike,
 Reducing art to Nature; then I find,*

*Nature had cause to satisfie her mind
 In something aboue art, that after-time
 Might moue her to reioyce, art to repine.
 And what more moning patterne could there be,
 Then the admired forme of Omphale,
 Whose feature equall'd Nature, and did show
 The very Spring whence fancie's said to flow?
 For first her stature's seemely, which I call,
 Neither too dwarfish low, nor giant-tall;
 Her front a rising mount, her eyes two lamps,
 Which, where'soe'er she lookes impression stamps;
 Her cheeke twixt rosie red and snowie white,
 Attracts an admiration with delight;
 Her nose nor long nor short, nor high nor low,
 Nor flat, nor sharpe, the token of a brow;
 Her mouth nor ferret-strait, nor callet-broade,
 But of an apt proportion, as it should;
 Her breath the fragrant odour, which lowe sips
 From these two cherrie portels of her lips;
 Where those two iuory pales or rowes of teeth,
 Accent her speech, perfumed by her breath;
 Her chin th'inclining vale, denided is,
 By th'daintie dimple of lowes choifest blisse,
 Which, as maine founts from smallest currents flow,
 Derines her sweets to th'rinelings below;
 Her necke a rocke enazur'd with pure veines
 Of orient pearle, which with amorous chaines
 Of lou's desir'd embraces, charmes the eye,
 And ties it to her obiect, when she's by;
 Her breasts two Orbs or Mounts, or what you will
 That may include perfection, which to fill
 The world with admiration, are layd out,*

To worke the feate her lightnesse goes about;
 Two prettie nipples, one oppos'd gainst t'other,
 Challenge the name of Nurse as well as Mother:
 Though some (for state makes lone to children worse)
 Scorne, being mothers to become their nurse.
 In brieft her all, (because I'll not descend,
 In praise of that, where praises haue no end)
 Is beauties faire Idæa, which implies
 Height of content, to lones amazed eyes.
 And yet this she, the modell of delight,
 Though outward faire, seemes to my inward sight,
 As spotted as the Ermine, whose smooth skin,
 Though it be faire without, is foule within.
 For what more foule then vice? but chiefly that
 Which makes a woman to degenerate,
 From her more shamefast Sex, where modestie
 Should sit vpon her cheeke, to verifie (rest,
 What th'Comick said: * straid thoughts find neuer
 " But shamefast lookes become a woman best.
 Indeed they do; for there is greater sence,
 That shame should moue man more then impudence;
 For bashfull lookes adde fuell to lones fire,
 While th'spirit of lust doth with her flame expire.
 Which makes me wonder, that th'interiour light
 Whence man resembles God, should lose his sight,
 By doting on an Idoll, that can take
 To charme lones dazled eyes a Syrens shape,
 Making Art vye with Nature for the best,
 And soiling that which should surpass the rest.
 For what is faire, if that be all there is,
 But an eye-pleasing thing, that yeelds no blisse,
 Wanting that inward faire, which who enioyes,

* Errant, nec
 sedem repetunt
 serenam Quæ
 perulant corde
 resurgunt, &c.

*Esteemes all outward ornaments as toys,
 Compared to that beauty, which no Art
 Could euer equall, or expresse in part?
 Indeed the grace of vertue is more rare,
 And exquisite, when she that's good is faire,
 For she becomes most complete well we know,
 That's grac'd with vertue and with beautie too.
 Whence that experienst * Morall vs'd to reach
 A looking glasse to such as he did teach;
 Wherein, if such were faire themselves did eye,
 He would exhort them rather to apply
 Their minds to vertue, for great pittie twere,
 Foule soules (quoth he) should haue a face so faire:
 But if deform'd, he streight would counsell them,
 With wholesome precepts to supply the same;
 For fit it were (quoth he) a face so foule,
 Should be prouided of a beauteous soule.
 But rare's this composition, for we find,
 Seldome that double blisse in woman-kind,
 Where she that's faire can soone admire her owne,
 And knowes what Nature for her selfe hath done:
 Teashe by this can learne another straine,
 Put on coy looks, and th'fashion of disdain, (breath,
 Minf-speech, huff-pace, flecke-skin, and perfum'd
 Goats-haire, breasts-bare, plume-fronted, fricace-
 All which infuse new motions into man, (teeth,
 Late borrow'd of th' Italian Curtezan.
 But now to thee thou wanton, will I come,
 To taxe, not visit that polluted tombe,
 Of all infection, which to giue it due,
 Is now become no Temple but a stue;
 Tell me, disdainfull faire, if I ere wrong'd,*

* Socrates.

Or

Or thee, or any that to thee belong'd!
 Haue I incurr'd dishonour, or deuoted
 My loue to many, whereby I am noted?
 Haue I bene too profuse in my respect,
 To other some, and blancht thee with neglect?
 Haue I incurr'd a merited disgrace,
 In begging loue when thou was out of place?
 Haue I by courting any, ere exprest,
 My selfe ought lesse then what I still profest?
 Didst euer see a fauour worne by me,
 But that poore bracelet I receiv'd of thee,
 Twisted with gold, and with thy fait blesse haire,
 Which now I haue throwne away with all my care?
 Did I ere vow and breake, as thou hast done,
 Or plight my faith (saue thee) to any one?
 Why then shouldst thou infringe that sacred oath,
 Which with a kisse was sealed to vs both,
 When scarce one houre did vs occasion giue,
 (So short was time) to take our lasting leaue?
 But I can guesse where thou wilt lay the blame;
 Not on thy selfe, but on them whence thou came,
 That lustfull stocke I meane, which gaue beginning
 To thee of being first, and then of sinning.
 It's true indeed, we know a poisoned spring,
 Can seld or neuer wholesome water bring,
 Nor can we looke that any barren field,
 Should ought saue tares or fruitlesse Darnell yeeld:
 For this from Scripture may collected be,
 "Such as the fruite is, such is still the tree.
 Too late I find this true, and heauens I wish,
 My former harmes may caution me of this;
 For what is ill descendeth in a blood.

Sooner and surer too, then what is good.

"For th'fathers vertues still attend his bere,

"And being dead, with him lie buried there;

"But th'vices which he had are not content

"To die with him, but liue in his descent.

So nature is thy ill, hauing her birth

From that corrupted stock which brought thee forth,

As sooner may the Æthiope become white,

Th' Cymmerian pitchie shade transparent light,

The Tiger leaue his nature, th' Wolfe his prey,

The Sunne to guide the chariot of the day,

*The * Pellican her desert, or the * Craine,*

That nat'rall loue which in her doth remaine

Unto her parents; then thy parents shame,

Got by their sinne, be wiped from thy name.

No wanton, no, thy darknesse is displayd,

Which can by no meanes re-disperse her shade,

But shall suruiue all time; for it's the will

Of Powers above, there should be life in ill,

As well as good: that th'memory of the first

Might make succeeding ages count her curst.

For I haue red (and thou was cause I red)

Some sickle Dames in stories mentioned,

Whose small respect to th'honour of their name,

Hath made them since the lasting heires of shame:

And such were Messalina, Martia,

*Fauftina, Lays, Claudia, * Portia,*

Two of which name there were of different kind,

In th'various disproportion of their mind;

"One good, one ill, one light, one constant prouing,

"One spousall-lot hing, one her honour louing.

But which of these can equall Omphale?

* Queis parfo
perio; quod a-
cerbæ prolis
imago

Exitit, & tene-
ræ nota paren-
tis erit. vid. Al-
cyat.

* Quæ parenti
confecto ætate
consulit, ei que
prestando na-
tale officium,
proprijis alis ge-
rit. vid. Basil. in
Homil.

* Portia the fa-
mous Curtizan,
and that noble
Ladie, an emi-
nent patterne of
modestie, wise to
Port. Cato the Se-
natour.

Or which of these line more licentiously?
 All patternes in their time (as well they might)
 And cautions too, to mone vs tread aright
 That do succeed them: yet obserue this (taine,
 This wedlocks-blemish, and you will complaine,
 Of th' present times, that they'r more ripe in sinne,
 And breach of faith, then former times haue bin.
 More ripe indeed, for where's that age become,
 " Folke di'd for loue, as we haue red of some,
 Who their affections so implanted haue,
 As nought could bury fancie but their graue?
 But these were childish times; indeed they were,
 For rather then for her I'de shed one teare,
 That disesteemes my loue, or send one grone,
 Or sigh, or sob, or pule, or make a mone,
 Or fold my armes, as forlorne lovers vse,
 Or griene to lose, when she doth others chuse,
 Or breake my sleepe, or take a solemne fast,
 I wish that taske might be Admetus last.
 No Omphale, though time was when I mourn'd,
 That time is chang'd, and now my humour's turn'd;
 So as I scarce remember what thou art,
 That once lay neare and deare vnto my heart.
 Now is my Pasture greene and flourishing,
 And poore Melampus which was wont to hing
 His beanie head (kind curre) for's maisters sake,
 Begins his sullen humour to forsake.
 Now is my bottle mended, and my hooke,
 My bag, my pipe, so as if thou should looke,
 And see Admetus with his woollie store,
 Thou'de say, he were not th'man he was before;
 And iudge him too, (to see him now reniue,

And

And change his note) the happiest man alive.

And so I am, to live and leave to love,

*(Though faithfull mates would flinty natures
Whose rare effects the Poet seemes to show, moue)
When wines expresse th'affections which they owe.*

* Turtare sic
turtur iungit a-
manda suo.

“ * Turtle with Turtle, husband with his mate,

“ In distinct kindes one love participate.

But since affection is so rare to find,

Where th'face weares not the luerie of the mind,

*And womans vowes (as * th'Satyre rightly saith)*

* Siciurare fo-
lent, sed non
seruare puellæ.
Lucian.

Be rather made for complement then faith;

Be free from love Admetus: if not free,

At least from love of such as Omphale.

FINIS.

A



A Poem describing the leuitie of a
woman: reseruing all generous respect
to the vertuously affected of
that Sexe.

Irst I feare not to offend,
 A very thing of nothing,
 Yet whom thus farre I commend,
 She's lighter then her clothing:
 Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,
 Her very Fan will weigh her downe:
 And marke how all things with her Sexe agree,
 For all her vertues are as light as she.

1.

She chats and chants but ayre,
 A windie vertue for the eare,
 T'is lighter farre then care,
 And yet her songs do burthens beare.

2.

She dances, that's but mouing,
 No heauie vertue here she changes,
 And as her heart in louing,
 So her feete in constant ranges.

She softly leanes on strings,
 She strikes the trembling lute and quauers:

These

*These are no weightie things,
Her strokes are light, so are her fauours.
Those are her vertues fitting to her kind,
No sooner showne, but they turnd all to wind.*

*Then to you, O Sexes of fethers,
On whose browes sit all the wethers,
I send my Passion weav'd in rimes,
To weigh downe these light emptie times.*

Descript.

W*hat are you, O heires of scorning,
But like Dew that melts each morning;
Euening vapours, and nights prize,
To answer our voluptuous eyes:
And but to screene that sinnes delight,
I thinke there neuer had bene night.*

*Nor had we bene from vertue so exempt,
But that the tempter did leaue you to tempt.
You bit the Apple first that makes vs die,
Where's ere we looke the apple's in our eye,
And death must gather it; for your turn'd breath,
And mortall teeth e'en to the core strucke death.*

FINIS.

HIS ODES:
OR,
PHILOMELS
TEARES.

*Odes in straines of sorrow tell
Fate and fall of euery fowle,
Mounting Merlin, Philomel,
Lagging Lapwing, Swallow, Owle;
Whence you may obserue how state
Rais'd by pride, is raz'd by hate.*



LONDON,
Printed for Richard Whitaker.

1 6 2 1.

[illegible]



TO THE GENEROVS,
INGENIOVS, AND IVDICIOVS
PHILALETHIST, *Thomas Ogle Esquire: the
succeeding issue of his diuineſt wiſhes.*



*Nknowne to you I am, yet knowne I am
To th'better part of you, your vertuous
name;*

Which like a precious odour bath infus'd

Your loue ſo much in me, as I haue chus'd

Your ſelfe, to patronize what I haue writ,

Whoſe name I thought had power to ſhelter it.

*I grant indeed, Smooth * Eagle for your name,*

Includes that Sun-reflecting (Anagram)

Theſe birds which in my Odes their fates diſplay,

Are ſome night-birds, as others of the day;

Which in my iudgement, tenders more delight,

To ſee how ſin's orecurtain'd by night,

Whereas the day ſends forth his golden raiſes,

And ſhewes ſuch birds as chant their makers praiſe.

Which Morall, as it ſuites theſe times of ours,

I do diſclaime my right in't, it is yours,

If you eſteeme it worthie to obtaine

Your approbation: This is all our ayme.

* Sic tereti curſu
repetit ſpiracu-
la montis
Aquila, quæ
valles ſpernit,
vt alta petat.
Sol radios mit-
tit, radiosq; re-
ſectit ocellis;
Aquila ſis viſu
ſemper (Amice)
tuo. *Alcyon. in*
Emblem. Samb.
ibid. Plin. in Nat.
Hiſt. Elian.
ibid. Greg. in
Mor. expo. in
Ioh.

R. B.

TO THE HONORABLE

THE SECRETARY OF THE

NAVY DEPARTMENT



Very respectfully,
Submitted,
J. M. Smith,
Lieutenant,
United States Navy.
1898.



THE
TRAVELLOVR,
DILATING VPON THE
sundrie changes of humane affaires,
most fluctuant when appearing
most constant.

AN ODE.

Tell me man, what creature may
Promise him such safe repose,
As secure from hate of foes,
He may thus much truly say,
Nought I haue I feare to lose,
No mischance can me dismay;
Tell me, pray thee (if thou can)
If the *worlde* haue such a man!

Tell me, if thou canst discerne
By thy reasons excellence,
What man for his providence,
Of the *Pismire* may not learne:
Yet that creature hath but sense,
Though she do her liuing earne,
Spare, not costly, is her fare,
Yet her *grands* shewes her care!

R

Tell

Tell me, canst thou shew me him,
That exact in each de vice,
Is at all times truly wise,
And is neuer seene to swim
(For in this his iudgement lies)
Gainst the current of the streame,
But seemes to haue full command,
Of each thing he takes in hand!

Tell me, was there euer knowne
Such a man that had a wit,
And in some part knew not it,
Till at last conceited growne,
He grew prowder then was fit,
Euer boasting of his owne;
For that *Maxime* true we know,
“*He that’s witty, knowes him so!*”

Tell me, is that *man* on earth,
Whose affaires so stable are,
As they may for all his care,
Fall not crosse and crabdly forth,
And of sorrowes haue no share,
Which descend to man by birth;
What is he can promise rest,
When his mind’s with griefe oppress!

Tell me, is there ought so strong,
Firmly-constant, permanent,
Or on *earth* such true content,
As it faderh not ere long:
Is there ought so excellent,

As it changeth not her song,
And in *time* that all deuoures,
Mixeth sweets with sharpest foures!

Tell me, who is he that shines
In the height of Princes loue,
Sitting minion-like with *Ioue*,
Glorying in those golden times,
But he feares something may moue
His distast by whom *He* climbs:
Wherefore he that feares to fall,
Should forbear to climbe at all!

Tell me, where is *Fortune* plac'd,
That she may not men beguile,
Shrowding frownes with fained smile;
Where is *He* so highly grac'd,
Shewing greatnesse in his stile,
Hath not bene in time out-fac'd,
By some *riual*, where still one
Striues to put another downe!

Tell me, then what life can be
More secure, then where report
Makes vs onely knowne to th' Court,
Where we leade our liues so free,
As we're strangers to resort,
Saue our priuate familie;
For I thinke that *dwelling best*,
Where least cares disturbe our rest!



THE NIGHTINGALL.

2. O D E.

N *Vg, IVg*; faire fall the *Nightingall*,
 Whose tender breast
 Chants out *her* merrie *Madrigall*,
 With *hawthorne* preft:
T'en, T'en, thus fings ſhe euen by euen,
 And represents the melodie in heauen;
T'is, T'is,
 I am not as I wiſh.

Rape-defiled *Phylomel*
 In her ſad miſchance,
 Tells what ſhe is forc'd to tell,
 While the *Satyres* dance:
 Vnhappie I, quoth ſhe, vnhappie I,
 That am betraide by *Tereus* trecherie;
T'is, T'is,
 I am not as I wiſh.

Chaft-vnchaſt, deſloured, yet
 Spotleſſe in heart;
 Luſt was all that *He* could get,
 For all his art:
 For I nere attention lent
 To his ſuite, nor gaue conſent;
T'is, T'is,
 I am not as I wiſh.

Thus

Thus hath faithlesse *Tereus* made
 Heartlesse *Phylomela*
 Mone her in her forlorne shade,
 Where griefe I feele:
 Griefe that wounds *me* to the heart,
 Which though gone, hath left her smart;
T'is, T'is,
 I am not as I wish.



THE LAPWING.

3. ODE.



Nhappie I to change my *aerie* nest,
 For this same *marsh* dwelling where I
 rest,
 Wherfore my song while I repeate,
 I'll close it vp;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Euery Cowheard driuing his beasts to graze,
 Disturbs my rest, *me* from my *nest* doth raise,
 Which makes my young take vp this song,
 To wreake my wrong;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Thou subtile *Stockdove* that hast cheated *me*,
 By taking vp thy *nest* where I should be,
 Hast me and mine in perill set,

Whose song is fit;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Solely-retired, see I live alone,
 Farre from recourse or sight of any *one*,
 And well that life would suite with me,
 Were I but free;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Young-ones I haue, that thinking I am fled,
 Do leaue their *nest*, and run with *shell* on *head*,
 And hauing found *me* out *we* cry,
 Both they and I;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Crest-curl'd mates why do you beare so long
 The *Stockdones* pride, that triumphs in your wrong
 Let vs our signals once display,
 And make him say;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Too tedious hath our bondage bene I wis,
 And onely patience was the cause of this,
 Where if we would contract our power,
 We'de sing no more;
Rue yet, rue yet.

March you then brauely, as if *Mars* were here,
 And hate no guest so much as *slauish* feare,
 Let the proud *Stockdone* feele your wing,
 That he may sing;
Rue yet, rue yet.

Let

Let none escape, though they submissiue seeme,
Till you haue spoil'd and quite vnfether'd them,
So you shall make them vaile the wing,
And henceforth sing;
Rue yet, rue yet.



THE OWLE.

4. ODE.



A Kings daughter, see what *pride*
may do,
In fatall *yewe* takes vp my for-
lorne seate,
The cause wherof was *this*, if you
would know,

I would haue better bread then grew on wheate,
Though now a *Mouse* be all the food I eate,
And glad I am when I can feed of it.

Ruff-curled necke, see I reserue some show
Of what I was, though far from *her* I was,
Wherein my boundlesse *pride* so farre did grow,
That as in place I did the rest surpasse,
So in the purest *beautie* of my face,
Courting my selfe in fancies looking-glasse.

Milke-bathed skin, see *wantons* what I vs'd,
To make my *skin* more supple, smooth, & sleeke,

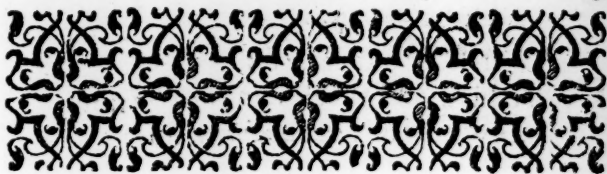
Wherein my natiue hue by *Art* abus'd,
 I lay a new *complexion* on my cheek,
 Sending my *eyes* abroad suters to seeke,
 And vying fashions with each day i'th weeke.

Nought I affected more then what was rare,
 "Best things (if common) I did disesteeme,
 Seld was I breathd on by the publike ayre,
 "For those are most admir'd are seldome seene,
 Which is, and hath a custome euer bene,
 "Such as come oft abroad, we vulgar deeme.

Thus selfe-admir'd I liu'd, till thus transform'd,
 I got a *feature* fitting with my *pride*:
 For I that scorned others, now am scorn'd,
 Had in disgrace, and in pursuite beside;
 May the like *fate* like spirits aye betide,
 So worthlesse honour shall be soone descride.

For *ruff* thick-set, a curle-wreathed *plume*,
 Round 'bout my necke I weare, for *tyres* of gold
 A downie *tuft* of *feathers* is my crowne,
 For *fan* in hand my clawes a pearch do hold,
 And for those cates and dainties manifold,
 "A mouse I wish, but wants her when I would.

Be well aduis'd then *Minions*, what you do,
 "Portray my *feature*, and make use of it,
 What fell to *me* may likewise fall to you,
 And then how daring-high so ere you sit,
 Nought but dishonour shall your *pride* begit,
 "Dead to report of *Vertue* as is fit.



THE MERLIN.

5. O D E.



Hence *Nisus*, whence,
Is this the fate of kings,
For arm'd on Scepter,
To be arm'd with wings?
Poore speckled *bird*, see how aspiring may
Degrade the high, and their estate betray.

Once Fortune made
Nisus her fauorite,
And rer'd his throne
To such vnbounded height,
That forreine states admir'd what *he* posselt,
Till *she* *ambition* nestled in his breast.

Till then how blest,
And after see how base
His *greatnesse* fell,
When rest of Princely grace;
Those many fleeting *Parasites* he gain'd,
In his succeffe, not one in want remain'd

Chesses he weares
Now on his downie feete,

Where

Where once *guilt spurs*,
 With store of *pearle* set
 Adorn'd his nimble heeles, and *hooded* now,
 His *better* wants: this can *ambition* do.

Vp still *he* mounts,
 And must a pleasure bring,
 That once was king;
 To meaner then a king;
 Where *he*, who once had *Falkners* at command,
 Is faine to picke his meate from *Falkners* hand.

Imperious *fate*,
 What canst not thou effect,
 When thou perceiues
 In man a dis-respect
 Vnto thy honour, which we instanc'd see,
 In no one *Nisus* better then in thee!

But *slow* bird *slow*,
 See now the game's a foote,
 And white-mailed *Nisus*,
 He is flying to't;
 Scepter, Crowne, Throne & all that Princely were
 Benow reduc'd to *feathers* in the ayre.



THE SWALLOW.

6. ODE.



Ou chatt'ring *Fleere*, you *Faune*,
 you *sommer-friend*,
 Not following vs, but our suc-
 cesse,
 Will this your flatt'ring humour
 nere haue end,

Of all other meritleffe?

Flie I say, flie, be gone,

Haunt not here to *Albion*:

She should be spotlesse, as imports her *name*,
 But such as *you* are borne to do her shame.

How many faire protests and solemne vowes,

Can your hatefull consorts make,

Wheras (heauen knows) these are but only shows

Which you do for profit-sake?

O then leaue our coast and vs,

Blemish'd by your foule abuse.

Vertue can haue no being, nor could euer,

Where th'*Parasite* is deem'd a *happy liner*.

Tale-tattling gossip, prone to carrie newes,

And such newes are euer worst,

Where false report finds matter, and renews

Her itching humour till it burst,

Where

Where each euen finds tales enough,
 All the gloomie winter through,
 To passe the night away, and oft-times tries,
 That *truth* gets friendship seldomer then *lies*.

Spring-time when flowers adorne the chearefull
 And each *bird* sings on her spray, (mede,
 When flowry groues with blossoms checkered,
 And each day seemes a marriage day,
 Chatt'ring *Swallow* thou canst chuse
 Then a time to visit vs;
 Such are these fained friends make much vpon vs,
 When we are *rich*, but being *poore* they shun vs.

The stormie *winter* with his hoarie locks,
 When each branch hangs downe his head,
 And icie flawes candies the ragged rocks,
 Making *fields* discoloured,
 Driues *thee* from vs and our coast,
 Where in *spring-time* thou repo'st;
 Thus thou remaines with vs in our delight,
 But in our discontent th'art out of sight.

Time-seruing *humorist* that faunes on Time,
 And no merit doest respect,
 Who will not loath that sees that vaine of thine,
 Where deserts are in neglect,
 And the *good* is priz'd no more
 Then the *ill*, if he be poore?
 Thou art the rich mans claw-backe, and depends
 No more on men, then as their *trencher-friends*.

Go turne-taile go, we haue not here a *Spring*
 For such temporizing mates,
Pan's in our Ile, and he scornes *flattering*;
 So those *Guardians* of our States,
 Who are early vp and late,
 And of all, this *vice* doth hate:
Flie tell-tale, flie, and if thou wilt, complaine thee,
That Albion's harsh, and will not entertaine thee.



THE FALL OF THE LEAFE.

7. ODE.

T*he* *Lora* where's thy beauty now,
 Thou was while om wont to show?
 Not a *branch* is to be seene,
 Clad in *Adons* colour *greene*;
Lambkins now haue left their skip-
 Lawn-frequenting *Fauns* their tripping; (ping,
 Earths bare breast feeles winters whipping,
 And her brood the North-winds nipping.

Though the *Boxe* and *Cypresse* tree,
 Weare their wonted linerie,
 And the little *Robin* scorne
 To be danted with a storme,
 Yet the *Shepherd* is not so,
 When *He* cannot see for snow,
 Nor the *flocks* which he doth owe,
 And in drifts are buried low.

Nor

Nor the *Grazer*, discontent
 That his fodder should be spent,
 And when winter's scarce halfe-done,
 All his stacks of hay are gone;
 Nor the *Lawyer*, that is glad
 When a *motion's* to be had,
 Nor poore *Tom*, though he be mad;
 "Cold makes *Tom* a *Bedlam* sad.

Nor the *Webster*, though his feete
 By much motion get them heate,
 Nor the knaue that curries leather,
 Nor the cross-ledgg'd *Taylor* neither,
 Nor at *glass-worke*, where they doubt
 Lest their *costly fire* go out,
 Nor the carefull carking *Lout*,
 That doth toyle and trudge about.

No, north' *Ladie* in her coach,
 But is muff'd when *frosts* approach,
 Nor the crazie *Citizen*,
 But is furr'd vp to the chin,
Oister-callet, *slie Vpholster*,
Hooking Huxster, merrie *Malster*,
Cutting Haxter, courting *Roister*,
Cunning Sharke, nor sharking *foister*.

Thus we see how *Fall of th' leafe*,
 Adds to each condition grieve,
 Onely two there be, whose wit
 Make hereof a benefit;
These, conclusions try on man,

Surgeon

" Surgeon and Physician,
While it happens now and than,
Kill then cure they sooner can!

Now's their time when trees are bare,
Naked *scalps* haue lost their haire,
Teeth drop out and leaue their gumms,
Head and eyes are full of rheumes,
Where if *Traders* strength do lacke,
Or feele *aches* in their backe,
Worse by odds then is the racke,
They haue drugs within their packe.

Thus the harshest seasons come
In good *season* vnto some,
Who haue knowne (as it is meete)
Smell of gaine makes labour sweet:
But where labour reapeth losse,
There accrews a double crosse;
First, fond cares his braine doth toss,
Next, his gold resolves to drosse.

FINIS.



To my knowing and wor-
thie esteemed friend AVGV-
 STINE VINCENT, all meri-
ting content.

*Augustines
 Vincent. vs.
 Ture vincas
 ingenius.*



Ay you be in
 Your actions prosperous,
 And as *ingenious*,
 So victorious;
 So may your *fate*,
 Smile on your happie name,
 And crowne you with,
 A glorious *Anagram*:
 While *Vertue*,
 (Mans best lustre) seemes to be,
 That *style*, which stamps
 You deepe in *Heraldrie*.

BRIT.



BRITTANS BLISSE.

*A Pean of thanksgiving for our long enioyed
peace vnder a gracious Soueraigne.*

PEace, Plentie, Pleasure,
Honour, Harbour, Health,
Peace, to encrease
In substance and in wealth;

Plentie, to praise,
Heauens Soueraigne the more,
Pleasure, to solace vs
Amidst our store,
Honour, to guerdon
Merit in our time,
Harbour, to sit
Each vnder his owne vine,
Health, to enioy
A blessing so deuine,
Deri'd from Iesses roote
And Dauids line.

S

Health,

Health, Harbour, Honour,
 Pleasure, Plentie, Peace,
Which from our Soueraigne
Haue their prime increase;
 Health, to performe
Our distinct offices,
 Harbour, to shroud vs
From extremities,
 Honour, to crowne
The temples of desert,
 Pleasure, to cheare
The intellectuall part,
 Plentie, to store
Our hopes with all successe,
 Peace, to accomplish
Our full happinesse.

All which, by heavens hand powr'd on Albion,
 Make vp a Catalogue to looke vpon;
 That for so many quiet *Halcyon* dayes,
 Her precioust prize, might be her Makers praise.

Pacis, honoris, amoris, Edena Britannica nostri,
Regere gente bono, leta trophaea gerit.

Vpon



*Vpon the worthie and sincere Proficients
and Professants of the common Law;
an Encomiastick Poem.*



Law is the *line*,
Whose leuell is dispatch,
A *lampe*, whose light shewes
Iustice what is right,
A *larke*, whose vnscal'd eyes
Keepes early watch,
A *loome*, whose frame
Cannot be sway'd by might,
A *list*, where truth
Puts iniury to flight;
Streight *line*, bright *lampe*,
Sweete *larke*, strong *loome*, choice *list*,
Guide, shine, shield, guard,
And liue truths Martialist.

Law is the *sterne*,
Which steares the ship of state,
The glorious *stem*
Whence *Iustice sciens* spring,
The chearefull starre,
Which early shines and late,

The *staffe*, whose stay
Supports the languishing,
The *streame*, whose spring
Is euer cherishing;
Rare *sterne*, rich *stem*, cleare *starre*,
Firme *staffe*, pure *streame*,
Steere, cheare, direct, support,
Refresh the *meane*.

Blest then are *you*,
Who labour to redresse
The poore mans case,
And measure your contents
By shielding th'weake
From awfull mightinesse,
Like graue *Professants*,
Good *Proficients*,
Clozing with *equitie*
Your ioynt consents;
'Tis you, 'tis you,
Who in this blemishd time,
Send out your lights
While other starrs decline.

When Greece in glory flourish'd,
She did reare
Some *Images* neare
Iustice sacred throne,

Which

Which to be *lame* and *blind*
 Portrayed were,
 As proper objects
 To be look'd vpon,
 Implying what
 In *Iustice* should be done;
Blind to distinguish
 Friend or foe, and *lame*,
 From taking bribes,
 To staine *Astræa's* name.

Cleare *lights*, pure *lamps*,
 Rare *stems*, rich *streames* of life,
 Who shine, beame, spring,
 And draine your christall course
 From *Iustice* throne,
 To coole the heate of strife,
 By curbing *aw* with *law*,
 With *censure*, force,
 To chastise with *restraint*,
 Cheare with *remorse*;
 Long may *you* liue,
 Since by your life *you* giue
Iustice new breath,
 And make *her* euer liue.

Salus ciuitatis sita est in legibus.

IN MOMVM.

Quid carpendo premis tua viscera ferrea Mome?
 Momus, Mimus eris dum mea scripta premis.
 Haud curo invidiam, mea spes tenuissima tuta est,
 Nam tuta est tenuis vena, sed alta minus.
 Anguis es, & viridi latitans sub fronde, venenum
 Ejcis, exiguo tempore inermis eris.
 Non sum cui fortuna nocet, vel fata iuuabunt,
 Fata canunt magnis, non cecinere meis.
 Non cecinere meis, licet ista poemata magnis
 (Si mihi vota fauent) sint relegenda locis.

Me paucis mal-
 le a sapientibus
 esse probatum.

IN ZOILVM.

TExit ut exiguum subtilis Aranea telam,
 Zoile sic scriptis tela retorque meis.
 Torque, retorque, manet mea laus, mea gloria maior,
 Quo magis exhausta est gloria maior erit.
 Ulciscar scriptis: tua mens tuus ultor adibit,
 Inuidie stimulis mens tua puncta tuis.
 Pone miser misera monumenta miserrima vitæ,
 Vixisti misero more, miserq; mori.

* Mercurium in
 lingua, non in
 pectore geris.

IN PARONEM.

Paro parem, nec habet nec habere optat,
 Impar est præmijs, impar & laboribus;
 Opera carpit mea studijs assidujs,
 Tacet, attamen aliena carpit;

Inuisuram faci-
 lus quam imi-
 taturum.
 Zeuxes.

O quantæ tenebræ tenuere locum,
 Tuum, *Cymmerijs* inuolutum umbris?
 Vt minus afflaret aliorum operibus,
Opera corrigis, emendare nequis;
 Oleum & operam perdidit *Paro*
 Per aurea secula transeat *Maro*.
 Non plura referam, reticere iuuat,
 Si tu maleuolam reprimes linguam,
 Sin maledicendo pergas dispergere
 Hisce teterrima crimina scriptis,
 Scribam, liuorem irritare magis
 Torquendo rigidi viscera *Paronis*.

Vid. *Marcial.* in
 Lib. 3. *Epigr.*
 in *Zoilum*.
 Coniua quis
 quis *Zoili* po-
 test esse, &c.
 —rumpantur
 illa *Codri* inui-
 dia.

Crescant &
 crepant. Vid.
Apotheg.

AD INVIDVM.

Exeat Menippus.

I *Nuidus* ulciscens ultor sibi maximus esset,
Nam stupet ille malis sic periendo suis.

AD SEIPSVM.

Intret Aristippus.

T *V* tibi res solitus non te subiungere rebus,
Me peritura doces spernere, spreta pati.

FINIS.



*Danc'd are my Measures, now I must repose,
(Retire at least) and laugh at vertues foes,
Who let them frowne, fume, fret, this is my Mot,
My spirit's above their spite; I feare them not.*

Faults are as obuious to bookes in Presse, as mis-
construction after. Do me the fauour to correct
such escapes with thy *pen* as are past in the *Print*:
for *such* as are more consequent they are here no-
ted, for the impertinent they are to thy discreeter
iudgement referred.

Errata.

Pag. Tab. for subiect, reade in some coppies subiect.
pag. 48. line vlt. for liue r. leaue. pag. 51. l. 15. for thas, r. that
p. 68. l. 16. for suppressed, r. suppress. p. 79. l. 14. for heare, r. feare.
p. 110. l. vlt. for marks, marts. p. 160. l. 8. for excellent, r. exqui-
site. p. 161. l. 1. adde, are euer to be. p. 164. for eminent, r. immi-
nent. ibid. tit. $\psi\sigma\delta\sigma\lambda$. $\psi\sigma\delta\sigma\phi$. $\pi\sigma\lambda\gamma\sigma\tau$. p. 209. in marg. adde, issue.



